LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

Tranſlated into *Engliſh* Verſe

By *NICHOLAS ROWE*, Eſq;
Servant to His MAJESTY.

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W. Musgrave.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

THE SIXTH BOOK OF *LUCAN's PHARSALIA.*

The ARGUMENT.

Cæsar *and* Pompey *lying now near* Dyrrhachium, *after several Marches and Counter-Marches, the former with incredible Diligence runs a vast Line, or Work, round the Camp of the latter. This,* Pompey, *after suffering for want of Provisions, and a very gallant Resistance of* Scæva, *a Centurion of* Cæsar's, *at length breaks thro'. After this,* Cæsar *makes another unsuccessful Attempt upon a Part of* Pompey's *Army, and then marches away into* Thessaly: *And* Pompey, *against the Persuasion and Counsel of his Friends, follows him. After a Description of the ancient Inhabitants, the Boundaries, the Mountains, and Rivers of* Thessaly; *the Poet takes Occasion from this Country, being famous for Witchcraft, to introduce* Sextus Pompeius, *inquiring the Event of the Civil War from the Sorceress* Erictho.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK VI.

NOW, near encamp'd, each on a neighb'ring Height,
The *Latian* Chiefs prepare for sudden Fight.
The rival Pair seem hither brought by Fate,
As if the Gods wou'd end the dire Debate,
And here determine of the *Roman* State.
Cæsar, intent upon his hostile Son,
Demands a Conquest here, and here alone;
Neglects what Laurels Captive Towns might yield,
And scorns the Harvest of the *Gracian* Field.

Impatient he provokes the fatal Day,
Ordain'd to give *Rome*'s Liberties away,
And leave the World the greedy Victor's Prey.
Eager, that laſt great Chance of War he waits,
Where either's Fall determines both their Fates.
Thrice, on the Hills, all drawn in dread Array,
His threat'ning Eagles wide their Wings diſplay:
Thrice, but in vain, his hoſtile Arms he ſhew'd,
His ready Rage, and Thirſt of *Latian* Blood.
But when he ſaw, how cautious *Pompey*'s Care,
Safe in his Camp, declin'd the proffer'd War:
Thro' woody Paths he bent his ſecret Way,
And meant to make *Dyrrhachium*'s Tow'rs his Prey.
This *Pompey* ſaw; and ſwiftly ſhot before,
With ſpeedy Marches on the ſandy Shore:
'Till on *Taulantian Petra*'s Top he ſtay'd,
Shelt'ring the City with his timely Aid.
This Place, nor Walls, nor Trenches deep can boaſt,
The Works of Labour, and expenſive Coſt:
Vain Prodigality! and Labour vain!
Loſt is the laviſh'd Wealth, and loſt the fruitleſs Pains;
What Walls, what Tow'rs ſoe'er they rear ſublime,
Muſt yield to Wars, or more deſtructive Time.

Ver. 25. *Taulantian Petra.*] The *Taulantii* were a People of *Macedonia*, poſſeſſing the Country between *Apollonia* and *Dyrrhachium*; and *Petra* was a Mountain, or Ridge of Riſing Grounds, near the latter of theſe Places.

Ver. 27. *This Place.*] *Dyrrhachium.*

While

While Fences like *Dyrrhachium*'s Fortress, made,
Where Nature's Hand the sure Foundation laid,
And with her Strength the naked Town array'd,
Shall stand secure against the Warrior's Rage,
Nor fear the ruinous Decays of Age.
Guarded, around, by steepy Rocks it lies,
And all Access from Land, but one, denies.
No vent'rous Vessel there in Safety rides,
But foaming Surges break, and swelling Tides
Roll roaring on, and wash the craggy Sides.
Or when contentious Winds more rudely blow,
Then mounting o'er the topmost Cliff they flow,
Burst on the lofty Domes, and dash the Town below.
Here *Cæsar*'s daring Heart vast Hopes conceives,
And high with War's vindictive Pleasures heaves;
Much he revolves within his thoughtful Mind,
How, in this Camp, the Foe may be confin'd,
With ample Lines from Hill to Hill design'd.
Secret and swift he means the Task to try,
And runs each Distance over with his Eye.
Vast Heaps of Sod and verdant Turf are brought,
And Stones in deep laborious Quarries wrought;
Each Grecian Dwelling round the Work supplies,
And sudden Ramparts from their Ruins rise.

Ver. 55. *Each Grecian Dwelling.*] *Macedonia*, where the Two Armies then lay, was always reckon'd a Part of *Greece*.

With wond'rous Strength the stable Mound they rear;
Such as th' impetuous Ram can never fear,
Nor hostile Might o'erturn, nor forceful Engine tear.
Thro' Hills, resistless, *Cæsar* plains his Way,
And makes the rough unequal Rocks obey.
Here deep, beneath, the gaping Trenches lie,
There Forts advance their airy Turrets high.
Around vast Tracts of Land the Labours wind,
Wide Fields and Forests in the Circle bind,
And hold as in a Toil the salvage Kind.
Nor even the Foe too strictly pent remains,
At large he forages upon the Plains;
The vast Enclosure gives free Leave around,
Oft to decamp, and shift the various Ground.
Here, from far Fountains, Streams their Channels trace,
And while they wander thro' the tedious Space,
Run many a Mile their long extended Race:
While some, quite worn and weary of the Way,
Sink, and are lost, before they reach the Sea:
Ev'n *Cæsar*'s self, when thro' the Works he goes,
Tires in the midst, and stops to take Repose.
Let Fame no more record the Walls of *Troy*,
Which Gods alone cou'd build, and Gods destroy;

Ver. 64. *Around vast Tracts.*] This vast Line, which *Cæsar* drew to enclose *Pompey*, was Fifteen Miles in Compass; so that it was impossible for him to man every Part of it; and indeed it was so large, that it was some time before *Pompey* felt the Want of Forrage.

Nor

Nor let the *Parthian* wonder, to have ſeen
The Labours of the *Babylonian* Queen:
Behold this large, this ſpacious Tract of Ground!
Like that, which *Tigris*, or *Orantes* bound;
Behold this Land! that Majeſty might bring,
And form a Kingdom for an Eaſtern King;
Behold a *Latian* Chief this Land encloſe,
Amidſt the Tumult of impending Foes:
He bad the Walls ariſe, and as he bad they roſe.
But ah! vain Pride of Pow'r! ah! fruitleſs Boaſt!
Ev'n theſe, theſe mighty Labours are all loſt!
A Force like this what Barriers cou'd withſtand?
Seas muſt have fled, and yielded to the Land;
The Lovers Shores united might have ſtood,
Spight of the *Helleſpont*'s oppoſing Flood;
While the *Ægean* and *Ionian* Tide,
Might meeting o'er the vanquiſh'd *Iſthmus* ride,
And *Argive* Realms from *Corinth*'s Walls divide;
This Pow'r might change unwilling Nature's Face,
Unfix each Order, and remove each Place.

Ver. 81. *The Labours of.*] He means the famous Walls of *Babylon*, built by *Semiramis*.

Ver. 91. *A Force like this.*] Or rather a Diligence, Labour, and Work like this of *Cæſar*'s.

Ver. 93. *The Lovers Shores.*] *Seſtos* and *Abydos*, where *Leander* and *Hero* liv'd. The *Ægean* and *Ionian* are the two Seas on each Side the Iſthmus of *Corinth*.

Here, as if clos'd within a Liſt, the War
Does all its valiant Combatants prepare;
Here ardent glows the Blood, which Fate ordains
To dye the *Libyan* and *Emathian* Plains;
Here the whole Rage of civil Diſcord join'd,
Struggles for room, and ſcorns to be confin'd.
Nor yet, while *Caeſar* his firſt Labours try'd,
The warlike Toil by *Pompey* was deſcry'd.
So, in mid *Sicily*'s delightful Plain,
Safe from the horrid Sound, the happy Swain
Dreads not loud *Scylla* barking o'er the Main.
So, Northern *Britains* never hear the Roar
Of Seas, that break on the far *Cantian* Shore.
Soon as the riſing Ramparts hoſtile Height,
And Tow'rs advancing, ſtruck his anxious Sight,
Sudden from *Petra*'s ſafer Camp he led,
And wide his Legions on the Hills diſpread;
So, *Caeſar*, forc'd his Numbers to extend,
More feebly might each various Strength defend.
His Camp far o'er the large Encloſure reach'd,
And guarded Lines along the Front were ſtretch'd;

Ver. 103. *The* Libyan.] Alluding to the War in *Africa*, ſupported after *Pompey*'s Death by *Cato* and *Juba*.

Ver. 112. *The* Cantian *Shore*.] The Original is *Rutupina Littora*; the ancient *Rutupium*, or *Rutupia*, is *Richborow* near *Sandwich* in *Kent*.

Ver. 119. *His Camp*.] *Pompey*'s.

Far

Far as *Rome*'s distance from *Aricia*'s Groves,
(*Aricia* which the chaste *Diana* loves)
Far as from *Rome* old *Tyber* seeks the Sea,
Did he not wander in his winding way.
While yet no Signals for the Fight prepare,
Unbidden, some the Jav'lin dart from far,
And skirmishing, provoke the ling'ring War.
But deeper Cares the thoughtful Chiefs distress,
And move, the Soldiers Ardour to repress,
Pompey, with secret anxious Thought, beheld,
How trampling Hoofs the rising Grass repell'd;
Waste lie the russet Fields, the gen'rous Steed
Seeks on the naked Soil, in vain, to feed:
Loathing from Racks of husky Straw he turns,
And, pining, for the verdant Pasture mourns.
No more his Limbs their dying Load sustain,
Aiming a Stride, he falters in the Strain,
And sinks a Ruin on the with'ring Plain:
Dire Maladies upon his Vitals prey,
Dissolve his Frame, and melt the Mass away.
Thence deadly Plagues invade the lazy Air,
Reek to the Clouds, and hang malignant there.

Ver. 121. *Far as* Rome's *Distance*:] About Fifteen Miles from *Aricia*. See the Notes upon the former Part of the Third Book.

From

From *Nesis*, such the Stygian Vapours rise,
And with Contagion taint the purer Skies;
Such do *Typhœus'* steamy Caves convey,
And breath blue Poisons on the golden Day.
Thence liquid Streams the mingling Plague receive,
And deadly Potions to the Thirsty give:
To Man the Mischief spreads, the fell Disease
In fatal Draughts dives on his Entrails seize.
A rugged Scurf, all loathsome to be seen,
Spreads, like a Bark, upon his silken Skin;
Malignant Flames his swelling Eye-balls dart,
And seem with Anguish from their Seats to start;
Fires o'er his glowing Cheeks and Visage stray,
And mark, in crimson Streaks, their burning way;
Low droops his Head, declining from its height,
And nodds, and totters with the fatal Weight.
With winged haste the swift Destruction flies,
And scarce the Soldier sickens e'er he dies:
Now falling Crouds at once resign their Breath,
And doubly taint the noxious Air with Death.
Careless their putrid Carcasses are spread;
And on the Earth, their dank unwholesom Bed,
The Living rest in common with the Dead.

Ver. 143. *From* Nesis.] *Nesis* is a little Island in the Gulph of *Naples*, now called *Nesita*.

Ver. 145. Typhœus' *steamy Caves*,] In the Island of *Inarime*.

Here

Here none the laſt Funereal Rites receive;
To be caſt forth the Camps, is all their Friends can give.
At length kind Heav'n their Sorrows had to end,
And ſtaid the Peſtilential Foe's increaſe;
Freſh Breezes from the Sea begin to riſe,
While *Boreas* thro' the lazy Vapour flies,
And ſweeps, with healthy Wings, the rank polluted Skies.
Arriving Veſſels now their Freight unload,
And furniſh plenteous Harveſts from abroad.
Now ſprightly Strength, now chearful Health returns,
And Life's fair Lamp, rekindled, brightly burns.
But *Caſar*, unconfin'd, and camp'd on high,
Feels not the Miſchief of the ſluggiſh Sky:
On Hills ſublime he breaths the purer Air,
And drinks no Damps, nor pois'nous Vapours, there.
Yet Hunger keen, an equal Plague is found;
Famine, and meagre Want beſiege him round.
The Fields, as yet, no hopes of Harveſt wear,
Nor yellow Stems diſcloſe the bearded Ear.
The ſcatter'd Vulgar ſearch around the Fields,
And pluck whate'er the doubtful Herbage yields;
Some ſtrip the Trees in ev'ry neighb'ring Wood,
And with the Cattle ſhare their graſſy Food.
Whate'er the ſoft'ning Flame can pliant make,
Whate'er the Teeth, or lab'ring Jaws can break;

What

What Flesh, what Roots, what Herbs soe'er they get,
Tho' new, and strange to human Taste as yet,
At once the greedy Soldiers seize and eat.
What Want, what Pain soe'er they undergo,
Still they persist in Arms, and close beset the Foe.
At length, impatient longer to be held
Within the Bounds of one appointed Field,
O'er ev'ry Bar which might his Passage stay,
Pompey resolves to force his warlike Way;
Wide o'er the World the ranging War to lead,
And give his looser'd Legions room to spread.
Nor takes he mean Advantage from the Night,
Nor steals a Passage, nor declines the Fight;
But bravely dares, disdainful of the Foe,
Thro' the proud Tow'rs and Ramparts Breach to go,
Where shining Spears, and crested Helms are seen,
Embattel'd thick to guard the Walls within;
Where all things Death, where Ruin all afford,
There *Pompey* marks a Passage for his Sword.
Near to the Camp a woody Thicket lay,
Close was the Shade, nor did the Greensword Way,
With smoky Clouds of Dust, the March betray.
Hence, sudden they appear in dread Array,
Sudden their wide extended Ranks display;
At once the Foe beholds with wond'ring Eyes,
Where on broad Wings *Pompeian* Eagles rise;
At once the Warriors Shouts and Trumpet-sounds [surprize.

Scarce

Scarce was the Sword's Destruction needful here,
So swifty ran before preventing Fear;
Some fled amaz'd, while vainly valiant some
Stood, but to meet in Arms a nobler Doom.
Where-e'er they stood, now scatter'd lie the Slain,
Scarce yet a few for coming Deaths remain,
And Clouds of flying Javelins fall in vain.
Here swift consuming Flames the Victors throw,
And here the Ram impetuous aims a Blow;
Aloft, the nodding Turrets feel the Stroke,
And the vast Rampart groans beneath the Shock.
And now propitious Fortune seem'd to doom
Freedom and Peace, to *Pompey*, and to *Rome*;
High o'er the vanquish'd Works his Eagles tow'r,
And vindicate the World from *Cæsar's* Pow'r.
But, (what nor *Cæsar*, nor his Fortune cou'd)
What not ten Thousand warlike Hands withstood,
Scæva resists alone; repels the Force,
And stops the rapid Victor in his Course.
Scæva! a Name e'erwhile to Fame unknown,
And first distinguish'd on the *Gallick Rhone*;
There seen in hardy Deeds of Arms to shine,
He reach'd the Honours of the *Latian* Vine.

Ver. 240. *The* Latian *Vine.*] The *Vitis*, or Rod made of a Vine, was the Badge of the Centurion's Office, which they bore in their Hands, and with which the Soldiers used to be corrected for lesser Offences.

Daring

Daring and Bold, and ever prone to Ill,
Inur'd to Blood, and active to fulfil
The Dictates of a lawless Tyrant's Will;
Nor Virtue's Love, nor Reason's Laws he knew,
But careless of the Right, for Hire his Sword he drew.
Thus Courage by an impious Cause is curst,
And he that is the bravest, is the worst.
Soon as he saw his Fellows shun the Fight,
And seek their Safety in ignoble Flight,
Whence does, he said, this Coward's Terror grow,
This Shame, unknown to *Cæsar*'s Arms till now?
Can you, ye slavish Herd, thus tamely yield?
Thus fly, unwounded, from this bloody Field?
Behold, where pil'd in slaughter'd Heaps on high,
Firm to the last, your brave Companions lie;
Then blush to think what wretched Lives you save,
From what Renown you fly, from what a glorious Grave.
Tho' sacred Fame, tho' Virtue yield to Fear,
Let Rage, let Indignation keep you here.
We! we the weakest, from the rest are chose,
To yield a Passage to our scornful Foes!
Yet, *Pompey*, yet, thou shalt be yet withstood,
And stain thy Victor's Laurel deep in Blood.
With Pride, 'tis true, with Joy I shou'd have dy'd,
If haply I had fall'n by *Cæsar*'s Side;
But Fortune has the noble Death denyd.

Then

Then *Pompey*, thou, shou'd on my Fame these wait,
Do thou be Witness, and applaud my Fate.
Now push we on, disdain we now to fear,
A thousand Wounds let ev'ry Bosom bear,
'Till the keen Sword be blunt, be broke the pointed Spear.
And see, the Clouds of dusty Battel rise!
Hark how the Shout runs rattling thro' the Skies!
The distant Legions catch the Sounds from far,
And *Cæsar* listens to the thund'ring War.
He comes, he comes, yet e'er his Soldier dies,
Like Light'ning swift the winged Warrior flies:
Haste then to Death, to Conquest, haste away;
Well do we fall, for *Cæsar* wins the Day.
He spoke, and strait, as at the Trumpet's Sound,
Rekindled Warmth in ev'ry Breast was found;
Recall'd from Flight, the Youth admiring wait,
To mark their daring Fellow-Soldier's Fate,
To see if haply Virtue might prevail,
And ev'n, beyond their Hopes, do more than greatly fail.
High on the tott'ring Wall he rears his Head,
With slaughter'd Carcasses around him spread;
With nervous Arms uplifting these he throws,
These rolls oppressive, on ascending Foes.
Each where Materials for his Fury lie,
And all the ready Ruins Arms supply.
Ev'n his fierce Self he seems to aim below,
Headlong to shoot, and dying dart a Blow.

Now

Now his tough Staff repels the fierce Attack,
And tumbling, drives the bold Assailants back:
Now Heads, now Hands he lops, the Carcass falls,
While the clench'd Fingers gripe the topmost Walls:
Here Stones he heaves; the Mass descending full,
Crushes the Brain, and shivers the frail Scull.
Here burning pitchy Brands he whirls around;
Infix'd, the Flames hiss in the liquid Wounds,
Deep drench'd in Death, in flowing Crimson drown'd.
And now the swelling Heaps of slaughter'd Foes,
Sublime and equal to the Fortress rose:
Whence, forward, with a leap, at once he sprung,
And shot himself amidst the hostile Throng.
So daring, fierce with Rage, so void of Fear,
Bounds forth the spotted Pard, and scorns the Hunter's Spear.
The closing Ranks the Warrior strait enfold,
And, compass'd in their steely Circle, hold.
Undaunted still, around the Ring he roams,
Fights here and there, and ev'ry where o'ercomes:
'Till clog'd with Blood, his Sword obeys but ill
The Dictates of its vengeful Master's Will;
Edgeless it falls, and tho' it pierce no more,
Still breaks the batter'd Bones, and bruises sore.
Mean time, on him, the crouding War is bent,
And Darts from ev'ry Hand, to him are sent:
It look'd, as Fortune did in Odds delight,
And had in cruel Sport ordain'd the Fight.

A wond'rous Match of War she seem'd to make,
Her Thousands here, and there her One to stake;
As if on knightly Terms in Lists they ran,
And Armies were but equal to the Man.
A thousand Darts upon his Buckler ring,
A thousand Jav'lins round his Temples sing;
Hard bearing on his Head, with many a Blow,
His steely Helm is inward taught to bow.
The missive Arms, fix'd all around he wears,
And ev'n his Safety in his Wounds he bears,
Fenc'd with a fatal Wood, a deadly Grove of Spears.
Cease, ye *Pompeian* Warriors! cease the Strife,
Nor, vainly, thus attempt this single Life;
Your Darts, your idle Jav'lins cast aside,
And other Arms for *Scæva*'s Death provide:
The forceful Ram's resistless Horns prepare,
With all the pond'rous vast Machines of War;
Let dreadful Flames, let massy Rocks be thrown,
With Engines thunder on, and break him down,
And win this *Cæsar*'s Soldier, like a Town.
At length, his Fate disdaining to delay,
He hurls his Shield's neglected Aid away,
Resolves no Part whate'er from Death to hide,
But stands unguarded now on ev'ry Side.
Encumber'd sore with many a painful Wound,
Tardy, and stiff he treads the hostile Round;

Gloomy

Gloomy and fierce his Eyes the Ground survey,
Mark where to fix, and single out the Prey.
Such, by *Getulian* Hunters compass'd in,
The vast unwieldy Elephant is seen;
All cover'd with a steely Show'r from far,
Rousing he shakes, and sheds the scatter'd War;
In vain the distant Troop the Fight renew,
And with fresh Rage the stubborn Foe pursue;
Unconquer'd still the mighty Salvage stands,
And scorns the Malice of a thousand Hands.
Not all the Wounds a thousand Darts can make,
Tho' all find Place, a single Life can take.
When lo! addrest with some successful Vow,
A Shaft, sure flying from a *Cretan* Bow,
Beneath the Warrior's Brow was seen to light,
And sunk, deep piercing the left Orb of Sight.
But he (so Rage inspir'd, and mad Disdain)
Remorseless fell, and senseless of the Pain,
Tore forth the headed Arrow from the Wound,
With stringy Nerves besmear'd and wrapp'd around,
And stamp'd the gory Jelly on the Ground.
So in *Parnonian* Woods the growling Bear
Transfix'd, grows fiercer for the Hunter's Spear,
Turns on her Wound, runs madding round with Pain,
And catches at the flying Shaft in vain.
Down from his eyeless Hollow ran the Blood,
And hideous o'er his mangled Visage flow'd;

Deform'd

Deform'd each awful, each severer Grace,
And veil'd the manly Terrors of his Face.
The Victors raise their joyful Voices high,
And with loud Triumph strike the vaulted Sky:
Not *Cæsar* thus a general Joy had spread,
Tho' *Cæsar*'s Self like *Scæva* thus had bled.
Anxious, the wounded Soldier, in his Breast,
The rising Indignation deep repress,
And thus, in humble Vein, his haughty Foes address:
Here let your Rage, ye *Romans*, cease, he said,
And lend your Fellow-Citizen your Aid;
No more your Darts nor useless Javlins try,
These, which I bear, will Deaths enow supply,
Draw forth your Weapons, and behold I die.
Or rather bear me hence, and let me meet
My Doom beneath the mighty *Pompey*'s Feet:
'Twere great, 'twere brave, to fall in Arms, 'tis true,
But I renounce that glorious Fate for you.
Fain wou'd I yet prolong this vital Breath,
And quit ev'n *Cæsar*, so I fly from Death.
The wretched *Aulus* listen'd to the Wile,
Intent and greedy of the future Spoil;
Advancing fondly on, with heedless Ease,
He thought the Captive and his Arms to seize,
When, e'er he was aware, his thund'ring Sword
Deep in his Throat, the ready *Scæva* gor'd.

Warm'd

Warm'd with the Slaughter, with fresh Rage he burns,
And Vigour with the new Success returns.
So may they fall (he said) by just Deceit,
Such be their Fate, such as this Fool has met;
Who dare believe that I am vanquish'd yet,
If you would stop the Vengeance of my Sword,
From *Cæsar's* Mercy be your Peace implor'd,
There let your Leader kneel, and humbly own his Lord.
Me! could you meanly dare to fancy, Me
Base, like your selves, and fond of Life to be!
But know, not all the Names which grace your Cause,
Your reverend Senate, and your boasted Laws,
Not *Pompey's* Self, not all for which you fear,
Were e'er to you, like Death to *Scæva*, dear.
Thus while he spoke, a rising Dust betray'd
Cæsarian Legions marching to his Aid,
Now *Pompey's* Troops with Prudence seem to yield,
And to encreasing Numbers quit the Field;
Dissembling Shame, they hide their foul Defeat,
Nor vanquish'd by a single Arm, retreat.
Then fell the Warrior, for 'till then he stood;
His manly Mind supply'd the want of Blood.
It seem'd as Rage had kindled Life anew,
And Courage to oppose, from Opposition grew.
But now, when none were left him to repell,
Fainting for want of Foes, the Victor fell.

Strait

Strait with officious haste his Friends draw near,
And raising, joy the noble Load to bear:
To Reverence, and religious Awe inclin'd,
Admiring, they adore his mighty Mind,
That God within his mangled Breast enshrin'd.
The wounding Weapons, stain'd with Cæsar's Blood,
Like sacred Relicks to the Gods are vow'd:
Forth are they drawn from ev'ry Part with Care,
And kept to dress the naked God of War.
Oh! happy Soldier, had thy Worth been try'd,
In pious Daring, on thy Country's Side!
Oh! had thy Sword *Iberian* Battles known,
Or purple with *Cantabrian* Slaughter grown;
How had thy Name in deathless Annals shone?
But now no *Roman Paean* shalt thou sing,
Nor peaceful Triumphs to thy Country bring,
Nor loudly blest in solemn Pomp shalt move,
Thro' crouding Streets, to *Capitolian Jove*,
The Laws Defender, and the Peoples Love:
Oh hapless Victor thou! oh vainly Brave!
How hast thou fought, to make thy self a Slave!
Nor *Pompey*, thus repuls'd, the Fight declines,
Nor rests encompass'd round by *Cæsar*'s Lines;

Ver. 440. *Roman Paean.*] *Paean* was properly the Name of *Apollo*, which the *Roman* Soldiers used frequently to repeat in their Songs of Victory, which they sung as they accompanied the Triumphs of their Generals.

Once

Once more he means to force his warlike Way,
And, yet retrieve the Fortune of the Day.
So when fierce Winds with angry Ocean strive,
Full on the Beach the beating Billows drive;
Stable awhile the lofty Mounds abide,
Check the proud Surge, and slay the swelling Tide;
Yet restless still the Waves unweary'd roll,
Work underneath at length, and sap the sinking Mole.
With Force renew'd the baffled Warrior bends,
Where to the Shore the jutting Wall extends,
There proves, by Land and Sea, his various Might,
And wins his Passage by the double Fight.
Wide o'er the Plains diffus'd his Legions range,
And their close Camp for freer Fields exchange.
So, rais'd by melting Streams of *Alpine* Snow,
Beyond his utmost Margin swells the *Po*,
And loosely lets the spreading Deluge flow;
Where-e'er the weaker Banks oppress retreat,
And sink beneath the heapy Waters weight,
Forth gushing at the Breach they burst their Way,
And wasteful o'er the drowned Country stray.
Far distant Fields and Meads they wander o'er,
And visit Lands they never knew before.
Here, from its Seat the mould'ring Earth is torn,
And by the Flood to other Masters borne.

While

While gath'ring, there it keeps the growing Soil,
And loads the Reaping with his Neighbour's Spoil.
Soon as ascending high, a rising Flame,
To *Cæsar*'s Sight, the Gambine's Signal, came,
Swift to the Place approaching near, he found
The Ruin scatter'd by the Victor, round,
And his grand Labours humbled to the Ground.
Thence to the hostile Camp his Eyes he turns,
Where for their Peace, and Sleep secure, he mourns,
With rancorous Despight, and envious Anguish, burns.
At length resolv'd (so Rage inspir'd his Breast)
He means to break the happy Victor's Rest;
Once more to kindle up the fatal Strife,
And dash their Joys, with Hazard of his Life.
Streight to *Torquatus* fierce he bends his Way,
(*Torquatus* near a neighb'ring Castle lay)
But he, by prudent Caution taught to yield,
Trusts to his Walls, and quits the open Field;

Ver. 488. *Streight to* Torquatus.] When *Pompey* had forc'd his Passage thro' *Cæsar*'s Lines, *Cæsar*, to repair the Loss and Disgrace of that Action, attack'd with 35 Cohorts a Castle of the Enemy's, commanded by *Torquatus*. He had now beat the Besieged out of the Ditch, when *Pompey*, hearing of their Distress, came himself with the fifth Legion to their Assistance. *Cæsar*'s Horse, fearing to be enclosed, gave way first; which the Foot seeing, and that *Pompey* was there in Person, fled likewise. If *Pompey* had made as much Advantage of his Success here, as *Lucan* insinuates a more cruel Conqueror would have done, this Action might have decided the War at once.

There, safe within himself, he stands his Ground,
And lines the guarded Rampart strongly round.
So when the Seamen from afar descry
The Clouds grow black upon the low'ring Sky,
Hear the Winds roar, and mark the Seas run high,
They furl the flutt'ring Sheet with timely Care,
And wisely for the coming Storm prepare.
But now the Victor, with resistless haste,
Prond o'er the Ramparts of the Fort had past;
When swift descending from the rising Grounds,
Pompey with length'ning Files the Foe surrounds.
As when in *Ætna*'s hollow Caves below,
Round the vast Furnace kindling Whirlwinds blow;
Rous'd in his baleful Bow'r the Giant roars,
And with a Burst the burning Deluge pours;
Then pale with Horror shrieks the shudd'ring Swain,
To see the fiery Ruin spread the Plain.
Nor with less Horror *Cæsar*'s Bands behold
Huge hostile dusty Clouds their Rear infold;
Unknowing whom to meet, or whom to shun,
Blind with their Fear, full on their Foes they run.
Well, on that Day, the World Repose had gain'd,
And bold Rebellion's Blood had all been drain'd,
Had not the pious Chief the Rage of War restrain'd.

Ver. 505. *The Giant mann'd*] *Enceladus*, who was struck with Lightning, and laid there by *Jupiter*.

Or

Oh *Rome*! how free, how happy hadst thou been?
Thy own great Mischiefs, and the Nations Queen!
Had *Sylla*, then, thy great Avenger stood,
And dy'd his thirsty Sword in Traitors Blood.
But oh! for ever shalt thou now bemoan
The two Extremes, by which thou wert undone,
The ruthless Father, and too tender Son.
With fatal Pity, *Pompey*, hast thou spar'd,
And giv'n the blackest Crime the best Reward:
How had that one, one happy Day, with-held
The Blood of *Utica*, and *Munda*'s Field!
The *Pharian Nile* had known no Crime more great
Than some vile *Ptolemy*'s untimely Fate;
Nor *Africk*, then, her *Juba* had bemoan'd,
Nor *Scipio*'s Blood the *Punick* Ghosts aton'd;
Cato had, for his Country's Good, surviv'd,
And long in Peace a hoary Patriot liv'd;
Rome had not worn a Tyrant's hated Chain,
And Fate had undecreed *Pharsalia*'s Plain.

Ver. 518. *Had* Sylla *then.*] Tho' *Lucan* was reckoned Favourer of *Sylla*, yet see how even he paints the Cruelty of his Victories in the Second Book.

Ver. 527. *No Crime more great.*] That is, *Pompey* had not been murder'd in *Egypt*. *Juba* and *Petreius* were vanquish'd by *Cæsar* in *Africa*, and kill'd each other.

The *Scipio* meant here, is *Corn. Scipio*, Father of *Pompey*'s Wife *Cornelia*, who likewise kill'd himself on the same Occasion in *Africk*.

Cato's Story is made common, as well as immortal, by Mr. *Addison*.

But *Cæsar*, weary of the unlucky Land,
Swift to *Æmathia* leads his fierce Band,
While *Pompey's* weary Friends, with Caution wise,
To quit the baffled Foe's Pursuit advise.
To *Italy* they point his open Way,
And bid him make the willing Land his Prey.
Oh! never, (he replies) shall *Pompey* come,
Like *Cæsar* arm'd, and terrible to *Rome*;
Nor need I from those sacred Walls have fled,
Cou'd I have born our Streets with Slaughter red;
And seen the *Forum* pil'd with Heaps of Dead.
Much rather let me pine in *Scythia's* Frost,
Or burn on swarthy *Libya's* sultry Coast;
No Clime, no distant Region is too far,
Where I can banish, with me, fatal War.
I fled, to bid my Country's Sorrows cease,
And shall my Victories invade her Peace?
Let her but safe and free from Arms remain,
And *Cæsar* still shall think he wears his Chain.
He spoke, and Eastward sought the Forest wide,
Thus rising clouds *Candavia's* shady Side;
Thence to *Æmathia* took his destin'd Way,
Reserv'd by Fate for the deciding Day.

Ver. 539. *To Italy.*] Which he might easily have recover'd.

Ver. 555. *Candavia.*] A wild mountainous Country full of Woods, upon the Borders of *Macedonia* and *Illyricum*.

Where

Where *Eurus* blows, and wint'ry Suns arise,
Thessalia's Boundary proud *Ossa* lies;
But when the God protracts the longer Day,
Pelion's broad Back receives the dawning Ray.
Where thro' the Lion's fi'ry Sign he flies,
Othrys his leafy Groves for Shades supplies.
On *Pindus* strikes the fady Western Light,
When glitt'ring *Vesper* leads the starry Night.
Northward, *Olympus* hides the Lamps, that roll
Their paler Fires around the frozen Pole.
The middle Space, a Valley low depress'd,
Once a wide, lazy, standing Lake possess'd;
While growing still the heapy Waters stood,
Nor down thro' *Tempe* ran the rushing Flood:

Ver. 558. *Where* Eurus *blows.*] This Chorographical Description of *Thessaly* is mostly taken from *Herodotus*, and agrees, tho' not altogether, with the Accounts and Maps of the Learned *Cellarius*. *Ossa* lyes to the East.

Ver. 561. Pelion's *broad Back.*] This is a literal Translation of my Author, tho' according to *Cellarius* he must be out in his Geography, as well as Astronomy; for as the Days lengthen the Sun rises to the Northward of the East; whereas *Cellarius* places *Pelion* to the Southward. For the rest, *Othrys* lyes to the South, *Pindus* to W. S. W. and *Olympus* to the North.

Ver. 568. *The middle Space.*] He does not seem to mean here all that Region which the ancient Geographers call *Thessaly*, but the Fields of *Tempe* and *Pharsalia*, and the neighbouring Country, where the principal Scene of Action in this War lay.

But when *Alcides* to the Task apply'd,
And cleft a Paſſage thro' the Mountains wide;
Guſhing at once the thund'ring Torrent flow'd,
While *Nereus* groan'd beneath th' increaſing Load.
Then roſe (oh that it ſtill a Lake had lain!)
Above the Waves *Pharſalia*'s fatal Plain,
Once ſubject to the great *Achilles*' Reign.
Then *Phylace* was built, whoſe Warriors boaſt
Their Chief firſt landed on the *Trojan* Coaſt;
Then *Pteleos* ran her circling Wall around,
And *Dorion*, for the Muſes Wrath renown'd;
Then *Trachin* high, and *Melibœa* ſhood,
Where *Hercules* his fatal Shafts beſtow'd;

Ver. 572. *But when* Alcides.] 'Tis ſaid *Hercules* made a Paſſage between *Oſſa* and *Olympus*, for the River *Peneus* to run into the Sea.

Ver. 579. *Phylace*,] A City in *Phthiotis*, a Province of *Theſſaly*; where *Proteſilaus* reign'd, who was the firſt that landed on the Shore of *Troy* in the famous Expedition of the *Greeks* againſt that Place; and was kill'd, according to the Prediction of the Oracle. Concerning him ſee *Ovid*'s *Epiſtles*, and *Metam.* Lib. 12.

Ver. 581. *Pteleos*,] Or rather *Ptelæum*, a Town upon the Sea-Coaſt in the ſame Country.

Ver. 582. *Dorion*,] Or *Dorion*, as *Aſconius* will have it. There is ſome Diſpute whether this Place be in *Magneſia* in *Theſſaly*, or *Meſſenia* in the *Peloponneſus*. *Lucan* is plainly of the firſt Opinion: However that be, near this Place *Thamyras*, a *Thracian* Poet, was puniſh'd with Blindneſs by the Muſes for daring to contend with them.

Ver. 583. *Melibœa*,] A City of *Phthiotis*.

Trachin,] Or *Heracleas*, in the ſame Country: Here liv'd

Lariſſa ſtrong aroſe, and *Argos*, now
A Plain, ſubmitted to the lab'ring Plow,
Here ſtood the Town, if there be Truth in Fame,
That from *Bœotian Thebes* receiv'd its Name.
Here ſad *Agave's* wand'ring Senſe return'd,
Here for her murder'd Son the Mother mourn'd;
With ſtreaming Tears ſhe waſh'd his ghaſtly Head,
And on the Fun'ral Pile the precious Relick laid.
The guſhing Waters various ſoon divide,
And ev'ry River rules a ſep'rate Tide;
The narrow *Æas* runs a limpid Flood,
Evenos bluſhes with the *Centaurs'* Blood;

liv'd *Philoctetes*, to whom *Hercules* at his Death gave his fatal Arrows, without which *Troy* could not be taken. *Lariſſa* and *Argos* were Cities in the ſame Country. For the reſt, ſee afterwards in *Book* 8.

Ver. 586. *Bœotian Thebes*.] The ancient Geographers place a City called *Thebes* in *Phthiotis*. When *Agave*, Queen of *Thebes* in *Bœotia*, had in her Madneſs kill'd her Son *Pentheus*, and cut off his Head, at length recovering her Senſes, ſhe fled into this Country, and bury'd her Son's Head here, and probably gave the Name of *Thebes* to the Place where ſhe ſettled.

Ver. 593. *The guſhing Waters*.] From the Cities that were built by the firſt Inhabitants, the Poet goes on to enumerate the famous Rivers of *Theſſaly*, which were put in their proper Channels, after the great Lake was empty'd.

Ver. 595. *The narrow Æas*.] I find no River of this Name among the ancient Geographers, except one in *Macedonia*, which falls into the *Ionian* Sea by *Apollonia*. *Ovid* indeed makes the River *Æas* meet the *Peneus*, and I ſuppoſe *Lucan* follows him.

Ver. 596. *Evenos*.] This was a River in *Calydonia*, Part of *Ætolia*, where *Neſſus* the Centaur attempting to

That gently mingles with th' *Ionian* Sea.
While This, thro' *Calydonia* cuts his Way,
Slowly fair *Io*'s aged Father falls,
And in hoarse Murmurs his lost Daughter calls.
Thick *Achelaüs* rolls his troubled Waves,
And heavily the Neighbour Isles he laves;
While pure *Amphrysus* winds along the Mead,
Where *Phœbus* once was wont his Flocks to feed.
Oft on the Banks he sat a Shepherd Swain,
And watch'd his Charge upon the grassy Plain.
Swift to the Main his Course *Sperchius* bends,
And, sounding, to the *Malian* Gulph descends.

ravish *Deianira* the Wife of *Hercules*, was kill'd by that Hero.

This River, as likewise *Achelous*, (in the same Country) are oddly introduc'd among the Rivers of *Thessaly*. But the next,

Ver. 599. *Io's aged Father*] *Inachus* is yet more remote, being a River of the *Peloponesus*, unless we may suppose some River of less Note in *Thessaly*, which took its Name from that famous one of the *Argives*.

For the Story of *Jupiter* ravishing his Daughter *Io*, see *Ovid. Metam.* Lib. 1.

Ver. 602. *The Neighbour Isles.*] The *Echinades*, now *Curzolari*.

Ver. 603. *Amphrysus,*] A River of *Thessaly*, near which *Apollo*, when he lay under *Jupiter's* Displeasure for killing the *Cyclops*, kept Sheep for *Admetus*, King of the Country.

Ver. 607. *Sperchius,*] Now called *Agriomeli*, a River of *Phthiotis*. It falls into the *Sinus Maliacus*, at the End of the *Euripus* or Gulph of *Negropont*.

No

No breezy Air near calm *Amyrus* flies;
No dewy Mists, nor heavy Clouds arise.
Here *Phœnix*, *Melas*, and *Æsopus* run,
And strong *Apidanus* drives slow *Enipeus* on.
A thousand little Brooks, unknown to Fame,
Are mix'd, and lost in *Peneus*' nobler Name.
Bold *Titaresius* scorns his Rule, alone,
And, join'd to *Peneus*, still himself is known.
As o'er the Land, his haughty Waters glide,
And roll unmingling, a superior Tide.
'Tis said, thro' secret Channels winding forth,
Deep as from *Styx* he takes his hallow'd Birth;
Thence, proud to be rever'd by Gods on high,
He scorns to mingle with a mean Ally.

Ver. 609. *Amyrus.*] This and the following Rivers were all of *Thessaly*, but of no great Name.

Ver. 612. *Apidanus.*] The River *Apidanus* falls into *Enipeus*.

Ver. 614. —— *Peneus.*] Was a River of Note. He was the Father of *Daphne*, *Apollo*'s Mistress.

This Passage of *Titaresius*, or *Titaresius*, according to *Homer*, falling into the *Peneus*, and not mingling with its Waters, is taken from that Poet, *Iliad.* B. 2.

Οὐ γὰρ Πηνειῷ συμμίσγεται, &c.

Or where the pleasing Titaresius *glides,*
And into Peneus *rolls his easy Tides;*
Yet o'er the Silver Surface pure they flow,
The sacred Streams, unmix'd with Streams below;
Sacred and awful! From the dark Abodes
Styx *pours them forth the dreadful Oath of Gods.*
Mr. Pope.

When rising Grounds uprear'd at length their Heads,
And Rivers shrunk within their oozy Beds;
Bebrycians first are said, with early Care,
In Furrows deep to sink the shining Share.
The *Lelegians* next, with equal Toil,
And *Dolopes*, invade the mellow Soil.
To these the bold *Eolide* succeed,
Magnetes, taught to rein the fiery Steed,
And *Minya*, to explore the Deep, decreed.
Here pregnant by *Ixion*'s bold Embrace,
The Mother Cloud disclos'd the *Centaurs*' Race:
In *Pelethronian* Caves she brought 'em forth,
And fill'd the Land with many a monstrous Birth.

Ver. 625. *Bebrycians.*] I have follow'd the Correction of *Grotius* in this Place, but upon second Thoughts must confess I think it wrong, and that it ought rather to be, as most Editions have it, *Bæbricians*, from the Lake *Bæbe* and Town of the same Name in *Thessalia*. The *Bebryces* were a People in *Gallia Narbonensis*. Of the other Names which follow these is nothing particular to be remark'd, but that they were the first Inhabitants of several Parts of *Thessaly*. Of the *Minyæ* only it may be observ'd, that they were the Companions of *Jason* in his famous Expedition to *Colchos* in quest of the Golden Fleece.

Ver. 632. Ixion's *bold Embrace.*] *Ixion* being in Love with *Juno*, embracing a Cloud for her, and begetting the *Centaurs* upon that Cloud, is a known Fable.

Ver. 634. Pelethronian *Caves.*] *Pelethronium* was a Mountain in *Thessaly*. *Mimycus* is the Name of a Centaur, as likewise are *Rhœcus*, *Pholus*, and *Nessus*. For the latter see the Note on *Ver.* 596. of this Book.

Here

Here dreadful *Monychus* firſt ſaw the Light,
And prov'd on *Pholoe*'s yielding Rocks his Might;
Here talleſt Trees uprooting *Thracius* bore,
Which baffled Storms had try'd in vain before.
Here *Pholus*, of a gentler human Breaſt,
Receiv'd the great *Alcides* for his Gueſt.
Here, with Brute-fury, luſtful *Neſſus* try'd
To violate the Heroe's beauteous Bride,
'Till juſtly by the fatal Shaft he dy'd.
This Parent Land the pious Leach confeſt,
Chiron, of all the double Race the beſt:
'Midſt golden Stars he ſtands refulgent now,
And threats the Scorpion with his bended Bow.
Here Love of Arms and Battle reign'd of Old,
And form'd the firſt *Theſſalians* fierce and bold:
Here, from rude Rocks, at *Neptune's* potent Stroke,
Omen of War, the neighing Courſer broke;

Ver. 646. *Chiron.*] This Centaur had many good Qualities: He underſtood Muſick and Phyſick, was the Tutor of *Achilles*, and afterwards tranſlated into Heaven, made that Sign in the *Zodiack* which we call *Sagittarius*, or the Archer, next to *Scorpio*.

Ver. 651. *From Neptune's potent Stroke.*] *Lucan* ſeems to allude in this Place to the famous Controverſy between *Neptune* and *Pallas*, when to ſhew their Power He produced the firſt Horſe out of a Rock, and She the firſt Olive-tree out of the Earth: But the Commentators will have this to have happen'd in *Attica*, and not in *Theſſaly*. The Truth ſeems to have been, that the ancient *Theſſalians* were a bold and hardy People, and that the *Centauri*

and

Here, taught by skilful Riders to submit,
He champ'd indignant on the foamy Bit
From fair *Theſſalia's Pagaſæan* Shore,
The firſt bold Pine the daring Warriors bore,
And taught the Sons of Earth o'er Ocean to explore.
Here, when *Itonus* held the Regal Seat,
The ſtubborn Steel he firſt ſubdu'd with Heat,
And the tough Barrs on ſounding Anvils beat:
In Furnaces he ran the liquid Braſs,
And caſt in curious Works the molten Maſs.
He taught the ruder Artiſt to refine,
Explor'd the Silver and the Golden Mine,
And ſtamp'd the coſtly Metal into Coin.
From that old *Æra* Avarice was known,
Then all the deadly Seeds of War were ſown;
Wide o'er the World, by Tale, the Miſchief ran,
And thoſe curſt Pieces were the Bane of Man.
Huge *Python*, here, in many a ſcaly Fold,
To *Cyrrha's* Cave a Length enormous roll'd:

and *Lapithæ*, Inhabitants of that Country, were the firſt who underſtood the Manage of Horſes, and made uſe of 'em in Battel.

Ver. 658. *Itonus*,] According to ſome the Son of *Apollo*, to others of *Deucalion*: He was King of *Theſſaly*. *Lucan* gives him the Honour of finding out the Uſe and Working of Metals, and Coining Money; but this is diſputed by other Authors.

Ver 671. Cyrrha's *Cave*,] In or near the Mountain *Parnaſſus*.

Hence,

Hence, *Pythian* Games the hardy *Greeks* Renown,
And Laurel Wreaths the joyful Victor crown.
Here proud *Alæus* durst the Gods defie,
And taught his impious Brood to scale the Sky:
While Mountains pil'd on Mountains interfere
With Heav'ns bright Orbs, and stop the circling Sphere.

To this curst Land, by Fate's appointed Doom,
With one Consent the warring Leaders come;
Their Camps are fix'd, and now the Vulgar fear,
To see the terrible Event so near.
A few, and but a few, with Souls serene,
Wait the disclosing of the dubious Scene.
But *Sextus*, mix'd among the vulgar Herd,
Like them was anxious, and unmanly fear'd:
A Youth unworthy of the Hero's Race,
And born to be his nobler Sire's Disgrace.

Ver. 672. Pythian *Games*.] These were instituted to the Honour of *Apollo* upon his killing the Serpent *Python*. See the Notes upon Book 5.

Ver. 674. *Alæus*] Was the Father-in-Law or reputed Father of *Otus* and *Ephialtes*, two of the Giants that made War upon *Jupiter*, his Wife *Iphimedia* being impregnated with these chopping Twins by *Neptune*. These are those call'd by *Virgil Aloïdæ Gemini* in the 6th Book. The Sibyl says,

Hic & Aloïdas geminos, immania vidi
Corpora.

Here lye th' Alæan *Twins (I saw 'em both)*
Enormous Bodies of Gigantick Growth;
Who dar'd in Fight the Thund'rer to defy,
Affect his Heav'n, and force him from the Sky.

Mr. Dryden,

A Day shall come, when this inglorious Son
Shall stain the Trophies all by *Pompey* won:
A Thief, and Spoiler, shall he live confess'd,
And act those Wrongs his Father's Arms redress'd,
Vex'd with a Coward's fond Impatience now,
He pries into that Fate he fears to know;
Nor seeks he, with religious Vows, to move
The *Delphick* Tripod, or *Dodonian Jove*;
No priestly Augur's Art employs his Cares,
Nor *Babylonian* Seers, who read the Stars;
He nor by Fibres, Birds, or Lightning's Fires,
Nor any just, tho' secret Rites enquires;
But horrid Altars, and Infernal Pow'rs,
Dire Mysteries of Magick he explores,
Such as high Heav'n and gracious *Jove* abhors,
He thinks, 'tis little those above can know,
And seeks accurst Assistance from below.
The Place it self the impious Means supplies,
While near *Haemonian* Hags incamp'd he lies:
All dreadful Deeds, all monstrous Forms of old,
By Fear invented, and by Falshood told,

Ver. 688. *A Day shall come.*] In relation to the Pyracies suppress'd with great Glory to himself by *Pompey*, and after his Death renew'd and exercised with great Rapine by his Son *Sextus* in the *Sicilian* Seas, after he had lost the Battle of *Munda* in *Spain*.

Ver. 697. *Nor* Babylonian *Seers.*] The *Chaldeans*, famous for their Skill in Astrology.

Ver. 706. Haemonian *Hags.*] *Thessaly*, call'd likewise *Haemonia*, was famous for Witches.

What,

Whate'er transcends Belief, and Reason's View.
Their Art can furnish, and their Pow'r makes true.
The pregnant Fields a horrid Crop produce,
Noxious, and fit for Witchcraft's deadly Use:
With baleful Weeds each Mountain's Brow is hung,
And list'ning Rocks attend the Charmer's Song.
There, potent and mysterious Plants arise,
Plants that compel the Gods, and awe the Skies:
There, Leaves unfolded to *Medea*'s View,
Such as her native *Colchos* never knew.
Soon as the dread *Haemonian* Voice ascends,
Thro' the whole vast Expanse, each Pow'r attends;
Ev'n all those sullen Deities, who know
No Care of Heav'n above, or Earth below.
Hear and obey. Th' *Assyrian* then, in vain,
And *Memphian* Priests, their local Gods detain;
From ev'ry Altar loose at once they fly,
And with the stronger Foreign Call comply.
The coldest Hearts *Thessalian* Numbers warm,
And ruthless Bosoms own the potent Charm;
With monstrous Pow'r they rouse perverse Desire,
And kindle into Lust the wint'ry Sire:

Ver. 721. *Their local Gods.*] Gods who were particularly worshipp'd in particular Places by Votaries of their own, who yet durst not refuse to forsake those Places when they were call'd by the *Thessalian* Inchantments.

Where

Where noxious Cups, and poisonous Philters fail,
More potent Spells and mystick Verse prevail.
No Draughts so strong the Knots of Love prepare,
Cropt from her Younglings by the Parent Mare.
Oft', sullen Bridegrooms, who unkindly fled
From blooming Beauty, and the genial Bed,
Melt, as the Thread runs on, and lighing, feel
The giddy whirling of the Magick Wheel.
Whene'er the proud Enchantress gives Command,
Eternal Motion stops her active Hand;
No more Heav'n's rapid Circles journey on,
But universal Nature stands foredone:
The lazy God of Day forgets to rise,
And everlasting Night pollutes the Skies.

Ver. 733. *The Knots of Love.*] These are little Excrescencies of Flesh upon the Forehead of Foals, which the Mares bite off as soon as they are foal'd; and if they are prevented, and those Knots cut off, 'tis said they will not suffer their Foals to suck, but hate 'em, and drive 'em away. This is mention'd as an Ingredient for Love-Potions in *Virgil*'s 4th *Æneid*.

——— *Nascentis equi de fronte revulsus,*
Et matri præreptus amor.

——— *And cuts the Forehead of a new-born Foal,*
Robbing the Mother's Love. Mr. Dryden.

Ver. 737. *Melt, as the Thread.*] This magical Prevalence, over hard-hearted Men in Love-Matters, was, by winding or unwinding Threads off or upon Wheels, and probably muttering some Spell over them as they wound or unwound. See *Virg.* in the 8th Eclogue.

Jove

Jove wonders, to behold him ſhake the Pole,
And, unconſenting, hears his Thunders roll.
Now, with a Word, he bids the Sun's bright Face,
And blots the wide Æthereal Azure Space.
Looſely, anon, ſhe ſhakes her flowing Hair,
And ſtrait the ſtormy lowr'ing Heav'ns are fair:
At once, ſhe calls the golden Light again,
The Clouds fly ſwift away, and ſtops the drizly Rain.
In ſtilleſt Calms, ſhe bids the Waves run high,
And ſmooths the Deep, tho' *Boreas* ſhakes the Sky.
When Winds are hush'd, her potent Breath prevails,
Wafts on the Bark, and fills the flagging Sails.
Streams have run back at Murmurs of her Tongue,
And Torrents from the Rock ſuſpended hung.
No more the *Nile* his wonted Seaſons knows,
And in a Line the ſtrait *Meander* flows.
Arar has rush'd with headlong Waters down,
And driv'n unwillingly the ſluggiſh *Rhone*.
Huge Mountains have been level'd with the Plain,
And far from Heav'n has tall *Olympus* lain.
Riphæan Cryſtal has been known to melt,
And *Scythian* Snows a ſudden Summer felt.

Ver. 759. *No more the* Nile.] This River encreaſes and decreaſes always at the ſame Times of the Year. See afterwards in the 10th Book. The *Meander* is famous for its crooked Turnings and Windings.

The *Arar* is naturally ſlow, and the *Rhone* rapid.

Ver. 765. Riphæan *Cryſtal.*] Ice upon the *Riphæan* Mountains in the extream Northern Parts both of *Europe* and *Aſia*.

No

No longer prest by *Cynthia*'s moister Beam,
Alternate *Tethys* heaves her swelling Stream;
By Charms forbid, her Tides revolve no more,
But shun the Margin of the guarded Shore.
The pond'rous Earth, by Magick Numbers struck,
Down to her inmost Centre deep has shook;
Then rending with a Yawn, at once made way,
To join the upper, and the nether Day;
While wond'ring Eyes, the dreadful Cleft between,
Another starry Firmament have seen.
Each deadly Kind, by Nature form'd to kill,
Fear the dire Hags, and execute their Will.
Lions, to them, their nobler Rage submit,
And fawning Tigers couch beneath their Feet;
For them, the Snake foregoes her wint'ry Hold,
And on the hoary Frost untwines her Fold;
The pois'nous Race they strike with stronger Death,
And blasted Vipers die by human Breath.
What Law the heav'nly Natures thus constrains,
And binds ev'n Godheads in resistless Chains?
What wond'rous Pow'r do Charms and Herbs imply,
And force 'em thus to follow, and to fly?
What is it can command 'em to obey?
Do's Choice incline, or awful Terror sway?
Do secret Rites their Deities atone,
Or Mystick Piety to Man unknown?

Do

Do ſtrong Inchantments all Immortals bind?
Or is there one determin'd God their Slave?
One, whoſe Command obedient Nature ſerves,
Who, ſubject ſtill himſelf to Magick Laws,
Acts only as a Servile ſecond Cauſe?
Magick the ſtarry Lamps from Heav'n can tear,
And ſhoot 'em gleaming thro' the dusky Air;
Can blot fair *Cynthia*'s Countenance ſerene,
And poiſon with foul Spells the Silver Queen:
Now pale the ghaſtly Goddeſs drinks with Dread,
And now black ſmoaky Fires involve her Head;
As when Earth's envious interpoſing Shade,
Cuts off her beamy Brother from her Aid:
Held by the charming Song, ſhe ſtrives in vain,
And labours with the long purſuing Pain;
'Till down, and downward ſtill, compell'd to come,
On hallow'd Herbs ſhe ſheds her fatal Foam.

Ver. 794. *One determin'd God.*] The Poet ſeems to allude here to that God whom they call'd *Demogorgon*, who was the Father and Creator of all the other Gods: who, tho' himſelf was bound in Chains in the loweſt Hell, was yet ſo terrible to all the others, that they could not bear the very Mention of his Name; as appears towards the End of this Book. Him *Lucan* ſuppoſes to be ſubject to the Power of Magick, as all the other Deities of what kind ſoever were to him.

Ver. 809. *Her fatal Foam.*] The Ancients fancy'd the Moon to be drawn down from Heav'n by Witchcraft, when ſhe was eclipſed: and that at thoſe Times ſhe ſhed

But these, as Arts too gentle, and too good,
Nor yet with Death, or Guilt enough embrew'd,
With haughty Scorn the fierce *Erictho* view'd.
New Mischief she, new Monsters durst explore,
And dealt in Horrors never known before.
From Towns, and Hospitable Roofs she flies,
And ev'ry Dwelling of Mankind defies;
Thro' unfrequented Desarts lonely roams,
Drives out the Dead, and dwells within their Tombs.
Spight of all Laws, which Heav'n, or Nature know,
The Rule of Gods above, and Man below;
Grateful to Hell the living Hag defcends,
And sits in black Assemblies of the Fiends.
Dark matted Elf-locks dangling on her Brow,
Filthy, and foul, a loathsome Burthen grow:
Ghastly, and frightful-pale her Face is seen,
Unknown to chearful Day, and Skies serene:
But when the Stars are veil'd, when Storms arise,
And the blue forky Flame at Midnight flies,
Then, forth from Graves, she takes her wicked Way,
And thwarts the glancing Lightnings as they play.

a sort of venomous Juice upon some particular Plants, which was of great Use in Magick.

Ver. 822. *And sits in black Assemblies,*] Which no living Creature, besides herself, could do.

Where-

Where-e'er she breaths, blue Poisons round her spread,
The with'ring Grass avows her fatal Tread,
And drooping *Ceres* hangs her blasted Head.
Nor holy Rites, nor suppliant Pray'r she knows,
Nor seeks the Gods with Sacrifice, or Vows:
Whate'er she offers is the Spoil of Urns,
And Funeral Fire upon her Altars burns;
Nor need she send a second Voice on high,
Scar'd at the first, the trembling Gods comply.
Oft' in the Grave the Living has she laid,
And bid reviving Bodies leave the Dead:
Oft' at the Fun'ral Pile she seeks her Prey,
And bears the smoaking Ashes warm away;
Snatches some burning Bone, or flaming Brand,
And tears the Torch from the sad Father's Hand;
Seizes the Shroud's loose Fragments as they fly,
And picks the Coal where clammy Juices fry.
But when the Dead in Marble Tombs are plac'd,
Where the moist Carcase by Degrees shall waste,
There, greedily on ev'ry Part she flies,
Strips the dry Nails, and digs the goary Eyes.
Her Teeth from Gibbets gnaw the strangling Noose,
And from the Cross dead Murderers unloose;

Ver. 833. *Ceres.*] The Goddess of Husbandry, Corn, &c.

Ver. 845. *From the sad Father's Hand.*] The neareſt of Kin to the Deceased always set Fire to the Funeral Pile.

These Actions of *Erictho* were reckon'd as the greatest Impieties among the Ancients.

Her

Her Charms the Use of Sun-dry'd Marrow find,
And husky Entrails wither'd in the Wind;
Oft' drops the ropy Gore upon her Tongue,
With cordy Sinews oft' her Jaws are strung,
And thus suspended oft' the filthy Hag has hung.
Where-e'er the Battle bleeds, and Slaughter lies,
Thither, preventing Birds and Beasts, she hies;
Nor then content to seize the ready Prey,
From their fell Jaws she tears their Food away:
She marks the hungry Wolf's pernicious Tooth,
And joys to rend the Morsel from his Mouth.
Nor ever yet Remorse cou'd stop her Hand,
When human Gore her cursed Rites demand.
Whether some tender Infant, yet unborn,
From the lamenting Mother's Side is torn;
Whether her Purpose asks some bolder Shade,
And by her Knife, the Ghost she wants, is made;
Or whether, curious in the choice of Blood,
She catches the first gushing of the Flood;
All Mischief is of use, and ev'ry Murder good.
When blooming Youths in early Manhood die,
She stands a terrible Attendant by;
The downy Growth from off their Cheeks she tears,
Or cuts left-handed some selected Hairs.
Oft' when in Death her gasping Kindred lay,
Some pious Office wou'd she feign to pay;

Ver. 879. *Some pious Office,*] As receiving the last Breath of the dying Person.

And while close hov'ring o'er the Bed she hung,
Bit the pale Lips, and crop the quiv'ring Tongue.
Then, in hoarse Murmurs, e're the Ghost cou'd go,
Mutter'd some Message to the Shades below.
A Fame like this around the Region spread,
To prove her Pow'r, the younger *Pompey* led.
Now half her sable Course the Night had run,
And low beneath us roll'd the beamy Sun;
When the vile Youth in Silence cross'd the Plain,
Attended by his wonted worthless Train.
Thro' Ruins waste and old, long wand'ring round,
Lonely upon a Rock, the Hag they found.
There, as it chanc'd, in sullen Mood she sate,
Pond'ring upon the War's approaching Fate:
At that same Hour, she ran new Numbers o'er,
And Spells, unheard by Hell it self before;
Fearful, least wand'ring Destiny might change,
And bid the War in distant Regions range,
She charm'd *Pharsalia*'s Field with early Care,
To keep the Warriors and the Slaughter there.
So may her impious Arts in Triumph reign,
And riot in the Plenty of the Slain:
So, many a Royal Ghost she may command,
Mangle dead Hero's with a ruthless Hand,
And rob of many an Urn *Hesperia*'s mourning Land.

Already

Already she enjoys the dreadful Field,
And thinks what Spoils the rival Chiefs shall yield;
With what fell Rage each Course she shall invade,
And fly rapacious on the prostrate Dead.
To her a lowly Suppliant, thus begun
The noble *Pompey*'s much unworthy Son.
Hail! mighty Mistress of *Harmonious* Arts,
To whom stern Fate her dark Decrees imparts;
At thy Approving, bids her Purpose stand,
Or alters it at thy rever'd Command.
From thee, my humbler awful Hopes presume
To learn my Father's, and my Country's Doom:
Nor think this Grace to one Unworthy done,
When thou shalt know me for great *Pompey*'s Son;
With him, all Fortunes am I born to share,
His Ruin's Partner, or his Empire's Heir,
Let not blind Chance for ever wav'ring stand,
And awe us with her unresolving Hand:
I own my Mind unequal to the Weight,
Nor can I bear the Pangs of doubtful Fate:
Let it be certain what we have to fear,
And then——no matter——Let the Time draw near.

Ver. 906. *The Rival Chiefs.*] *Cæsar* and *Pompey*.

Ver. 920. *His Empire's Heir.*] I don't know whether the Word Empire is not a little too strong; it is intended to mean no more than that legal Power *Pompey* was possess'd of.

Oh

Oh let thy Charms this Truth from Heav'n compel,
Or force the dreadful *Stygian* Gods to tell.
Call Death, all pale and meagre, from below,
And from her ſelf her fatal Purpoſe know;
Conſtrain'd by thee, the Phantom ſhall declare
Whom ſhe decrees to ſtrike, and whom to ſpare.
Nor ever can thy Skill divine foreſee,
Thro' the blind Maze of long Futurity,
Events more worthy of thy Arts, and thee.
Pleas'd that her magick Fame diffuſely flies,
Thus, with a horrid Smile, the Hag replies.
Hadſt thou, oh noble Youth, my Aid implor'd,
For any leſs Deciſion of the Sword;
The Gods, unwilling, ſhou'd my Pow'r confeſs,
And crown thy Wiſhes with a full Succeſs.
Hadſt thou deſir'd ſome ſingle Friend to ſave,
Long had my Charms with-held him from the Grave;
Or wou'd thy Hate ſome Foe this inſtant doom,
He dies, tho' Heav'n decrees him Years to come.
But when Effects are to their Cauſes chain'd,
From Everlaſting, mightily, ordain'd;

Ver. 938. *Oh noble Youth!*] Tho' *Lucan* gives *Sextus Pompeius* a vile Character, it is not improper, for the Mouth that ſpeaks here, to call him *Noble*; nor for the dead Soldier, whom ſhe raiſes to Life afterwards, to do the ſame.

Ver. 947. *From Everlaſting.*] I have obſerv'd in the Life of *Lucan*, that he was a Diſciple of *Cornutus* the

When all things labour for one certain End,
And on one Action center and depend:
Then far behind, we own, our Arts are caſt,
And Magick is by Fortune's Pow'r ſurpaſs'd.
Howe'er, if, yet, thy Soul can be content,
Only to know that undiſclos'd Event;
My potent Charms o'er Nature ſhall prevail,
And from a thouſand Mouths extort the Tale:
This Truth the Fields, the Floods, the Rocks ſhall tell,
The Thunder of high Heav'n, or Groans of Hell.
Tho', ſtill, more kindly Oracles remain,
Among the recent Deaths of yonder Plain.
Of theſe a Corſe our myſtick Rites ſhall raiſe,
As yet unſhrunk by *Titan*'s parching Blaze;
So ſhall no Maim the vocal Pipes confound,
But the ſad Shade ſhall breathe, diſtinct in human Sound.
While yet ſhe ſpoke, a double Darkneſs ſpread,
Black Clouds and murky Fogs involve her Head,
While o'er th' unbury'd Heaps her Footſteps tread.

Stoick Philoſopher, of which this, and many other Paſſages in this Poem, are Proofs. It is true he talks in many Places of the wanton and unaccountable Diſpoſal of Things below by Fortune and the Gods: Yet that does not hinder us from ſuppoſing all thoſe Diſpoſals neceſſarily pre-ordain'd. Nay, I have heard it affirm'd by a Critick, who I think underſtands this Author very well, that wherever he names Fortune he means Fate. How far that may be made good I don't know.

Ver. 959. *The recent Deaths,*] Occaſion'd by ſome Skirmiſhes of Parties from the two Armies.

Wolves

Wolves howl'd, and fled where-e'er she took her Way.
And hungry Vulturs left the mangled Prey;
The Salvage Race, abash'd, before her yield,
And while she culls her Prophet, quit the Field.
To various Carcasses by turns she flies,
And, griping with her gory Fingers, tries;
'Till one of perfect Organs can be found,
And fibrous Lungs uninjur'd by a Wound.
Of all the flitting Shadows of the Slain,
Fate doubts which Ghost shall turn to Life again.
At her strong Bidding (such is her Command)
Armies at once had left the *Stygian* Strand;
Hell's Multitudes had waited on her Charms,
And Legions of the Dead had ris'n to Arms.
Among the dreadful Carnage strew'd around,
One, for her Purpose fit, at length she found;
In his pale Jaws a rusty Hook she hung,
And dragg'd the wretched lifeless Load along:
Anon, beneath a craggy Cliff she stay'd,
And in a dreary Delve her Burthen laid;
There evermore the wicked Witch delights
To do her Deeds accurs'd, and practise hellish Rites.
Low as the Realms where *Stygian Jove* is crown'd,
Subsides the gloomy Vale within the Ground;

Ver. 989. *Stygian Jove.*] *Pluto.* So *Virgil* calls *Proserpine* Infernal *Juno.*

A downward Grove, that never knew to riſe,
Or ſhoot its leafy Honours to the Skies,
From hanging Rocks declines its drooping Head,
And covers in the Cave with dreadful Shade;
Within, Diſmay, and Fear, and Darkneſs dwell,
And Filth obſcene beſmears the baleful Cell.
There, laſting Night no beamy dawning knows,
No Light but ſuch as magick Flames diſcloſe;
Heavy, as in *Tænarian* Caverns, there
In dull Stagnation ſleeps the lazy Air.
There meet the Boundaries of Life and Death,
The Borders of our World, and that beneath;
Thither the Rulers of th'Infernal Court
Permit their airy Vaſſals to reſort;
Thence with like Eaſe the Sorcereſs cou'd tell,
As if deſcending down, the Deeds of Hell.
And now ſhe for the ſolemn Task prepares,
A Mantle patch'd with various Shreds ſhe wears;
And binds, with twining Snakes, her wilder Hairs.
All pale, for dread, the daſtard Youth ſhe ſpy'd,
Heartleſs his Mates ſtood quiv'ring by his Side.

Ver. 999. Tænarian *Caverns.*] *Tænarus, Tænarum,* or *Tænarium* (for it is written all theſe ſeveral Ways) was a Promontory of *Laconia* in *Peloponeſus*, and near it a Town of the ſame Name. The Promontory is now call'd Cape *Metapan* in the *Morea*. Here was a Cave or deep Hole very famous among the Ancients, as being ſuppos'd to be one of the Mouths of Hell, thro' which *Hercules* drag'd *Cerberus* up to the Light.

Be

Be bold! (ſhe cries) diſmiſs this abject Fear;
Living, and Human, ſhall the Form appear,
And breath no Sounds but what ev'n you may hear.
How had your vile, your coward Souls been quell'd,
Had you the livid *Stygian* Lakes beheld;
Heard the loud Floods of rolling Sulphur roar,
And burſt in Thunder on the burning Shore?
Had you ſurvey'd yon' Priſon-houſe of Woe,
And Giants bound in Adamant below?
Seen the vaſt Dog with curling Vipers ſwell,
Heard ſcreaming Furies, at my coming, Yell,
Double their Rage, and add new Pains to Hell?

This ſaid; She runs the mangled Carcaſs o'er,
And wipes from ev'ry Wound the cruſty Gore;
Now with hot Blood the frozen Breaſt ſhe warms,
And with ſtrong Lunar Dews confirms her Charms.
Anon, ſhe mingles ev'ry monſtrous Birth,
Which Nature, wayward and perverſe, brings forth.
Nor Entrails of the ſpotted *Lynx* ſhe lacks,
Nor bony Joints from fell *Hyæna's* Backs;
Nor Deer's hot Marrow rich with ſnaky Food;
Nor Foam of raging Dogs that fly the Flood.

Ver. 1027. *Lunar Dews.*] See above Note on *Ver.* 809.

Ver. 1032. *Snaky Food.*] It was an ancient Tradition, that Deer, when they were grown old, had a Power of drawing Serpents out of their Holes with their Breath; which they afterwards kill'd and eat, and thereby renew'd their Youth.

Ver. 1033. *Fly the Flood.*] This Symptom not only

Her Store the tardy *Remora* ſupplies,
With Stones from Eagles warm, and Dragons Eyes;
Snakes that on Pinions cut their airy way,
And nimbly o'er *Arabian* Deſerts prey;
The Viper bred in *Erythraan* Streams,
To guard in coſtly Shells the growing Gems;
The Slough by *Libya*'s horned Serpent caſt,
With Aſhes, by the dying *Phœnix* plac'd
On od'rous Altars in the fragrant Eaſt.
To theſe ſhe joins dire Drugs without a Name,
A thouſand Poiſons never known to Fame;
Herbs o'er whoſe Leaves the Hag her Spells had ſung,
And wet with curſed Spittle as they ſprung;
With ev'ry other Miſchief moſt abhorr'd,
Which Hell, or worſe *Erictho*, cou'd afford.
At length, in Murmurs hoarſe her Voice was heard,
Her Voice, beyond all Plants, all Magick fear'd,
And by the loweſt *Stygian* Gods rever'd.

only attends upon mad Dogs, but thoſe that are bitten by 'em.

Ver. 1034. *Remora,*] A Fiſh that ſticks to the Bottom of Ships, and hinders their Way.

Ver. 1035. *With Stones.*] What we call Eagle-Stones, ſaid to be found in the Neſts of Eagles. The Eyes of Dragons, pulveriz'd and mix'd with Hony, were ſaid to be uſed for anointing the Eyes, in order to fortify 'em for beholding Spectres or Ghoſts.

Ver. 1038. *The Viper.*] It was reported among the Ancients, that in the *Red* or *Erythraan* Sea, a Viper breeds in the ſame Shell where the Pearls grow; but I don't remember

Her gabling Tongue a mutt'ring Tone confounds,
Diſcordant, and unlike to human Sounds:
It ſeem'd, of Dogs the Bark, of Wolves the Howl,
The doleful skreeching of the Midnight Owl;
The Hiſs of Snakes, the hungry Lion's Roar,
The Bound of Billows beating on the Shore;
The Groan of Winds amongſt the leafy Wood,
And Burſt of Thunder from the rending Cloud:
'Twas theſe, all theſe in one. At length ſhe breaks
Thus into Magick Verſe, and thus the Gods beſpeaks.

Ye Furies! and thou black accurſed Hell!
Ye Woes! in which the Damn'd for ever dwell;
Chaos, the World, and Form's eternal Foe!
And thou ſole Arbiter of All below.
Pluto! whom ruthleſs Fates a God ordain,
And doom to Immortality of Pain;
Ye fair *Elyſian* Manſions of the Bleſt,
Where no *Theſſalian* Charmer hopes to reſt;
Styx! and *Perſephone*, compell'd to fly
Thy fruitful Mother, and the chearful Sky!
Third *Hecate!* by whom my Whiſpers breathe
My ſecret Purpoſe, to the Shades beneath;

member to have met any modern Confirmation of this Piece of Natural Hiſtory.

Ver. 1064. *Chaos.*] Or Confuſion.

Ver. 1072. *Third* Hecate.] This Goddeſs was call'd *Luna* in Heaven, *Diana* upon Earth, and *Perſephone* or

Thou greedy Dog, who at th'infernal Gate,
In everlasting Hunger, still dost wait!
And thou old *Charon*, horrible and hoar!
For ever lab'ring back from Shore to Shore;
Who murm'ring dost in Weariness complain,
That I so oft demand thy Dead again;
Hear, all ye Pow'rs! If e'er your Hell rejoice,
In the lov'd Horrors of this impious Voice;
If still with human Flesh I have been fed,
If pregnant Mothers have, to please you, bled;
If from the Womb these ruthless Hands have torn
Infants, mature, and struggling to be born;
Hear and obey! Nor do I ask a Ghost,
Long since receiv'd upon your *Stygian* Coast;
But one that, new to Death, for Entrance waits,
And loiters yet before your gloomy Gates.
Let the pale Shade these Herbs, these Numbers hear,
And in his well-known warlike Form appear.

Proserpina in Hell. In the Pagan Theology it was very usual for their Gods to have many Names, as well as many Offices. This Piece of Superstition is exactly copy'd from 'em, by the Papists, in the several Employments which are assign'd to their Saints.

Ver. 1074. *Greedy Dog,*] *Cerberus.*

Ver. 1082. *With human Flesh I have been fed,*] To make my self more agreeable to you.

Ver. 1090. *These Herbs, these Numbers hear.*] The Original is,

Licet has exaudiat herbas.

Here

Here let him ſtand, before his Leader's Son,
And ſay what dire Events are drawing on:
If Blood be your Delight, let this be done.
Foaming ſhe ſpoke: Then rear'd her hateful Head,
And hard at hand beheld th' attending Shade.
Too well the trembling Sprite the Carcaſs knew,
And fear'd to enter into Life anew;
Fain from thoſe mangled Limbs it wou'd have run,
And, loathing, ſtrove that Houſe of Pain to ſhun.
Ah! Wretch! to whom the cruel Fates deny
That Privilege of human Kind, to die!
Wroth was the Hag at lingring Death's Delay,
And wonder'd Hell could dare to diſobey;
With curling Snakes the ſenſeleſs Trunk ſhe beats,
And Curſes dire, at ev'ry Laſh, repeats;
With Magick Numbers cleaves the groaning Ground,
And, thus, barks downwards to th' Abyſs profound.
Ye Fiends Hell-born, ye Siſters of Deſpair!
Thus? is it thus my Will becomes your Care?
Still ſleep thoſe Whips within your idle Hands,
Nor drive the loit'ring Ghoſt this Voice demands?
But mark we well! my Charms, in Fate's deſpight,
Shall drag you forth, ye *Stygian* Dogs, to Light;

Ver. 1114. *Ye* Stygian *Dogs.*] The Furies. As if ſhe would ſay, I will call you by your moſt deteſted Name.

Thro' Vaults, and Tombs, where now ſecure you roam,
My Vengeance ſhall purſue, and chace you Home.
And thou, oh! *Hecate*, that dar'ſt to riſe,
Various and alter'd to immortal Eyes,
No more ſhalt veil thy Horrors in diſguiſe;
Still in thy Form accurſed ſhalt thou dwell,
Nor change the Face that Nature made for Hell.
Each Myſtery beneath I will diſplay,
And *Stygian* Loves ſhall ſtand confeſs'd to Day.
Thee, *Proſerpine*! thy fatal Feaſt I'll ſhow,
What Leagues detain thee in the Realms below,
And why thy once fond Mother loaths thee now.
At my Command Earth's Barrier ſhall remove,
And piercing *Tum* vex infernal *Jove*;
Full on his Throne the blazing Beams ſhall beat,
And Light abhorr'd afflict the gloomy Seat.
Yet, am I yet, ye ſullen Fiends, obey'd?
Or muſt I call your Maſter to my Aid?

Ver. 1124. *Thy Fatal Feaſt.*] The Fable of *Proſerpine*'s eating the Kernel of a Pomgranate, and by virtue of that being confin'd to Hell, is a known Story in *Ovid*. *Aſcenſius* in his Notes upon this Place will have it to mean her immodeſt and inceſtuous Commerce with her Uncle *Pluto*. He ſays, the Word *Mala*, Apples, has often an obſcene Senſe, and to prove it quotes that Verſe in *Virgil*'s Eclogues,

Ipſe ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

Ver. 1132. *Your Maſter.*] *Demogorgon*. See above the Note on *Ver.* 794.

At

At whoſe dread Name the trembling Furies quake,
Hell ſtands abaſh'd, and Earth's Foundations ſhake?
Who views the *Gorgons* with intrepid Eyes,
And your unviolable Flood defies?
She ſaid; and, at the Word, the frozen Blood
Slowly began to roll its creeping Flood;
Thro' the known Channels ſtole the purple Tide,
And Warmth, and Motion thro' the Members glide;
The Nerves are ſtretch'd, the turgid Muſcles ſwell,
And the Heart moves within its ſecret Cell;
The Haggard Eyes their ſtupid Lights diſcloſe,
And heavy by degrees the Corpſe aroſe.
Doubtful and faint th' uncertain Life appears,
And Death, all-o'er, the livid Viſage wears,

Ver. 1136. *Unviolable Flood.*] *Styx*, by which when the Gods ſwore, they were bound to obſerve what they promis'd.

Ver. 1144. *And heavy by degrees.*] In the Tranſlation of this Paſſage I have taken the Liberty to vary ſo far from my Author's Senſe as to make the *Engliſh* quite contrary to the *Latin*. *Lucan* ſays, the Corps did not riſe leiſurely, but ſtarted up at once. I muſt own, I could not but think the ſlow heavy manner of riſing by Degrees, as in the Tranſlation, much more ſolemn and proper for the Occaſion. I have taken ſo few Liberties of this kind, in Compariſon of what Monſ. *Brebeuf* the *French* Tranſlator has done, that I hope my Readers, if they don't approve of it, will however be the more inclinable to pardon what I have alter'd from the Original here.

Pale,

Pale, ſtiff, and mute, the ghaſtly Figure ſtands,
Nor knows to ſpeak, but at her dread Commands.
When thus the Hag. Speak what I wiſh to know,
And endleſs Reſt attends thy Shade below:
Reveal the Truth, and, to reward thy Pain,
No Charms ſhall drag thee back to Life again;
Such hallow'd Wood ſhall feed thy Fun'ral Fire,
Such Numbers to thy laſt Repoſe conſpire,
No Sifter of our Art thy Ghoſt ſhall wrong,
Or force thee liſten to her potent Song.
Since the dark Gods in myſtick Tripods dwell,
Since doubtful Truths ambiguous Prophets tell;
While each Event aright and plain is read,
To ev'ry bold Inquirer of the Dead:
Do thou unfold what End theſe Wars ſhall wait,
Perſons, and Things, and Time, and Place relate,
And be the juſt Interpreter of Fate.

She ſpoke, and, as ſhe ſpoke, a Spell ſhe made,
That gave new Preſcience to th' unknowing Shade.

When thus the Spectre, weeping all for Woe;
Seek not from me the *Parcæ's* Will to know.
I ſaw not what their dreadful Looms ordain,
Too ſoon recall'd to hated Life again;

Ver. 1157. *Since the dark Gods.*] Since Oracles and Prophets are ſilent or unintelligible, do thou for the Honour of Necromancy (the Art of enquiring by the Dead) ſpeak plainly and truly.

Ver. 1168. *Dreadful Looms.*] In which the *Parcæ* (or Deſtinies) ſpun, or rather wove, the Fates of Mankind.

Recall'd

Recall'd, e'er yet my waiting Ghoſt had paſs'd
The ſilent Stream, that wafts us all to Reſt.
All I cou'd learn, was from the looſe Report
Of wand'ring Shades, that to the Banks reſort.
Uproar, and Diſcord, never known 'till now,
Diſtract the peaceful Realms of Death below;
From bliſsful Plains of ſweet *Elyſium* ſome,
Others from doleful Dens, and Torments, come;
While in the face of ev'ry various Shade,
The Woes of *Rome* too plainly might be read.
In Tears lamenting, Ghoſts of Patriots ſtood,
And mourn'd their Country in a falling Flood;
Sad were the *Decii*, and the *Curii* ſeen,
And heavy was the great *Camillus'* Mien:
On Fortune loud indignant *Sylla* rail'd,
And *Scipio* his unhappy Race bewail'd;
The Cenſor ſad foreſaw his *Cato*'s Doom,
Reſolv'd to die for Liberty, and *Rome*.
Of all the Shades that haunt the happy Field,
Thee only, *Brutus!* ſmiling I beheld;

Ver. 1180. *Lamenting Ghoſts of Patriots.*] For the *Decii*, *Curii*, and *Camilli*, ſee the Notes on *Book* 1ſt and 2d. Their Sadneſs upon this Occaſion foretold *Caſar*'s Succeſs; whom they look'd upon as an Enemy to and Subverter of the Commonwealth they had ſo glorioufly defended. The *Scipio* mention'd here is probably *Scipio Africanus*, who foreſees the Death of *Corn. Scipio*, *Pompey*'s Father-in-Law, as *Cato* the Cenſor is concern'd for his Great Grandſon *Cato* of *Utica*.

Ver. 1189. *Thee only*, Brutus!] *L. Junius Brutus*, who drove

Thee, thou firſt Conſul, haughty *Tarquin*'s Dread,
From whoſe juſt Wrath the conſcious Tyrant fled,
When Freedom firſt uprear'd her infant Head.
Meanwhile the Damn'd exult amidſt their Pains,
And *Catiline* audacious breaks his Chains.
There the *Cethegan* naked Race I view'd,
The *Marii* fierce, with human Gore embrew'd,
The *Gracchi*, fond of Miſchief-making Laws,
And *Druſi*, popular in Faction's Cauſe,
All clap'd their Hands in horrible Applauſe.
The Craſh of brazen Fetters rung around,
And Hell's wide Caverns trembled with the Sound.
No more the Bounds of Fate their Guilt conſtrain,
But proudly they demand th' *Elyſian* Plain.

drove out the *Tarquins*. The Poet repreſents him as pleas'd with the Hopes that one of his Family was to revenge the Cauſe of *Rome* by the Death of *Ceſar*.

Thee only.] That is, thee only amongſt the Juſt and Virtuous, and thoſe who were Lovers of their Country.

Ver. 1194. Catiline *audacious.*] *Catiline* and *Cethegus* were concern'd in a famous Conſpiracy for the Deſtruction of *Rome*: For theſe and the *Marii* ſee *Book* 2. The *Druſi* and the *Gracchi* were Tribunes of the People, who had been great Sticklers for the *Agrarian* and *Frumentarian* Laws, by which they would have reduced every Man's Eſtate and the Proviſions for his Family to an Equality. They were ſomewhat like the Levellers in *Oliver Cromwell*'s Time, and were the Authors of very dangerous Seditions and Confuſion in the State. See *Book* 1. *Ver.* 485.

Thus

Thus they, while dreadful *Dis*, with buſie Cares,
New Torments for the Conquerors prepares;
New Chains of Adamant he forms below,
And opens all his deep Reſerves of Woe:
Sharp are the Pains for Tyrants kept in Store,
And Flames yet ten times hotter than before.
But thou, oh noble Youth! in Peace depart,
And ſooth, with better Hopes, thy doubtful Heart:
Sweet is the Reſt, and bliſsful is the Place,
That wait thy Sire, and his illuſtrious Race.
Nor fondly ſeek to lengthen out thy Date,
Nor envy the ſurviving Victor's Fate;
The Hour draws near when all alike muſt yield,
And Death ſhall mix the Fame of ev'ry Field.
Haſte then, with Glory, to your deſtin'd End,
And proudly from your humbler Urns deſcend;
Bold in ſuperior Virtue ſhall you come,
And trample on the Demigods of *Rome*.
Ah! what ſhall it import the mighty Dead,
Or by the *Nile*, or *Tyber* to be laid?
'Tis only for a Grave your Wars are made.

Ver. 1204. *Dis.*] *Pluto.*

Ver. 1205. *For the Conquerors.*] For *Cæſar* and thoſe of his Party.

Ver. 1219. *From your humbler Urns.*] You of *Pompey's* Race ſhall not be bury'd with Magnificence, and afterwards Deify'd, as *Cæſar* and his Deſcendants may be; but in the next Life you will be infinitely ſuperior to 'em, more glorious, and more happy.

Ver. 1223. *The* Nile *or* Tyber.] *Pompey* was kill'd in *Ægypt*, and *Cæſar* in *Rome*.

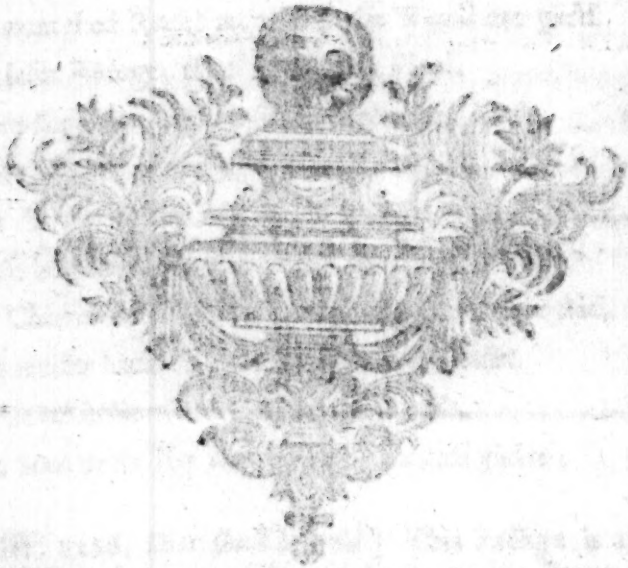
Seek

Seek not to know what for thy self remains.
That ſhall be told in fair *Sicilia*'s Plains;
Prophetick there, thy Father's Shade ſhall riſe,
In awful Viſion to thy wond'ring Eyes:
He ſhall thy Fate reveal; tho' doubting yet
Where he may beſt adviſe thee to retreat.
In vain to various Climates ſhall you run,
In vain purſuing Fortune ſtrive to ſhun,
In *Europe*, *Africk*, *Aſia*, ſtill undone.
Wide as your Triumphs ſhall your Ruins lie,
And all in diſtant Regions ſhall you die.
Ah wretched Race! to whom the World can yield
No ſafer Refuge, than *Emathia*'s Field.
He ſaid, and with a ſilent, mournful Look,
A laſt Diſmiſſion from the Hag beſpoke.
Nor can the Sprite, diſcharg'd by Death's cold Hand,
Again be ſubject to the ſame Command;
But Charms and Magick Herbs muſt lend their Aid,
And render back to Reſt the troubled Shade.
A Pile of hollow'd Wood *Erictho* builds,
The Soul with Joy its mangled Carcaſs yields;

Ver. 1226. *That ſhall be told.*] This Paſſage is a plain Proof that *Lucan* intended to carry on his Poem much farther than the Period at which he left it; ſince he alludes here to an Appearance of *Pompey*'s Ghoſt to his Son, which was undoubtedly to be introduced in the ſubſequent Part of his Story.

She bids the kindling Flames aſcend on high,
And leaves the weary Wretch at length to die.
Then, while the ſecret Dark their Footſteps hides,
Homeward the Youth, all pale for fear, ſhe guides;
And, for the Light began to ſtreak the Eaſt,
With potent Spells the Dawning ſhe repreſs'd;
Commanded Night's obedient Queen to ſtay,
And, 'till they reach'd the Camp, with-held the riſing Day.

THE



THE SEVENTH BOOK OF LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

The ARGUMENT.

In the Seventh Book is told, first, Pompey's *Dream the Night before the Battle of* Pharsalia; *after that, the impatient Desire of his Army to engage, which is reinforc'd by* Tully. Pompey, *tho' against his own Opinion and Inclination, agrees to a Battle. Then follows the Speech of each General to his Army, and the Battle it self: The Flight of* Pompey; Cæsar's *Behaviour after his Victory; and an Invective against him, and the very Country of* Thessaly, *for being the Scene (according to this and other Authors) of so many Misfortunes to the People of* Rome.

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK VII.

LATE, and unwilling, from his wat'ry Bed,
Uprear'd the mournful Sun his cloudy Head;
He ſicken'd to behold *Emathia*'s Plain,
And wou'd have ſought the backward Eaſt again:
Full oft' he turn'd him from the deſtin'd Race,
And wiſh'd ſome dark Eclipſe might veil his radiant Face.
Pompey, mean while, in pleaſing Viſions paſt
The Night, of all his happy Nights the laſt.

Ver. 7. Pompey, *mean while.*] *Plutarch* ſays, that the Night before the Battle *Pompey* dream'd, that as he went into the Theatre, the People receiv'd him with great Applauſe

It ſeem'd, as if, in all his former State,
In his own Theater ſecure he ſate:
About his Side unnumber'd *Romans* croud,
And, joyful, ſhout his much-lov'd Name aloud;
The echoing Benches ſeem to ring around,
And his charm'd Ears devour the pleaſing Sound.
Such both himſelf, and ſuch the People ſeem,
In the falſe Proſpect of the feigning Dream;
As when in early Manhood's beardleſs Bloom,
He ſtood the darling Hope and Joy of *Rome*.
When fierce *Sertorius* by his Arms ſuppreſt,
And *Spain* ſubdu'd, the Conqueror confeſt;
When rais'd with Honours never known before,
The Conſuls Purple, yet a Youth, he wore:
When the pleas'd Senate ſate with new Delight,
To view the Triumph of a *Roman* Knight.
Perhaps, when our good Days no longer laſt,
The Mind runs backward, and enjoys the paſt:
Perhaps, the riddling Viſions of the Night
With Contrarieties delude our Sight;

plauſe; and that he himſelf adorn'd the Temple of *Venus* the *Victorious* with many Spoils. This Vision partly encouraged and partly diſhearten'd him, fearing leſt that adorning a Place conſecrated to *Venus* ſhould be perform'd with Spoils taken from himſelf by *Caſar*, who deriv'd his Family from that Goddeſs.

Ver. 22. *Yet a Youth.*] See the Notes upon *Caſar*'s Speech to his Soldiers in the Firſt Book.

And

And when fair Scenes of Pleaſure they diſcloſe,
Pain they foretell, and ſure enſuing Woes.
Or was it not, that, ſince the Fates ordain
Pompey ſhou'd never ſee his *Rome* again,
One laſt good Office yet they meant to do,
And gave him in a Dream this parting View?
Oh may no Trumpet bid the Leader wake!
Long, let him long the bliſsful Slumber take!
Too ſoon the Morrow's ſleepleſs Night will come,
Full fraught with Slaughter, Miſery, and *Rome*;
With Horror, and Diſmay, thoſe Shades ſhall riſe,
And the loſt Battle live before his Eyes.
How bleſt his Fellow-Citizens had been,
Tho' but in Dreams, their *Pompey* to have ſeen?
Oh! that the Gods, in pity, would allow,
Such long try'd Friends their Deſtiny to know;
So each, to each, might their ſad Thoughts convey,
And make the moſt of their laſt mournful Day.
But now, unconſcious of the Ruin nigh,
Within his native Land he thinks to die:
While her fond Hopes with Confidence preſume,
Nothing ſo terrible from Fate can come,
As to be robb'd of her lov'd *Pompey*'s Tomb.

Ver. 48. *He thinks to die.*] *Pompey.*
Ver. 49. *Her fond Hopes,*] *Pompey*'s Country, *Rome.*

Had

Had the ſad City Fate's Decree foreknown,
What Floods, faſt falling, ſhou'd her Loſs bemoan;
Then ſhou'd the luſty Youth, and Fathers hoar,
With mingling Tears, their Chief renown'd deplore;
Maids, Matrons, Wives, and Babes, a helpleſs Train,
As once for god-like *Brutus*, ſhou'd complain;
Their Treſſes ſhou'd they tear, their Boſomes beat,
And cry loud-wailing in the doleful Street.
Nor ſhalt thou, *Rome*, thy guſhing Sorrows keep,
Tho' aw'd by *Cæſar*, and forbid to weep;
Tho', while he tells thee of thy *Pompey* dead,
He ſhakes his threat'ning Fauchion o'er thy Head.
Lamenting Crouds the Conqueror ſhall meet,
And with a peal of Groans his Triumph greet;
In ſad Proceſſion ſighing ſhall they go,
And ſtain his Laurels with the Streams of Woe.
But now, the fainting Stars at length gave way,
And hid their vanquiſh'd Fires in beamy Day;
When round the Leader's Tent the Legions croud,
And, urg'd by Fate, demand the Fight aloud.
Wretches! that long their little Life to waſte,
And hurry on thoſe Hours that fly too faſt!

Ver. 57. *As once for* Brutus.] The People of *Rome* made a ſolemn Mourning of a Year for *L. Jun. Brutus*, who expell'd the *Tarquins*, as for a publick and common Father.

Ver. 70. *The Leader's Tent.*] *Pompey's.*

Too

Too ſoon, for thouſands, ſhall the Day be done,
Whoſe Eyes no more ſhall ſee the ſetting Sun.
Tumultuous Speech, th' impulſive Rage confeſt,
And *Rome*'s bad Genius roſe in ev'ry Breaſt.
With vile Diſgrace they blot their Leader's Name,
Pronounce ev'n *Pompey* fearful, ſlow, and tame,
And cry, He ſinks beneath his Father's Fame.
Some charge him with Ambition's guilty Views,
And think 'tis Pow'r, and Empire, he purſues;
That, fearing Peace, he practiſes Delay,
And wou'd, for ever, make the World obey.
While Eaſtern Kings of ling'ring Wars complain,
And wiſh to view their native Realms again.
Thus when the Gods are pleas'd to plague Mankind,
Our own raſh Hands are to the Task aſſign'd;
By them ordain'd the Tools of Fate to be,
We blindly act the Miſchiefs they decree;
We call the Battle, we the Sword prepare,
And *Rome*'s Deſtruction is the *Roman* Pray'r.
The gen'ral Voice, united, *Tully* takes,
And for the reſt the ſweet Perſuader ſpeaks;
Tully, for happy Eloquence renown'd,
With ev'ry *Roman* Grace of Language crown'd;
Beneath whoſe Rule and Government rever'd,
Fierce *Catiline* the peaceful Axes fear'd:

Ver. 80. *His Father.*] *Caſar.*
Ver. 98. *Fierce* Catiline.] *M. Tullius Cicero*, the famous Orator,

But now, detain'd amidst an armed Throng,
Where loft his Arts, and useless was his Tongue,
The Orator had born the Camp too long.
He to the vulgar Side his Pleading draws,
And thus enforces much their feeble Cause.

For all, that Fortune for thy Arms has done,
For all thy Fame acquir'd, thy Battles won;
This only Boon her suppliant Vows implore,
That thou won'dst deign to use her Aid once more:
In this, O *Pompey!* Kings and Chiefs unite,
And, to chastise proud *Cæsar*, ask the Fight.
Shall he, one Man against the World combin'd,
Protract Destruction, and embroil Mankind?
What will the vanquish'd Nations murm'ring say,
Where once thy Conquests cut their winged Way;
When they behold thy Virtue lazy now,
And see thee move thus languishing and slow?
Where are those Fires that warm'd thee to be Great?
That stable Soul, and Confidence in Fate?
Canst thou the Gods ungratefully mistrust?
Or think the Senate's sacred Cause unjust?
Scarce are th' impatient Ensigns yet with-held:
Why art thou, thus, to Victory compell'd?

Orator, was Consul at the Time of *Catiline*'s Conspiracy; and it was by his Prudence principally that it was suppress'd.

Dost

Dost thou *Rome*'s Chief, and in her Cause, appear?
'Tis hers to chuse the Field, and she appoints it here.
Why is this Ardor of the World withstood,
The injur'd World, that thirsts for *Cæsar*'s Blood?
See! where the Troops with Indignation stand,
Each Javelin trembling in an eager Hand,
And wait, unwillingly, the last Command.
Resolve the Senate then, and let 'em know,
Are they thy Servants, or their Servant thou?
Sore sigh'd the list'ning Chief, who well cou'd read
Some dire Delusion by the Gods decreed;
He saw the Fates malignantly inclin'd,
To thwart his Purpose, and perplex his Mind.
Since thus (he cry'd) it is by all decreed,
Since my impatient Friends and Country need
My Hand to fight, and not my Head to lead;
Pompey no longer shall your Fate delay,
But let pernicious Fortune take her Way,
And waste the World on one devoted Day.
But oh! be witness thou my native *Rome*,
With what a sad fore-boding Heart I come;
To thy hard Fate unwillingly I yield,
While thy rash Sons compel me to the Field.
How easily had *Cæsar* been subdu'd,
And the blest Victory been free from Blood!

But the fond *Romans* cheap Repown disdain,
They wish for Deaths to purple o'er the Plain,
And reeking Gore their guilty Swords to stain.
Driv'n by my Fleets, behold, the flying Foe,
At once the Empire of the Deep forego;
Here by Necessity they seem to stand,
Coop'd up within a Corner of the Land.
By Famine to the last Extreams compell'd,
They snatch green Harvests from th' unripen'd Field;
And wish we may this only Grace afford,
To let 'em die like Soldiers, by the Sword.
'Tis true, it seems an Earnest of Success,
That thus our bolder Youth for Action press.
But let 'em try their inmost Hearts with Care,
And judge betwixt true Valour, and rash Fear;
Let 'em be sure this Eagerness is right,
And certain Fortitude demands the Fight.
In War, in Dangers oft' it has been known,
That Fear has driv'n the headlong Coward on.
Give me the Man, whose cooler Soul can wait,
With Patience, for the proper Hour of Fate.
See what a prosp'rous Face our Fortunes bear!
Why shou'd we trust 'em to the Chance of War?
Why must we risque the World's uncertain Doom,
And rather chuse to fight, than overcome?

Thou

Thou Goddess Chance! who to my careful Hand,
Hast giv'n this wearisome supreme Command;
If, I have, to the Task of Empire just,
Enlarg'd the Bounds committed to my Trust;
Be kind, and to thy self the Rule resume,
And, in the Fight, defend the Cause of *Rome*:
To thy own Crowns, the Wreath of Conquest join;
Nor let the Glory, nor the Crime be mine.
But see! thy Hopes, unhappy *Pompey*! fail:
We fight; and *Cæsar's* stronger Vows prevail.
Oh what a Scene of Guilt this Day shall show!
What Crouds shall fall, what Nations be laid low!
Red shall *Enipeus* run with *Roman* Blood,
And to the Margin swell his foamy Flood.
Oh! if our Cause my Aid no longer need,
Oh! may my Bosome be the first to bleed;
Me let the thrilling Jav'lin foremost strike,
Since Death and Victory are now alike.
To Day, with Ruin shall my Name be join'd,
Or stand the common Curse of all Mankind;
By ev'ry Woe the Vanquish'd shall be known,
And ev'ry Infamy the Victor crown.

Ver. 190. *To Day.*] If I conquer, it must be by the Slaughter of my Fellow-Citizens, and consequently I become the Object of their Hate: If I am conquer'd, I must be ruin'd my self.

He ſpoke; and, yielding to th' impetuous Croud,
The Battle to his frantick Bands allow'd.
So, when long vex'd by ſtormy *Corus*' Blaſt,
The weary Pilot quits the Helm at laſt,
He leaves his Veſſel to the Winds to guide,
And drive unſteady with the tumbling Tide.
Loud thro' the Camp the riſing Murmurs ſound,
And one tumultuous Hurry runs around.
Sudden their buſie Hearts began to beat,
And each pale Viſage wore the Marks of Fate.
Anxious, they ſee the dreadful Day is come,
That muſt decide the Deſtiny of *Rome*.
This ſingle vaſt Concern employs the Hoſt,
And private Fears are in the publick loſt.
Shou'd Earth be rent, shou'd Darkneſs quench the Sun,
Shou'd ſwelling Seas above the Mountains run,
Shou'd univerſal Nature's End draw near,
Who cou'd have leiſure for himſelf to fear?
With ſuch Conſent his Safety each forgot,
And *Rome*, and *Pompey*, took up ev'ry Thought.

Ver. 196. *Corus.*] Is, according to *Cellarius* his Scheme of Winds, N. W. and by W. but here it is taken for any Wind.

Ver. 202. *Sudden their buſie.*] It is by no means an improper Thought, that tho' the Soldiers were very eager for the Battle, they might yet be in ſome Conſternation when they perceiv'd it was reſolv'd upon in earneſt, eſpecially when ſo much was to depend upon it.

And

And now the Warriors all, with busie Care,
Whet the dull Sword, and point the blunted Spear,
With tougher Nerves they string the bended Bow,
And in full Quivers steely Shafts bestow.
The Horseman sees his Furniture made fit,
Sharpens the Spur, and burnishes the Bit,
Fixes the Rein to check, or urge his Speed,
And animates to Fight the snorting Steed.
Such once the busie Gods Employments were,
If mortal Men to Gods we may compare,
When Earths bold Sons began their impious War.
The *Lemnian* Pow'r, with many a Stroke, restor'd
Blue *Neptune*'s Trident, and stern *Mars*'s Sword;
In terrible Array the blue-ey'd Maid,
The Horrors of her *Gorgon* Shield display'd;
Phœbus his once victorious Shafts renew'd,
Disus'd, and rusty with the *Python*'s Blood;
While, with unweary'd Toil, the *Cyclops* strove
To forge new Thunders for Imperial *Jove*.
Nor wanted then dire Omens, to declare
What cruel Events *Thessalia*'s Plains prepare.

Ver. 225. *The* Lemnian *Pow'r.*] *Vulcan*, who kept his Shop and Forge at *Lemnos*.

Ver. 233. *Nor wanted then dire Omens.*] Most of these Portents are related by *Valerius Maximus* to have happened to *Pompey* in his March from *Dyrrhachium* into *Thessaly*; and according to him they were so many Warnings to avoid a Battle with *Cæsar*.

Black Storms oppos'd against the Warriors lay,
And Light'nings thwarted their forbidden Way;
Full in their Eyes the dazling Flashes broke,
And, with Amaze their troubled Senses stroke:
Tall fiery Columns in the Skies were seen,
With wat'ry *Typhons* intervowe between.
Glancing along the Bands swift Meteors shoot,
And from the Helm the plumy Honours cut;
Sudden the Flame dissolves the Jav'lin's Head,
And liquid runs the shining steely Blade.
Strange to behold! their Weapons disappear,
While sulph'rous Odour taints the smoking Air.
The Standard, as unwilling to be born,
With Pain from the tenacious Earth is torn:
Anon, black Swarms hang clust'ring on its height,
And press the Bearer with unwonted Weight.

Ver. 240. *Typhons*] were what our Seamen call Water-Spouts. Accounts of 'em are frequently to be met with in Voyages, especially in the *West-Indian* Seas. They appear like vast Pillars of Water moving upon the Surface of the Sea, and when they break are very dangerous to any Ships that are near. I never heard of any in an Inland Country, tho' they may possibly be drawn up upon Lakes or large Rivers by Hurricanes.

The Standards sticking too fast in the Ground, or having Bees swarm upon 'em, were Omens always reckon'd of the worst kind, of which *Livy* gives several Instances, particularly before the Battle of *Thrasymene* in the second *Punick* War.

Big Drops of Grief each ſweating Marble wears;
And *Parian* Gods, and Heroes ſtand in Tears.
No more th' auſpicious Victim tamely dies;
But furious from the hallow'd Fane he flies;
Breaks off the Rites with Prodigies profane,
And bell'wing ſeeks *Emathia's* fatal Plain.

But who, O *Ceſar!* who were then thy Gods?
Whom didſt thou ſummon from their dark Abodes?
The Furies liſten'd to thy grateful Vows,
And dreadful to the Day the Pow'rs of Hell aroſe.
Did then the Monſters, Fame records, appear?
Or were they only Fantoms form'd by Fear?
Some ſaw the moving Mountains meet like Foes,
And rending Earth new-gaping Caves diſcloſe.
Others beheld a ſanguine Torrent take
Its purple Courſe, thro' fair *Bœbeis'* Lake;
Heard each returning Night, portentous, yield
Loud Shouts of Battle on *Pharſalia's* Field.
While others thought they ſaw the Light decay,
And ſudden Shades oppreſs the fainting Day;

Ver. 252. Parian *Gods,*] From the Iſland of *Paros* came the whiteſt and fineſt Marble, of which the Statues of Gods or great Men were uſually made. This Iſland was one of the *Cyclades* in the *Ægean* Sea, and is now call'd *Pario.*

Ver. 253. *Tamely dies.*] This Repugnance in the Victim to ſubmit to the Sacrifice was reckon'd very unlucky.

Ver. 266. Bœbeis' *Lake,*] Not far from *Pharſalia,* in that Part of *Theſſaly* call'd *Magnetia.*

Fancy'd wild Horrors in each other's Face,
And saw the Ghosts of all their bury'd Race;
Beheld 'em rise and glare with pale Affright,
And stalk around 'em, in the new-made Night.
Whate'er the Cause, the Crowd, by Fate decreed,
To make their Brothers, Sons, and Fathers bleed,
Consenting, to the Prodigies agreed;
And while they thirst impatient for that Blood,
Bless these nefarious Omens all as good.

But wherefore shou'd we wonder, to behold
That Death's Approach by Madness was foretold?
Wild are the wand'ring Thoughts which last survive,
And these had not another Day to live.
These shook for what they fear, while distant Climes,
Unknowing, trembled for *Eunuchus* Crimes.
Where *Tyrian Gades* sees the setting Sun,
And where *Araxes'* rapid Waters run,
From the bright Orient to the glowing West,
In ev'ry Nation, ev'ry *Roman* Breast
The Terrors of that dreadful Day confest.
Where *Aponus* first springs in smoaky Steam,
And full *Timavus* rolls his nobler Stream;

Vers. 274. *Whate'er the Cause.*] These Prodigies (the Poet says) were agreeable to that horrible Disposition of Mind which at that time had possess'd both Parties, and prepar'd 'em for embroiling their Hands in the Blood of their nearest Relations and Fellow-Citizens.

Ver. 291. *Where* Aponus.] *Aponus* is a Fountain famous for

Upon a Hill that Day, if Fame be true,
A learned Augur fix the Skies to view:
'Tis come, the great Event, is come (he cry'd)
Our impious Chiefs their wicked War decide.
Whether the Seer observ'd *Jove*'s forky Flame,
And mark'd the Firmament's discordant Frame;
Or whether, in that Gloom of sudden Night,
The struggling Sun declar'd the dreadful Fight:
From the first Birth of Morning in the Skies,
Sure never Day like this was known to rise;
In the blue Vault, as in a Volume spread,
Plain might the *Latian* Destiny be read.
Oh *Rome!* oh People, by the Gods assign'd
To be the worthy Masters of Mankind!
On thee, the Heav'ns with all their Signals wait,
And suff'ring Nature labours with thy Fate.

for Medicinal Waters near *Padua* in *Italy*. *Suetonius* mentions it, *Cap.* 14. of the Life of *Tiberius*, upon a remarkable Occasion.

Timavus is a River in the same Country, once a large and very famous one. It is now call'd *Friuli*, but is almost dry'd up and shrunk to nothing.

Ver. 294. *A Learned Augur.*] Upon the Day when the famous Battle of *Pharsalia* was fought, *C. Cornelius*, an Augur, was then at *Padua*, and observing his Rules of Augury, told them that stood by him the very Instant when the Battle began; and going again to his Art, returned as it were inspir'd, and cry'd out aloud, *Caesar, thou hast conquer'd.*

When

When thy great Names to lateſt Times conveyʼd,
By Fame, or by my Verſe Immortal made,
In free-born Nations juſtly ſhall prevail,
And rouſe their Paſſions with this nobleſt Tale;
How ſhall they fear for thy approaching Doom,
As if each paſt Event were yet to come!
How ſhall their Boſomes ſwell with vaſt Concern,
And long the doubtful Chance of War to learn!
Ev'n then the fav'ring World with thee ſhall join,
And ev'ry honeſt Heart to *Pompey*'s Cauſe incline.
Deſcending, now, the Bands in juſt Array,
From burniſh'd Arms reflect the beamy Day;
In an ill Hour they ſpread the fatal Field,
And with portentous Blaze the neighb'ring Mountains gild.
On the Left Wing, bold *Lentulus*, their Head,
The Firſt and Fourth ſelected Legions led;
Luckleſs *Domitius*, vainly brave in War,
Drew forth the Right with unauſpicious Care.
In the mid Battle daring *Scipio* fought,
With Eight full Legions from *Cilicia* brought.

Ver. 324. *Selected Legions.*] Some ſay the Firſt and the Third. However, they were two of the beſt Legions. Concerning this Diſpoſition of the Army there is ſome Diſpute, which is not of very great Conſequence to us. The ſeveral Commanders here mention'd have been all mention'd before.

Submiſſive

Submiſſive here to *Pompey*'s high Command,
The Warrior undiſtinguiſh'd took his Stand,
Reſerv'd to be the Chief on *Libya*'s burning Sand.
Near the low Marſhes and *Enipeus*' Flood,
The *Pontick* Horſe, and *Cappadocian* ſtood.
While Kings and Tetrarchs proud, a purple Train,
Liegemen and Vaſſals to the *Latian* Reign,
Poſſeſs'd the riſing Grounds and drier Plain.
Here Troops of black *Numidians* ſcour the Field,
And bold *Iberians* narrow Bucklers wield;
Here twang the *Syrian*, and the *Cretan* Bow,
And the fierce *Gauls* provoke their well-known Foe.
Go, *Pompey*, lead to Death th' unnumber'd Hoſt,
Let the whole human Race at once be loſt;

Ver. 340. *Well-known Foe.*] The Commentators ſuppoſe, that the *Gauls* here mention'd to be in *Pompey*'s Army were certain *Allobroges* [*Savoyards*] who deſerted from *Caſar*'s Army with *Ægus* and *Roſcillus* at the laſt Engagement near *Dyrrhachium*, mention'd in the Sixth Book juſt after the Story of *Scæva*.

Ver. 341. *Go*, Pompey!] *Lucan* in this, as in many other Places, mentions the Army of *Pompey* as very numerous, a vaſt Multitude: Whereas the Hiſtorians hardly give him 50000 Men, and not above 30000 to *Caſar*: And perhaps the Poet's Imagination was ſwell'd with the Thought of that great Number of Nations, either ſubject to the *Romans*, or confederated with them, of which *Pompey*'s Army was compos'd. *Plutarch*, in *Pompey*'s Life, ſays, *Caſar*'s Army conſiſted of 22000 Men, and *Pompey*'s of twice that Number. He is likewiſe very particular in the Order of the Battle.

Let

Let Nations, upon Nations, heap the Plain,
And Tyranny want Subjects for its Reign.
Cæsar, as Chance ordain'd, that Morn decreed
The ſpoiling Bands of Forragers to lead;
When with a ſudden, but a glad Surprize,
The Foe deſcending ſtrook his wond'ring Eyes.
Eager, and burning for unbounded Sway,
Long had he born the tedious War's Delays;
Long had he ſtruggled with protracting Time,
That ſav'd his Country, and defer'd his Crime:
At length he ſees the wiſh'd-for Day is come,
To end the Strife for Liberty, and *Rome*;
Fate's dark myſterious Threat'nings to explain,
And eaſe th'Impatience of Ambition's Pain.
But when he ſaw the vaſt Event ſo nigh,
Unuſual Horror damp'd his impious Joy;
For one cold Moment ſunk his Heart ſuppreſs'd,
And Doubt hung heavy on his anxious Breaſt.
Tho' his paſt Fortunes promiſe now Succeſs,
Yet *Pompey*, from his own, expects no leſs.
His changing Thoughts revolve with various Cheer,
While theſe forbid to Hope, and thoſe to Fear.
At length his wonted Confidence returns,
With his firſt Fires his daring Boſome burns;
As if ſecure of Victory, he ſtands,
And fearleſs thus beſpeaks the liſt'ning Bands:

Ye

Ye Warriors! who have made your *Cæſar* great,
On whom the World, on whom my Fortunes wait,
To Day, the Gods, whate'er you wiſh, afford,
And Fate attends on the deciding Sword.
By your firm Aid alone your Leader ſtands,
And truſts his All to your long-faithful Hands.
This Day ſhall make our promis'd Glories good,
The Hopes of *Rubicon*'s diſtinguiſh'd Flood.
For this bleſt Morn we truſted long to Fate,
Deferr'd our Fame, and bad the Triumph wait.
This Day, my gallant Friends, this happy Day,
Shall the long Labours of your Arms repay;
Shall give you back to ev'ry Joy of Life,
To the lov'd Off-ſpring, and the tender Wife;
Shall find my Vet'ran out a ſafe Retreat,
And lodge his Age within a peaceful Seat.
The long Diſpute of Guilt ſhall now be clear'd,
And Conqueſt ſhall the juſter Cauſe reward.
Have you, for me, with Sword and Fire laid waſte
Your Country's bleeding Boſome, as you paſt?
Let the ſame Swords as boldly ſtrike to Day,
And the laſt Wounds ſhall wipe the firſt away.
Whatever Faction's partial Notions are,
No Hand is wholly innocent in War.
Yours is the Cauſe to which my Vows are join'd,
I ſeek to make you free, and Maſters of Mankind.

I have no Hopes, no Wiſhes of my own,
But well cou'd hide me in a priyate Gown:
At my Expence of Fame exalt your Pow'rs,
Let me be nothing, ſo the World be yours.
Nor think the Task too bloody ſhall be found;
With eaſie Glory ſhall our Arms be crown'd:
Yon Hoſt come learn'd in Academick Rules,
A Band of Diſputants from *Grecian* Schools.
To theſe, luxurious Eaſtern Crouds are join'd,
Of many a Tongue, and many a diff'ring Kind:
Their own firſt Shouts ſhall fill each Soul with Fears,
And their own Trumpets ſhock their tender Ears.
Unjuſtly this, a Civil War, we call,
Where none but Foes of *Rome*, Barbarians, fall.
On then my Friends! and end it at a Blow;
Lay theſe ſoft lazy worthleſs Nations low.
Shew *Pompey*, that ſubdu'd 'em, with what Eaſe
Your Valour gains ſuch Victories as theſe:

Ver. 401. *Yon Hoſt come learn'd.*] Meaning thoſe Supplies that *Pompey* had drawn out of *Greece*.

Ver. 408. *Foes of* Rome, *Barbarians.*] The Nations which *Pompey* had vanquiſh'd in *Aſia*, whom he now drew to his Aſſiſtance. Nor is it ill reaſon'd to imagine, that theſe People ſhou'd have very little Concern for the Preſervation of the *Roman* State, but rather be glad to contribute to its Ruin: But more particularly it is improbable they ſhould engage, heartily, on that very Man's Side who had conquer'd and enſlav'd 'em.

Shew

Shew him, if Juſtice ſtill the Palm conferrs,
One Triumph was too much for all his Wars.
From diſtant *Tigris* ſhall *Armenians* come,
To judge between the Citizens of *Rome?*
Will fierce Barbarian Aliens waſte their Blood,
To make the Cauſe of *Latian Pompey* good?
Believe me, No. To them we're all the ſame,
They hate alike the whole *Auſonian* Name;
But moſt thoſe haughty Maſters whom they know,
Who taught their ſervile vanquiſh'd Necks to bow.
Meanwhile, as, round, my joyful Eyes are roll'd,
None but my try'd Companions I behold;
For Years in *Gaul* we made our hard Abode,
And many a March in Partnerſhip have trod.
Is there a Soldier to your Chief unknown?
A Sword, to whom I truſt not, like my own?
Cou'd I not mark each Jav'lin in the Sky,
And ſay from whom the fatal Weapons fly?
Ev'n now I view auſpicious Furies riſe,
And Rage redoubled flaſhes in your Eyes.
With Joy thoſe Omens of Succeſs I read,
And ſee the certain Victory decreed;
I ſee the purple Deluge float the Plain,
Huge Piles of Carnage, Nations of the Slain;
Dead Chiefs, with mangled Monarchs, I ſurvey,
And the pale Senate crowns the glorious Day.

But, oh! forgive my tedious lavish Tongue,
Your eager Virtue I with-hold too long;
My Soul exults with Hopes too fierce to bear,
I feel good Fortune and the Gods draw near.
All we can ask, with full Consent they yield,
And nothing bars us but this narrow Field.
The Battle o'er, what Boon can I deny?
The Treasures of the World before you lie.
Oh *Thessaly!* what Stars, what Pow'rs Divine,
To thy distinguish'd Land this great Event assign?
Between Extreams, to Day, our Fortune lies,
The vilest Punishment, and noblest Prize.
Consider well the Captive's lost Estate,
Chains, Racks, and Crosses for the vanquish'd wait.
My Limbs are each allotted to its Place,
And my pale Head the *Rostrum's* Height shall grace:
But that's a Thought unworthy *Cæsar's* Care.
More for my Friends than for my self I fear.
On my good Sword securely I rely,
And, if I conquer not, am sure to die.
But oh! for you, my anxious Soul foresees,
Pompey shall copy *Sylla's* curst Decrees;

Ver. 454. *The Rostrum's Height.*] The publick Pleading-place. *Cicero's* Head and Hands were afterwards put up there by *M. Antony*.

The

The *Martian* Field ſhall bluſh with Gore again,
And Maſſacres once more the peaceful *Septa* ſtain.
Hear, oh! ye Gods, who in *Rome's* Struggling ſtate,
Who leave your Heav'n, to make our Earth your Care;
Hear, and let him, the happy Victor, live,
Who ſhall with Mercy uſe the Pow'r you give;
Whoſe Rage for Slaughter with the War ſhall ceaſe,
And ſpare his vanquiſh'd Enemies in Peace.
Nor is *Dyrrhachium's* fatal Field forgot,
Nor what was then our brave Companions Lot;
When by Advantage of the ſtraiter Ground,
Succeſsful *Pompey* compaſs'd us around;
When quite diſarm'd your uſeleſs Valour ſtood,
'Till his fell Sword was ſatiated with Blood.
But gentler Hands, but nobler Hearts you bear,
And, oh! remember 'tis your Leader's Pray'r,
Whatever *Roman* flies before you, ſpare.
But while oppos'd, and menacing they ſtand,
Let no Regard with-hold the lifted Hand:
Let Friendſhip, Kindred, all Remorſe give place,
And mangling Wounds deform the reverend Face:
Still let Reſiſtance be repaid with Blood,
And hoſtile Force, by hoſtile Force ſubdu'd;

Ver. 462. *Septa.*] See the Note on this Word, *Book* 2. *Ver.* 307.

Ver. 469. Dyrrhachium's *fatal Field.*] He means the Engagement mention'd in the Sixth Book.

Stranger,

Stranger, or Friend, whatever be the Name,
Your Merit ſtill, to *Caeſar*, is the ſame.
Fill then the Trenches, break the Ramparts round,
And let our Works lie level with the Ground;
So ſhall no Obſtacles our March delay,
Nor ſtop, one Moment, our victorious Way.
Nor ſpare your Camp; this Night we mean to lie,
In that from whence the vanquiſh'd Foe ſhall fly.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when ſudden at the Word,
They ſeize the Launce, and draw the ſhining Sword:
At once the turfy Fences all lye waſte,
And thro' the Breach the crouding Legions haſte;
Regardleſs all of Order, and Array
They ſtand, and truſt to Fate alone the Day.
Had each propos'd an Empire to be won,
Had each once known a *Pompey* for his Son;
Had *Caeſar*'s Soul inform'd each private Breaſt,
A fiercer Fury cou'd not be expreſs'd.
With ſad Preſages, *Pompey*, now, beheld
His Foes advancing o'er the neighb'ring Field:
He ſaw the Gods had fix'd the Day of Fate,
And felt his Heart hang heavy with new Weight.
Dire is the Omen when the Valiant fear,
Which yet he ſtrove to hide, with well-diſſembled Cheer.
High on his Warrior Steed, the Chief o'er-ran
The wide Array, and thus at length began.

The

The Time to eaſe your groaning Country's Pain,
Which long your eager Valour fought in vain;
The great deciding Hour at length is come,
To end the Strivings of diſtracted *Rome:*
For this one laſt Effort exert your Pow'r,
Strike home to Day, and all your Toils are o'er.
If the dear Pledges of connubial Love,
Your Houſhold-gods, and *Rome*, your Souls can move;
Hither by Fate they ſeem together brought,
And for that Prize, to Day, the Battle ſhall be fought.
Let none the fav'ring Gods Aſſiſtance fear;
They always make the juſter Cauſe their Care.
The flying Dart to *Cæſar* ſhall they guide,
And point the Sword at his devoted Side:
Our injur'd Laws ſhall be on him made good,
And Liberty eſtabliſh'd in his Blood.
Cou'd Heav'n, in Violence of Wrath, ordain
The World to groan beneath a Tyrant's Reign,
It had not ſpar'd your *Pompey*'s Head ſo long,
Nor lengthen'd out my Age to ſee the Wrong.
All we can wiſh for, to ſecure Succeſs,
With large Advantage, here, our Arms poſſeſs:
See, in the Ranks of ev'ry common Band,
Where *Rome*'s illuſtrious Names for Soldiers ſtand.
Cou'd the great Dead reviſit Life again,
For us, once more, the *Decii* wou'd be ſlain;

The

The *Curii*, and *Camilli*, might we boast,
Proud to be mingled in this noblest Host,
If Men, if Multitudes can make us strong,
Behold what Tribes unnumber'd march along!
Where-e'er the *Zodiack* turns its radiant Round,
Where-ever Earth, or People, can be found;
To us the Nations issue forth in Swarms,
And in *Rome*'s Cause all human Nature arms.
What then remains, but that our Wings enclose,
Within their ample Fold, our shrinking Foes?
Thousands, and Thousands, useless may we spare;
Yon' Handful will not half employ our War.
Think, from the Summit of the *Roman* Walls,
You hear our loud-lamenting Matrons calls;
Think with what Tears, what lifted Hands they sue,
And place their last, their only Hopes in you.
Imagine kneeling Age before you spread,
Each hoary Reverend Majestick Head;
Imagine, *Rome* her self your Aid implor'd,
To save her from a proud imperious Lord.
Think how the present Age, how that to come,
What Multitudes from you expect their Doom;
On your Success dependant all rely,
These to be born in Freedom, those to Die.
Think (if there be a Thought can move you more)
A Pledge more dear than those I nam'd before)

Think

Think you behold (were such a Posture meet)
Ev'n me, your *Pompey*, prostrate at your Feet;
My self, my Wife, my Sons, a suppliant Band,
From you our Lives, and Liberties demand;
Or Conquer you, or I to Exile born,
My last dishonourable Years shall mourn,
Your long Reproach, and my proud Father's Scorn.
From Bonds, from Infamy, your Gen'ral save,
Nor let this hoary Head descend to Earth a Slave.
Thus while he spoke, the faithful Legions round,
With Indignation caught the mournful Sound;
Falsly, they think, his Fears those Dangers view,
But vow to die, e'er *Cæsar* proves 'em true.
What diff'ring Thoughts the various Hosts incite,
And urge their deadly Ardor for the Fight!
Those bold Ambition kindles into Rage,
And these their Fears for Liberty engage.
How shall this Day the peopled Earth deface,
Prevent Mankind, and rob the growing Race!
Tho' all the Years to come shou'd roll in Peace,
And future Ages bring their whole Increase;
Tho' Nature all her genial Pow'rs employ,
All sha' not yield what these curst Hands destroy.
Soon shall the Greatness of the *Roman* Name,
To unbelieving Ears, be told by Fame;
Low shall the mighty *Latian* Tow'rs be laid,
And Ruins crown our *Alban* Mountain's Head;

While

While yearly Magiſtrates, in turns compell'd
To lodge by Night upon th' uncover'd Field,
Shall at old doting *Numa*'s Laws repine,
Who cou'd to ſuch bleak Wilds his *Latine* Rites aſſign.
Ev'n now behold! where waſte *Heſperia* lies,
Where empty Cities ſhock our mournful Eyes;
Untouch'd by Time, our Infamy they ſtand,
The Marks of civil Diſcord's murd'rous Hand.
How is the Stock of Humankind brought low!
Walls want Inhabitants, and Hands the Plow.
Our Fathers fertile Fields by Slaves are till'd,
And *Rome* with Dregs of foreign Lands is fill'd:
Such were the Heaps, the Millions of the Slain,
As 'twere the Purpoſe of *Emathia*'s Plain,
That none for future Miſchiefs ſhou'd remain.
Well may our Annals leſs Misfortunes yield,
Mark *Allia*'s Flood, and *Cannæ*'s fatal Field;
But let *Pharſalia*'s Day be ſtill forgot,
Be ras'd at once from ev'ry *Roman* Thought.

Ver. 589. *While yearly Magiſtrates.*] Of theſe *Feriæ Latinæ*, or Latin Feſtivals, Mention has been made before. They were celebrated at Night by the new Conſuls on the *Alban* Mountain to *Jupiter Latialis*; they were inſtituted by *Numa*, and Portions of Meat were then diſtributed to the People, in Memory of a League made between the ancient *Romans* and the *Latins*.

Ver. 599. *By Slaves are till'd.*] See *Book* 1. *Ver.* 320.

Ver. 605. Allia's *Flood.*] Where the *Gauls* cut off the *Roman* Army, and afterwards ſack'd the City. This happen'd on XVI. KAL. SEXTH. or our 17th of *July*.

'Twas

'Twas there, that Fortune, in her Pride, display'd
The Greatneſs her own mighty Hands had made;
Forth in Array the Pow'rs of *Rome* ſhe drew,
And ſet her Subject Nations all to view;
As if ſhe meant to ſhew the haughty Queen,
Ev'n by her Ruins, what her Height had been.
Oh countleſs Loſs! that well might have ſupply'd
The Deſolation of all Deaths beſide.
Tho' Famine with blue Peſtilence conſpire,
And dreadful Earthquakes with deſtroying Fire;
Pharſalia's Blood the gaping Wounds had join'd,
And built again the Ruins of Mankind.
Immortal Gods! with what reſiſtleſs Force,
Our growing Empire ran its rapid Courſe!
Still ev'ry Year with new Succeſs was crown'd,
And conqu'ring Chiefs enlarg'd the *Latian* Bound;
'Till *Rome* ſtood Miſtreſs of the World confeſs'd,
From the grey Orient, to the ruddy Weſt;
From Pole, to Pole, her wide Dominions run,
Where-e'er the Stars, or brighter *Phœbus* ſhone;
As Heav'n and Earth were made for her a'one.
But now, behold, How Fortune tears away
The Gift of Ages in one fatal Day!
One Day ſhakes off the vanquiſh'd *Indians* Chain,
And turns the wand'ring *Dæ* looſe again:

Ver. 632. *The wand'ring* Dæ,] A People of *Scythia* near the *Caſpian* Sea, part of the preſent *Aſiatick Tartars*.

No longer ſhall the Victor Conſul now,
Trace out *Sarmatian* Cities with the Plow:
Exulting *Parthia* ſhall her Slaughters boaſt,
Nor feel the Vengeance due to *Craſſus'* Ghoſt.
While Liberty, long weary'd by our Crimes,
Forſakes us for ſome better barb'rous Climes;
Beyond the *Rhine*, and *Tanais* ſhe flies,
To ſnowy Mountains, and to frozen Skies;
While *Rome*, who long purſu'd that chiefeſt Good,
O'er Fields of Slaughter, and thro' Seas of Blood,
In Slavery, her abject State ſhall mourn,
Nor dare to hope the Goddeſs will return.
Why were we ever Free? Oh why has Heav'n
A ſhort-liv'd tranſitory Bleſſing giv'n?
Of thee, firſt *Brutus*, juſtly we complain!
Why didſt thou break thy groaning Country's Chain,
And end the proud Laſcivious Tyrant's Reign?
Why did thy Patriot Hand on *Rome* beſtow,
Laws, and her Conſuls righteous Rule to know?
In Servitude more happy had we been,
Since *Romulus* firſt wall'd his *Refuge* in,

Theſe wild People, when they were ſubdued by the *Roman* Conſuls, were, in order to their being civiliz'd, appointed to live (contrary to their native Cuſtom) in Cities, the Circuit or Bounds of which the Conſuls themſelves mark'd out with a Plough drawn by a Bull and a Cow yoak'd together.

Ver. 653. *His Refuge.*] *Romulus* at firſt call'd his City *Aſylum*,

Ev'n ſince the twice ſix Vulturs bad him build,
To this curſt Period of *Pharſalia*'s Field.
Medes and *Arabians* of the ſlaviſh Eaſt,
Beneath eternal Bondage may be bleſt;
While, of a diff'ring Mold and Nature, We,
From Sire to Son, accuſtom'd to be free,
Feel Indignation riſing in our Blood,
And bluſh to wear the Chains that make them proud.
Can there be Gods, who rule yon' azure Sky?
Can they behold *Emathia* from on high,
And yet forbear to bid their Lightnings fly?
Is it the Buſ'neſs of a thundring *Jove*,
To rive the Rocks, and blaſt the guiltleſs Grove?
While *Caſſius* holds the Ballance in his ſtead,
And wreaks due Vengeance on the Tyrant's Head.
The Sun ran back from *Atreus*' monſtrous Feaſt,
And his fair Beams in murky Clouds ſuppreſs'd;
Why ſhines he now? why lends his golden Light
To theſe worſe Parricides, this more accurſed Sight?

Aſylum, or a Refuge; and ſo indeed it was; for all the Vagabonds, Out-laws, and ſuch ſort of People, to reſort to. The Augury, taken from the appearing of the Vultures, was rather relating to the naming than building the City: The two Brothers *Romulus* and *Remus* contending for that Honour, agreed to refer it to the beſt Augury which ſhould appear; accordingly *Remus* ſaw Six Vultures, and *Romulus* Twelve.

Ver. 667. *While* Caſſius,] Who was one of thoſe that kill'd *Ceſar*.

But Chance guides all; the Gods their Task forego,
And Providence no longer reigns below.
Yet are they Juſt, and ſome Revenge afford,
While their own Heav'ns are humbled by the Sword,
And the proud Victors, like themſelves, ador'd:
With Rays adorn'd, with Thunders arm'd they ſtand,
And Incenſe, Pray'rs, and Sacrifice demand;
While trembling, ſlaviſh, ſuperſtitious *Rome*,
Swears by a mortal Wretch, that moulders in a Tomb.
Now either Hoſt the middle Plain had paſs'd,
And Front to Front in threatning Ranks were plac'd;
Then ev'ry well known Feature ſtood to view,
Brothers their Brothers, Sons their Fathers knew.
Then firſt they feel the Curſe of Civil Hate,
Mark where their Miſchiefs are aſſign'd by Fate,
And ſee from whom themſelves Deſtruction wait.
Stupid awhile, and at a Gaze they ſtood,
While creeping Horror froze the lazy Blood.
Some ſmall Remains of Piety withſtand,
And ſtop the Javelin in the lifted Hand;
Remorſe for one ſhort Moment ſtep'd between,
And motionleſs, as Statues, all were ſeen.

Ver. 677. *And the proud Victors.*] The ſucceeding Emperors: Who were not only Deify'd after they were dead, but had even Altars, Temples, Prieſts, and Sacrifices appointed for 'em while they were alive.

And

And oh! what ſavage Fury could engage,
While lingring *Cæſar* yet ſuſpends his Rage?
For him, ye Gods! for *Craſtinus*, whoſe Spear,
With impious Eagerneſs, began the War,
Some more than common Puniſhment prepare;
Beyond the Grave long laſting Plagues ordain,
Surviving Senſe, and never-ceaſing Pain.
Strait, at the fatal Signal, all around
A thouſand Fifes, a thouſand Clarions ſound;
Beyond where Clouds, or glancing Lightnings fly,
The piercing Clangors ſtrike the vaulted Sky.
The joining Battels ſhout, and the loud Peal
Bounds from the Hill, and thunders down the Vale;
Old *Pelion*'s Caves the doubling Roar return,
And *Oeta*'s Rocks, and groaning *Pindus* mourn;
From Pole to Pole the Tumult ſpreads afar,
And the World trembles at the diſtant War.
Now flit the thrilling Darts thro' liquid Air,
And various Vows from various Maſters bear:

Ver. 697. *For* Craſtinus.] This *Craſtinus*, or *Craſſinius*, (for ſo he is likewiſe call'd) was an old Soldier of *Cæſar*'s; and tho' he was now *Emeritus*, or diſcharged from the Service, he engaged voluntarily in this War, and began this famous Battle. It is ſaid of him, that before he went on he told his General, that *he wou'd that Day deſerve his Praiſe dead or alive.* Breaking thro' the Enemy's Ranks, he was kill'd by a Spear that ran him in at the Mouth and out at the Neck behind.

Some ſeek the nobleſt *Roman* Hearts to wound,
And ſome to err upon the guiltleſs Ground;
While Chance decrees the Blood that ſhall be ſpilt,
And blindly ſcatters Innocence and Guilt.
But random Shafts too ſcanty Death afford,
A Civil War is bus'neſs for the Sword:
Where Face to Face the Parricides may meet,
Know whom they kill, and make the Crime compleat.
Firm in the Front, with joining Bucklers clos'd,
Stood the *Pompeian* Infantry diſpos'd;
So crouded was the Space, it ſcarce affords
The Pow'r to toſs their Piles, or wield their Swords.
Forward, thus thick embattled tho' they ſtand,
With headlong Wrath ruſh furious *Ceſar's* Band;
In vain the lifted Shield their Rage retards,
Or plaited Mail devoted Boſomes guards;
Thro' Shields, thro' Mail, the wounding Weapons go,
And to the Heart drive home each deadly Blow;
Oh Rage ill match'd! Oh much unequal War,
Which thoſe wage proudly, and theſe tamely bear!
Theſe, by cold, ſtupid Piety diſarm'd;
Thoſe, by hot Blood, and ſmoaking Slaughter warm'd.
Nor in Suſpenſe uncertain Fortune hung,
But yields, o'er-maſter'd by a Pow'r too ſtrong,
And born by Fate's impetuous Stream along.

From

From *Pompey*'s ample Wings, at length, the Horſe
Wide o'er the Plain extending take their Courſe;
Wheeling around the hoſtile Line they wind,
While lightly arm'd the Shot ſucceed behind.
In various Ways, the various Bands engage,
And hurl upon the Foe the miſſile Rage;
There fiery Darts, and rocky Fragments fly,
And heating Bullets whiſtle thro' the Sky:
Of feather'd Shafts, a Cloud thick ſhading goes,
From *Arab*, *Mede*, and *Ituræan* Bows:
But driv'n by random Aim they ſeldom wound;
At firſt they hide the Heav'n, then ſtrew the Ground;
While *Roman* Hands unerring Miſchief ſend,
And certain Deaths on ev'ry Pile attend.
But *Cæſar*, timely careful, to ſupport
His wav'ring Front againſt the firſt Effort,
Had plac'd his Bodies of Reſerve behind,
And the ſtrong Rear with choſen Cohorts lin'd.
There, as the careleſs Foe the Fight purſue,
A ſudden Band and ſtable forth he drew;
When ſoon, Oh Shame! the looſe Barbarians yield,
Scatt'ring their broken Squadrons o'er the Field:

Ver. 743. *The various Bands*] Of Archers, Slingers, &c.

Ver. 748. *Ituræan.*] *Ituræa* was a Part of *Paleſtine*, ſaid to contain the two Tribes of *Reuben* and *Dan*: *Cellarius* places it more North, between the Head of the River *Jordan* and Mount *Hermon*.

And ſhew, too late, that Slaves attempt in vain,
The ſacred Cauſe of Freedom to maintain.
The fiery Steeds, impatient of a Wound,
Hurl their neglected Riders to the Ground;
Or on their Friends with Rage ungovern'd turn,
And trampling o'er the helpleſs Foot are born.
Hence foul Confuſion, and Diſmay ſucceed,
The Victors murder, and the Vanquiſh'd bleed:
Their weary Hands the tir'd Deſtroyers ply,
Scarce can Theſe kill, ſo faſt as Thoſe can die.
Oh that *Emathia*'s ruthleſs guilty Plain
Had been contented with this only Stain;
With theſe rude Bones had ſtrewn her Verdure o'er,
And dy'd her Springs with none but *Aſian* Gore!
But if ſo keen her Thirſt for *Roman* Blood,
Let none but *Romans* make the Slaughter good
Let not a *Mede* nor *Cappadocian* fall,
No bold *Iberian*, nor rebellious *Gaul*:
Let theſe alone ſurvive for Times to come,
And be the future Citizens of *Rome*.
But Fear, on all alike, her Pow'rs employ'd,
Did *Ceſar*'s Buſ'neſs, and like Fate deſtroy'd.
Prevailing ſtill, the Victors held their Courſe,
'Till *Pompey*'s main Reſerve oppos'd their Force;

Ver. 761. *Slaves.*] Meaning the *Aſiaticks*, of whom chiefly *Pompey*'s Cavalry was compos'd.

There

There, in his Strength, the Chief unſhaken ſtood,
Repell'd the Foe, and made the Combat good;
There in Suſpenſe th' uncertain Battel hung,
And *Caſar*'s fav'ring Goddeſs doubted long;
There no proud Monarchs led their Vaſſals on,
Nor Eaſtern Bands in gorgeous Purple ſhon;
There the laſt Force of Laws and Freedom lay,
And *Roman* Patriots ſtruggled for the Day.
What Parricides the guilty Scene affords!
Sires, Sons and Brothers ruſh on mutual Swords!
There ev'ry ſacred Bond of Nature bleeds;
There met the War's worſt Rage, and *Caſar*'s blackeſt Deeds.

But oh! my Muſe, the mournful Theme forbear,
And ſtay thy lamentable Numbers here;
Let not my Verſe to future Times convey,
What *Rome* committed on this dreadful Day;
In Shades and Silence hide her Crimes from Fame,
And ſpare thy miſerable Country's Shame.

But *Caſar*'s Rage ſhall with Oblivion ſtrive,
And for eternal Infamy ſurvive.
From Rank to Rank, unweary'd, ſtill he flies,
And with new Fires their fainting Wrath ſupplies.
His greedy Eyes each ſign of Guilt explore,
And mark whoſe Sword is deepeſt dy'd in Gore;
Obſerve where Pity and Remorſe prevail,
What Arm ſtrikes faintly, and what Cheek turns pale.

Or, while he rides the ſlaughter'd Heaps around,
And views ſome Foe expiring on the Ground,
His cruel Hands the guſhing Blood reſtrain,
And ſtrive to keep the parting Soul in pain:
As when *Bellona* drives the World to War,
Or *Mars* comes thund'ring in his *Thracian* Car;
Rage horrible darts from his *Gorgon* Shield,
And gloomy Terror broods upon the Field;
Hate, fell and fierce, the dreadful Gods impart,
And urge the vengeful Warrior's heaving Heart:
The Many ſhout, Arms claſh, the Wounded cry,
And one promiſcuous Peal groans upwards to the Sky.
Nor furious *Ceſar*, on *Emathia*'s Plains,
Leſs terribly the mortal Strife ſuſtains;
Each Hand unarm'd he fills with Means of Death,
And cooling Wrath rekindles at his Breath:
Now with his Voice, his Geſture now, he ſtrives,
Now with his Lance the lagging Soldier drives:
The Weak he ſtrengthens, and confirms the Strong,
And hurries War's impetuous Stream along.
Strike home, he cries, and let your Swords eraſe
Each well-known Feature of the kindred Face:
Nor waſte your Fury on the vulgar Band;
See! where the hoary doating Senate ſtand;
There Laws and Right at once you may confound,
And Liberty ſhall bleed at ev'ry Wound.

The

The curs'd Deſtroyer ſpoke; and, at the Word,
The Purple Nobles ſunk beneath the Sword:
The dying Patriots groan upon the Ground,
Illuſtrious Names, for Love of Laws renown'd.
The great *Metelli* and *Torquati* bleed,
Chiefs worthy, if the State had ſo decreed,
And *Pompey* were not there, Mankind to lead.

Say thou! thy ſinking Country's only Prop,
Glory of *Rome*, and Liberty's laſt Hope;
What helm, oh *Brutus!* cou'd, amidſt the Croud,
Thy ſacred undiſtinguiſh'd Viſage ſhroud?
Where fought thy Arm that Day? But Ah! forbear!
Nor ruſh unwary on the pointed Spear;
Seek not to haſten on untimely Fate,
But patient for thy own *Emathia* wait:
Nor hunt fierce *Caſar* on this bloody Plain,
To Day thy Steel purſues his Life in vain.
Somewhat is wanting to the Tyrant yet,
To make the Meaſure of his Crimes compleat;
As yet he has not ev'ry Law defy'd,
Nor reach'd the utmoſt Heights of daring Pride.

Ver. 851. *Thy own* Emathia.] The Fields of *Philippi*, which, as I have obſerv'd before, not only *Lucan*, but even *Virgil* and *Ovid*, confound with *Pharſalia*. *M. Brutus*, who was kill'd at *Philippi*, fought here as a private Soldier.

E'erlong.

E'erlong, thou ſhalt behold him *Rome*'s proud Lord,
And ripen'd by Ambition for thy Sword:
Then, they griev'd Country Vengeance ſhall demand,
And ask the Victim at thy Righteous Hand.
Among huge Heaps of the *Patrician* Slain,
And *Latian* Chiefs, who ſtrew'd that purple Plain,
Recording Story has diſtinguiſh'd well,
How brave, unfortunate *Domitius* fell.
In ev'ry Loſs of *Pompey* ſtill he ſhar'd,
And dy'd in Liberty, the beſt Reward;
Tho' vanquiſh'd oft by *Caſar*, ne'er enſlav'd,
Ev'n to the laſt, the Tyrant's Pow'r he brav'd:
Mark'd o'er with many a glorious ſtreaming Wound,
In Pleaſure ſunk the Warrior to the Ground;
No longer forc'd on vileſt Terms to live,
For Chance to doom, and *Caſar* to forgive.
Him, as he paſs'd inſulting o'er the Field,
Roll'd in his Blood, the Victor proud beheld:
And can, he cry'd, the fierce *Domitius* fall,
Forſake his *Pompey*, and expecting *Gaul*?

Ver. 865. *Unfortunate* Domitius.] This is the ſame *Domitius* who was made a Priſoner at *Corfinium*, and ſet at Liberty by *Caſar*, (See the Second Book,) and afterwards vanquiſh'd at *Maſſilia* by *D. Brutus*, *Caſar*'s Lieutenant. He was deſign'd, by the *Pompeian* Faction, *Caſar*'s Succeſſor in *Gaul*. This whole Paſſage ſeems to be the pure Effect of *Lucan*'s Partiality againſt *Caſar*, and is of a Piece with the Cruelty he makes him guilty of both in the Battle and after it.

Muſt

Muſt the War loſe that ſtill ſucceſsful Sword,
And my neglected Province want a Lord?
He ſpoke; when lifting ſlow his cloſing Eyes,
Fearleſs the dying *Roman* thus replies:
Since Wickedneſs ſtands unrewarded yet,
Nor *Caſar*'s Arms their wiſh'd Succeſs have met;
Free and rejoicing to the Shades I go,
And leave my Chief ſtill equal to his Foe;
And if my Hopes divine thy Doom aright,
Yet ſhalt thou bow thy vanquiſh'd Head e'er Night.
Dire Puniſhments the righteous Gods decree,
For injur'd *Rome*, for *Pompey*, and for me;
In Hell's dark Realms thy Tortures I ſhall know,
And hear thy Ghoſt lamenting loud below.
He ſaid; and ſoon the leaden Sleep prevail'd,
And everlaſting Night his Eyelids ſeal'd.
But oh! what Grief the Ruin can deplore!
What Verſe can run the various Slaughter o'er!
For leſſer Woes our Sorrows may we keep;
No Tears ſuffice, a dying World to weep.

Ver. 885. *My Chief.*] *Pompey.* The Fate of the Battle not being then determin'd.

Ver. 888. *Dire Puniſhments.*] I don't know whether this Paſſage is not a little too obſcure in the *Engliſh*. The Meaning is, that *Domitius* did not doubt but the Gods would puniſh *Cæſar* ſeverely for the Injuries he had done to *Rome*, to *Pompey*, and ev'n to himſelf (*Domitius*).

In

In diff'ring Groups, ten thouſand Deaths ariſe,
And Horrors manifold the Soul ſurprize.
Here the whole Man is open'd at a Wound,
And guſhing Bowels pour upon the Ground:
Another thro' the gaping Jaws is gor'd,
And in his inmoſt Throat receives the Sword:
At once, a ſingle Blow a third extends;
The fourth a living Trunk diſmember'd ſtands.
Some in their Breaſts erect the Jav'lin bear,
Some cling to Earth with the transfixing Spear.
Here, like a Fountain, ſprings a Purple Flood,
Spouts on the Foe, and ſtains his Arms with Blood.
There horrid Brethren, on their Brethren prey;
One ſtarts, and hurls a well-known Head away.
While ſome deteſted Son, with impious Ire,
Lops by the Shoulders cloſe his hoary Sire:
Ev'n his rude Fellows damn the curſed Deed,
And Baſtard-born the Murderer aread.

No private Houſe its Loſs lamented then,
But count the Slain by Nations, not by Men.
Here *Grecian* Streams, and *Aſiatick* run,
And *Roman* Torrents drive the Deluge on.

Ver. 915. *And Baſtard-born.*] Concluding from ſo unnatural an Action, that the Perſon kill'd, could not be the real and true Son of the Man who kill'd him.

Ver. 919. Roman *Torrents drive.*] As being larger in Quantity, ſtronger than the others, and over-powering them.

More than the World at once was given away,
And late Posterity was lost that Day:
A Race of future Slaves receiv'd their Doom,
And Children yet unborn were overcome.
How shall our miserable Sons complain,
That they are born beneath a Tyrant's Reign?
Did our base Hands, with Justice shall they say,
The sacred Cause of Liberty betray?
Why have our Fathers giv'n us up a Prey?
Their Age, to ours, the Curse of Bondage leaves;
Themselves were Cowards, and begot us Slaves.
'Tis just; and Fortune, that impos'd a Lord,
One Struggle for their Freedom might afford;
Might leave their Hands their proper Cause to fight,
And let them keep, or lose themselves, their Right.
But *Pompey*, now, the Fate of *Rome* descry'd,
And saw the changing Gods forsake her Side.
Hard to believe, tho' from a rising Ground
He view'd the universal Ruin round,
In Crimson Streams he saw Destruction run,
And in the Fall of Thousands felt his own.
Nor wish'd he, like most Wretches in Despair,
The World one common Misery might share:

Ver. 931. *'Tis just.*] This Complaint of our Posterity is just.

But

But with a gen'rous, great, exalted Mind,
Beſought the Gods to pity poor Mankind,
To let him die, and leave the reſt behind:
This Hope came ſmiling to his anxious Breaſt,
For this his earneſt Vows were thus addreſs'd.
Spare Man, ye Gods! oh let the Nations live!
Let me be wretched, but let *Rome* ſurvive.
Or if this Head ſuffices not alone,
My Wife, my Sons, your Anger ſhall atone:
If Blood the yet unſated War demand,
Behold my Pledges left in Fortune's Hand!
Ye cruel Pow'rs, who urge me with your Hate,
At length behold me cruſh'd beneath the Weight;
Give then your long-purſuing Vengeance o'er,
And ſpare the World, ſince I can loſe no more.
So ſaying, the tumultuous Field he croſs'd,
And warn'd from Battle his deſpairing Hoſt.
Gladly the Pains of Death he had explor'd,
And fall'n undaunted on his pointed Sword;
Had he not fear'd th' Example might ſucceed,
And faithful Nations by his Side wou'd bleed.
Or did his ſwelling Soul diſdain to die,
While his inſulting Father ſtood ſo nigh?
Fly where he will, the Gods ſhall ſtill purſue,
Nor his pale Head ſhall ſcape the Victor's View.
Or elſe, perhaps, and Fate the Thought approv'd,
For her dear ſake he fled, whom beſt he lov'd:

Malicious

Malicious Fortune to his Wiſh agreed,
And gave him in *Cornelia*'s Sight to bleed.
Born by his winged Steed at length away,
He quits the Purple Plain, and yields the Day.
Fearleſs of Danger, ſtill ſecure and great,
His daring Soul ſupports his loſt Eſtate;
Nor groans his Breaſt, nor ſwell his Eyes with Tears,
But ſtill the ſame majeſtick Form he wears.
An awful Grief ſat decent in his Face,
Such as became his Loſs, and *Rome*'s Diſgrace:
His Mind, unbroken, keeps her conſtant Frame,
In Greatneſs and Misfortune ſtill the ſame;
While Fortune, who his Triumphs once beheld,
Unchanging ſees him leave *Pharſalia*'s Field.
Now, diſentangled from unwieldy Pow'r,
O *Pompey!* run thy former Honours o'er:
At leiſure now review the glorious Scene,
And call to Mind how Mighty thou haſt been.
From anxious Toils of Empire turn thy Care,
And from thy Thoughts exclude the murd'rous War;
Let the juſt Gods bear Witneſs on thy Side,
Thy Cauſe no more ſhall by the Sword be try'd.
Whether ſad *Africk* ſhall her Loſs bemoan,
Or *Munda*'s Plains beneath their Burthen groan,
The guilty Bloodſhed ſhall be all their own.
No more, the much-lov'd *Pompey*'s Name ſhall charm
The peaceful World, with one Conſent, to arm;

Nor

Nor for thy ſake, nor aw'd by thy Command,
But for themſelves, the fighting Senate ſtand:
The War but one Diſtinction ſhall afford,
And Liberty, or *Caſar*, be the Word.
Nor oh! do thou thy vanquiſh'd Lot deplore,
But fly with Pleaſure from thoſe Seas of Gore:
Look back upon the Horror, guiltleſs thou,
And pity *Caſar*, for whoſe ſake they flow.
With what a Heart, what Triumph ſhall he come,
A Victor, red with *Roman* Blood, to *Rome*?
Tho' Miſery thy Baniſhment attends,
Tho' thou ſhalt die, by thy falſe *Pharian* Friends;
Yet truſt ſecurely to the Choice of Heav'n,
And know thy Loſs was for a Bleſſing giv'n:
Tho' Flight may ſeem the Warrior's Shame and Curſe;
To Conquer, in a Cauſe like this, is worſe.
And oh! Let ev'ry Mark of Grief be ſpar'd,
May no Tear fall, no Groan, no Sigh be heard;
Still let Mankind their *Pompey*'s Fate adore,
And reverence thy Fall, ev'n as thy Height of Pow'r.
Mean while ſurvey th' attending World around,
Cities by thee poſſeſs'd, and Monarchs crown'd;
On *Africk*, or on *Aſia* caſt thy Eye,
And mark the Land where thou ſhalt chuſe to die.

Ver. 1018. *Cities by thee poſſeſs'd.*] The *Latin* is, *Aſpice poſſeſſas Urbes.* He means thoſe Cities in which he placed the *Cilician* Pyrates, after he had vanquiſh'd 'em at Sea.

Lariſſa

Lariſſa firſt the conſtant Chief beheld,
Still great, tho' flying from the fatal Field:
With loud Acclaim her Crowds his Coming greet,
And, ſighing, pour their Preſents at his Feet.
She crowns her Altars, and proclaims a Feaſt;
Wou'd put on Joy, to chear her noble Gueſt;
But weeps, and begs to ſhare his Woes at leaſt.
So was he lov'd ev'n in his loſt Eſtate,
Such Faith, ſuch Friendſhip on his Ruins wait;
With eaſe *Pharſalia*'s Loſs might be ſupply'd,
While eager Nations haſten to his Side:
As if Misfortune meant to bleſs him more,
Than all his long Proſperity before.
In vain, he cries, you bring the Vanquiſh'd Aid;
Henceforth, to *Caſar* be your Homage paid,
Caſar, who triumphs o'er yon Heaps of Dead.
With that, his Courſer urging on to Flight,
He vaniſh'd from the mournful City's Sight.
With Cries, and loud Laments, they fill the Air,
And curſe the cruel Gods, in fierceneſs of Deſpair.
Now in huge Lakes *Heſperian* Crimſon ſtood,
And *Caſar*'s ſelf grew ſatiated with Blood.
The great Patricians fall'n, his Pity ſpar'd
The worthleſs, unreſiſting, vulgar Herd.

Ver. 1021. *Lariſſa.*] Now called *Larza*, a City of *Theſſaly* towards *Macedonia*, not far from *Pharſalus*, in whoſe Neighbourhood this Battle was fought.

Then,

Then, while his glowing Fortune yet was warm,
And ſcatt'ring Terror ſpread the wild Alarm,
Strait to the hoſtile Camp his Way he bent,
Careful to ſeize the haſty Flyer's Tent,
The leiſure of a Night, and Thinking to prevent.
Nor reck'd he much the weary Soldiers Toil,
But led 'em prone, and greedy to the Spoil.
Behold, he cries, our Victory compleat,
The glorious Recompence attends ye yet:
Much have you done to Day, for *Caſar*'s ſake;
'Tis mine to ſhew the Prey, 'tis yours to take.
'Tis yours, whate'er the vanquiſh'd Foe has left;
'Tis what your Valour gain'd, and not my Gift.
Treaſures immenſe yon wealthy Tents enfold,
The Gems of *Aſia*, and *Heſperian* Gold;
For you the once great *Pompey*'s Store attends,
With regal Spoils of his Barbarian Friends:
Haſte then, prevent the Foe, and ſeize that Good,
For which you paid ſo well with *Roman* Blood.
He ſaid; and with the Rage of Rapine ſtung,
The Multitude tumultuous ruſh along.

Ver. 1049. *The Leiſure of a Night, and Thinking.*] Tho' *Caſar*, a few Verſes farther, tells his Soldiers their Victory was compleat, 'tis plain he did not think it ſo till he was Maſter of *Pompey*'s Camp; apprehending that the Enemy might recollect themſelves during the Night, and perhaps make a new Stand in their Camp next Morning.

On

On Swords and Spears, on Sires and Sons they tread,
And all remorſeleſs ſpurn the gory Dead.
What Trench can intercept, what Fort withſtand
The brutal Soldier's rude rapacious Hand;
When eager to his Crime's Reward he flies,
And bath'd in Blood, demands the horrid Prize?
There, Wealth collected from the World around,
The deſtin'd Recompence of War, they found.
But Oh! not golden *Arimaſpus'* Store,
Nor all that *Tagus*, or rich *Iber* pour,
Can fill the greedy Victor's griping Hands:
Rome, and the Capitol, their Pride demands;
All other Spoils they ſcorn, as worthleſs Prey,
And count their wicked Labours robb'd of Pay.
Here, in Patrician Tents, Plebeians reſt,
And regal Couches are by Ruffians preſs'd:
There, impious Parricides the Bed invade,
And ſleep, where late their ſlaughter'd Sires were laid.
Meanwhile the Battle ſtands in Dreams renew'd,
And *Stygian* Horrors o'er their Slumbers brood.

Ver. 1074. *Arimaſpus*,] Or *Arimaſpe*, was a River in that Part of *Scythia*, now called *Ingria*, out of which the Inhabitants (who were likewiſe nam'd *Arimaſpians*) gather'd Gold-Duſt.

The *Heſperian* Gold, mention'd before, *Ver.* 1079. was what had been collected in *Spain*, which was *Pompey's* Province. I don't know whether I have before obſerv'd, that *Spain*, as well as *Italy*, was call'd *Heſperia*.

Aſtoniſhment

Aſtoniſhment and Dread their Souls infeſt,
And Guilt ſits painful on each heaving Breaſt.
Arms, Blood, and Death work in the lab'ring Brain;
They ſigh, they ſtart, they ſtrive, and fight it o'er again.
Aſcending Fiends infect the Air around,
And Hell breaths baleful thro' the groaning Ground:
Hence dire Affright diſtracts the Warriors Souls,
Vengeance Divine their daring Hearts controuls,
Snakes hiſs, and Livid Flame tormenting rolls.
Each, as his Hands in Guilt have been embrew'd,
By ſome pale Spectre flies all Night purſu'd.
In various Forms the Ghoſts unnumber'd groan,
The Brother, Friend, the Father, and the Son:
To ev'ry Wretch his proper Phantom fell,
While *Cæſar* ſleeps the gen'ral Care of Hell.
Such were his Pangs, as mad *Oreſtes* felt,
E're yet the *Scythian* Altar purg'd his Guilt.

Ver. 1101. *Mad* Oreſtes.] When *Oreſtes* had, to revenge his Father, kill'd his Mother *Clytemneſtra*, he was haunted with Furies, till his Siſter *Iphigenia* had purify'd him, and expiated his Crime at the Altar of *Diana Taurica* in *Scythia*, where ſhe was Prieſteſs.

The following Verſe,

— Cum fureret Pentheus; aut tum deſiſſet Agave.

I take to mean, that *Pentheus* was not poſſeſs'd with more Horror when he affronted and deny'd the Divinity of *Bacchus*; nor his Mother *Agave*, when, recovering from her Madneſs, ſhe found ſhe had kill'd her Son for a wild Beaſt.

Such

Such Horrors *Pentheus*, ſuch *Agave* knew;
He when his Rage firſt came, and She when hers withdrew.
Preſent and future Swords his Boſom bears,
And feels the Blow that *Brutus* now defers.
Vengeance, in all her Pomp of Pain, attends;
To Wheels ſhe binds him, and with Vulturs rends,
With Racks of Conſcience, and with Whips of Fiends.
But ſoon the viſionary Horrors paſs,
And his firſt Rage with Day reſumes its Place:
Again his Eyes rejoice, to view the Slain,
And run unweary'd o'er the dreadful Plain.
He bids his Train prepare his impious Board,
And feaſts amidſt the Heaps of Death abhorr'd.
There each pale Face at leiſure he may know,
And ſtill behold the purple Current flow.
He views the woful wide Horizon round,
Then joys that Earth is no where to be found,
And owns, thoſe Gods he ſerves, his utmoſt Wiſh have crown'd.
Still greedy to poſſeſs the curs'd Delight,
To glut his Soul, and gratifie his Sight,
The laſt Funereal Honours he denies,
And poiſons with the Stench *Emathia*'s Skies.

Ver. 1119. *Then joys that Earth.*] That is, was hid by the dead Bodies.

Not

Not thus the ſworn inveterate Foe of *Rome*,
Refus'd the vanquiſh'd Conſul's Bones a Tomb:
His Piety the Country round beheld,
And bright with Fires ſhone *Canna*'s fatal Field.
But *Caſar*'s Rage from fiercer Motives roſe;
Theſe were his Countrymen, his worſt of Foes.
But, oh! relent, forget thy Hatred paſt,
And give the wandring Shades to reſt at laſt.
Nor ſeek we ſingle Honours for the Dead,
At once let Nations on the Pile be laid:
To feed the Flame, let heapy Foreſts riſe,
Far be it ſeen to fret the ruddy Skies,
And grieve deſpairing *Pompey* where he flies.
Know too, proud Conqueror, thy Wrath, in vain,
Strews with unbury'd Carcaſſes the Plain.
What is it to thy Malice, if they burn,
Rot in the Field, or moulder in the Urn?
The Forms of Matter all, diſſolving, dye,
And loſt in Nature's blending Boſom lye.
Tho' now thy Cruelty denies a Grave,
Theſe and the World, one common Lot ſhall have;

Ver. 1125. *Foe of* Rome.] *Hannibal.*

Ver. 1126. *Vanquiſh'd Conſul.*] *P. Æmilius* and *M. Marcellus* were both kill'd by *Hannibal*, and treated with all Honours due to their Character, tho' Enemies.

One

One laſt appointed Flame, by Fate's Decree,
Shall waſte yon Azure Heav'ns, this Earth, and Sea;
Shall knead the Dead up in one mingled Maſs,
Where Stars and they ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd paſs.
And tho' thou ſcorn their Fellowſhip, yet know,
High as thy own can ſoar, theſe Souls ſhall go;
Or find, perhaps, a better Place below.
Death is beyond thy Goddeſs Fortune's Pow'r,
And Parent Earth receives whate'er ſhe bore.
Nor will we mourn thoſe *Romans* Fate, who lye
Beneath the glorious Cov'ring of the Sky;
That ſtarry Arch for ever round 'em turns,
A nobler Shelter far than Tombs or Urns.
But wherefore parts the loathing Victor hence?
Does Slaughter ſtrike too ſtrongly on thy Senſe?
Yet ſtay, yet breathe the thick infectious Steam,
Yet quaff with Joy the Blood-polluted Stream.
But ſee, they fly! the daring Warriors yield!
And the dead Heaps drive *Cæſar* from the Field!
Now to the Prey, gaunt Wolves, a howling Train,
Speed hungry from the far *Biſtonian* Plain;
From *Pholoe* the tawny Lion comes,
And growling Bears forſake their darkſome Homes:
With theſe, lean Dogs in Herds obſcene repair,
And ev'ry Kind that ſnuffs the tainted Air.

For Food, the Cranes their wonted Flight delay,
That erſt to warmer *Nile* had wing'd their Way:
With them the feather'd Race convene from far,
Who gather to the Prey, and wait on War.
Ne'er were ſuch Flocks of Vulturs ſeen to fly,
And hide with ſpreading Plumes the crowded Sky:
Gorging on Limbs in ev'ry Tree they ſate,
And drop'd raw Morſels down, and gory Fat:
Oft' their tir'd Talons, loos'ning as they fled,
Rain'd horrid Offals on the Victor's Head.
But while the Slain ſupply'd too full a Feaſt,
The Plenty bred Satiety at laſt;
The rav'nous Feeders riot at their Eaſe,
And ſingle out what Dainties beſt may pleaſe.
Part born away, the reſt neglected lye,
For Noon-day Suns, and parching Winds to dry;
'Till length of Time ſhall wear 'em quite away,
And mix 'em with *Emathia*'s common Clay.
Oh fatal *Theſſaly!* Oh Land abhorr'd!
How have thy Fields the Hate of Heav'n incurr'd;
That thus the Gods to thee Deſtruction doom,
And load thee with the Curſe of falling *Rome!*
Still to new Crimes, new Horrors doſt thou haſte,
When yet thy former Miſchiefs ſcarce were paſt.

Ver. 1193. *Still to new Crimes.*] Meaning the Battle of *Philippi*. But of this ſee before.

What

What rolling Years, what Ages, can repay
The Multitudes, thy Wars have ſwept away!
Tho' Tombs and Urns their numerous Store ſhould ſpread,
And long Antiquity yield all her Dead;
Thy guilty Plains more ſlaughter'd *Romans* hold,
Than all thoſe Tombs, and all thoſe Urns infold.
Hence bloody Spots ſhall ſtain thy graſſy Green,
And crimſon Drops on bladed Corn be ſeen:
Each Plowſhare ſome dead Patriot ſhall moleſt,
Diſturb his Bones, and rob his Ghoſt of Reſt.
Oh! had the Guilt of War been all thy own,
Were Civil Rage confin'd to thee alone;
No Mariner his lab'ring Bark ſhou'd moor,
In Hopes of Safety, on thy dreadful Shore;
No Swain thy Spectre-haunted Plain ſhou'd know,
Nor turn thy Blood-ſtain'd Fallow with his Plow:
No Shepherd e'er ſhould drive his Flock to feed,
Where *Romans* ſlain enrich the verdant Mead:
All Deſolate ſhou'd lye thy Land, and waſte,
As in ſome ſcorch'd or frozen Region plac'd.
But the great Gods forbid our partial Hate
On *Theſſaly*'s diſtinguiſh'd Land to wait;
New Blood, and other Slaughters they decree,
And others ſhall be Guilty too, like thee.

Ver. 1214. *As in ſome ſcorch'd.*] Some uninhabitable Part of the World.

Munda and *Mutina* ſhall boaſt their Slain,
Pachynus' Waters ſhare the purple Stain,
And *Actium* juſtifie *Pharſalia*'s Plain.

THE

THE EIGHTH BOOK OF *LUCAN's PHARSALIA.*

The ARGUMENT.

From Pharſalia, Pompey *flies, firſt to* Lariſſa, *and after to the Sea-ſhore; where he embarks upon a ſmall Veſſel for* Lesbos. *There, after a melancholy Meeting with* Cornelia, *and his Refuſal of the* Mitylenians *Invitations, he embarks with his Wife for the Coaſt of* Aſia. *In the Way thither he is join'd by his Son* Sextus, *and ſeveral Perſons of Diſtinction, who had fled likewiſe from the late Battle; and among the reſt by* Deiotarus, *King of* Gallo-Græcia. *To him he recommends the Soliciting of Supplies from the King of* Parthia, *and the reſt of his Allies in* Aſia. *After coaſting* Cilicia *for ſome time, he comes at length to a little Town call'd* Syedra *or* Syedræ, *where great Part of the Senate meet him. With theſe, he deliberates upon the preſent Circumſtances of the Commonwealth, and propoſes either* Mauritania, Ægypt, *or* Parthia, *as the proper Places where he may hope to be receiv'd, and from whoſe Kings he may expect Aſſiſtance. In his own Opinion he inclines to the* Parthians; *but this* Lentulus, *in a long Oration, oppoſes very warmly; and in Conſideration of young* Ptolemy's *perſonal Obligations to* Pompey, *prefers* Ægypt. *This Advice is generally approv'd and follow'd, and* Pompey *ſets Sail accordingly for* Ægypt. *Upon his Arrival on that Coaſt, the King calls a Council, where at the Inſtigation of* Pothinus, *a villainous Miniſter, it is reſolv'd to take his Life; and the Execution of this Order is committed to the Care of* Achillas, *formerly the King's Governor, and then General of the Army. He, with* Septimius, *a Renegado* Roman *Soldier, who had formerly ſerv'd under* Pompey, *upon ſome frivolous Pretences, perſuades him to quit his Ship, and come into their Boat; where, as they make towards the Shore, he treacherouſly Murders him, in the Sight of his Wife, his Son, and the reſt of his Fleet. His Head is cut off, and his Body thrown into the Sea. The Head is fix'd upon a Spear, and carry'd to* Ptolemy; *who, after he had ſeen it, commands it to be Embalm'd. In the ſucceeding Night, one* Cordus, *who had been a Follower of* Pompey, *finds the Trunk floating near the Shore, brings it to Land with ſome difficulty; and with a few Planks that remain'd from a Shipwrack'd Veſſel, burns it. The melancholy Deſcription of this mean Funeral, with the Poet's Invective againſt the Gods, and Fortune, for their unworthy Treatment of ſo great a Man, concludes this Book.*

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK VIII.

NOW thro' the Vale, by great *Alcides* made,
And the ſweet Maze of *Tempe*'s pleaſing Shade,
Chearleſs, the flying Chief renew'd his Speed,
And urg'd, with gory Spurs, his fainting Steed.
Fall'n from the former Greatneſs of his Mind,
He turns where doubtful Paths obſcurely wind.

Ver. 1. *Now thro' the Vale, by great* Alcides *made.*] See the Notes on the Sixth Book, *Ver.* 572. as likewiſe *Lucan* himſelf in that Place.

Ver. 5. *Fall'n from the former Greatneſs.*] This is one of the Paſſages which, if *Lucan* had liv'd to give the laſt Hand to this Work, I cannot but think he would have

The Fellows of his Flight increaſe his Dread,
While hard behind the trampling Horſemen tread:
He ſtarts at ev'ry ruſtling of the Trees,
And fears the Whiſpers of each murm'ring Breeze.
He feels not yet, alas! his loſt Eſtate;
And tho' he flies, believes himſelf ſtill great;
Imagines Millions for his Life are bid,
And rates his own, as he wou'd *Caſar*'s Head.
Where-e'er his Fear explores untrodden Ways,
His well-known Viſage ſtill his Flight betrays.
Many he meets unknowing of his Chance,
Whoſe gath'ring Forces to his Aid advance.
With Gaze aſtoniſh'd, Theſe their Chief behold,
And ſcarce believe what by himſelf is told.
In vain, to Covert, from the World he flies,
Fortune ſtill grieves him with purſuing Eyes:

alter'd. The Fear that he gives to *Pompey* on occaſion of his Flight, is very unlike the Character he himſelf, or indeed any other Writer, has given him. It is ſomething the more remarkable from a Paſſage in the latter end of the foregoing Book, where he is ſaid to leave the Field of Battle with great Bravery and Conſtancy of Mind. Tho' it is very judiciouſly obſerv'd, on comparing that Paſſage and this together, by *Martin Laſſo de Oropeſa*, the *Spaniſh* Tranſlator, that the Deſire of ſeeing his Wife, which was the Occaſion of his Reſolution to leave the Field, and ſurvive ſuch a Loſs as that Battle was, in the 7th Book, might in this Place likewiſe be the Reaſon for the Fear and Anxiety which he ſhew'd in his Flight.

Still

Still aggravates, ſtill urges his Diſgrace,
And galls him with the Thoughts of what he was.
His youthful Triumph ſadly now returns,
His *Pontick* and Pyratick Wars he mourns,
While ſtung with ſecret Shame, and anxious Care he burns.
Thus Age to Sorrows oft' the Great betrays,
When Loſs of Empire comes with Length of Days.
Life and Enjoyment ſtill one End ſhould have,
Leaſt early Miſery prevent the Grave.
The Good, that laſts not, was in vain beſtow'd,
And Eaſe once paſt, becomes the preſent Load:
Then let the Wiſe, in Fortune's kindeſt Hour,
Still keep one ſafe Retreat within his Pow'r;
Let Death be near, to guard him from Surprize,
And free him, when the fickle Goddeſs flies.

Now to thoſe Shores the hapleſs *Pompey* came,
Where hoary *Peneus* rolls his ancient Stream:
Red with *Emathian* Slaughter ran his Flood,
And dy'd the Ocean deep in *Roman* Blood.
There a poor Bark, whoſe Keel perhaps might glide
Safe down ſome River's ſmooth deſcending Tide,

Ver. 42. *There a poor Bark.*] *Lucan* mentions this very emphatically, becauſe *Pompey* had even at that very Time a great Fleet lying at *Corcyra*, and in the Bay of *Ambracia*.

Plutarch and *Appian* relate, that *Pompey* in his Flight from *Lariſſa* came all along thro' *Tempe* to the Shore and lodg'd that Night in the Cottage of a Fiſherman. About

Receiv'd the mighty Maſter of the Main,
Whoſe ſpreading Navies hide the liquid Plain.
In This he braves the Winds and ſtormy Sea,
And to the *Lesbian* Iſle directs his Way.
There the kind Partner of his ev'ry Care,
His faithful, lov'd *Cornelia*, languiſh'd there:
At that ſad Diſtance more unhappy far,
Than in the 'midſt of Danger, Death and War.
There on her Heart, ev'n all the live-long Day,
Fore-boding Thought a weary Burthen lay:
Sad Viſions haunt her Slumbers with Affright,
And *Theſſaly* returns with ev'ry Night.
Soon as the ruddy Morning paints the Skies,
Swift to the Shore the penſive Mourner flies;
There, lonely ſitting on the Cliff's bleak Brow,
Her Sight ſhe fixes on the Seas below;
Attentive marks the wide Horizon's Bound,
And kens each Sail that riſes in the Round:
Thick beats her Heart, as ev'ry Prow draws near,
And dreads the Fortunes of her Lord to hear.
At length, behold! the fatal Bark is come!
See! the ſwoln Canvas lab'ring with her Doom.

Morning he went to Sea in a little Boat, and ſailing along by the Shore, met with a Ship of greater Burthen, of which one *Petitius*, a *Roman*, was Captain, who knowing *Pompey*, took him in, and tranſported him to *Lesbos*.

Preventing

Preventing Fame, Misfortune lends him Wings,
And *Pompey*'s ſelf his own ſad Story brings.
Now bid thy Eyes, thou loſt *Cornelia*, flow,
And change thy Fears to certain Sorrows, now.
Swift glides the woful Veſſel on to Land;
Forth flies the headlong Matron to the Strand.
There ſoon ſhe found what worſt the Gods cou'd do,
There ſoon her Dear much-alter'd Lord ſhe knew;
Tho' fearful all, and ghaſtly was his Hue.
Rude, o'er his Face, his hoary Locks were grown,
And Duſt was caſt upon his *Roman* Gown.
She ſaw, and fainting, ſinks in ſudden Night;
Grief ſtop'd her Breath, and ſhut out loathſome Light:
The loos'ning Nerves no more their Force exert,
And Motion ceas'd within the freezing Heart;
Death kindly ſeem'd her Wiſhes to obey,
And, ſtretch'd upon the Beach, a Coarſe ſhe lay.
But now the Mariners the Veſſel moor,
And *Pompey*, landing, views the lonely Shore.
The faithful Maids their loud lamentings ceas'd,
And rev'rendly their ruder Grief ſuppreſs'd.
Strait, while with duteous Care they kneel around,
And raiſe their wretched Miſtreſs from the Ground,
Her Lord infolds her with a ſtrict Embrace,
And joins his Cheek cloſe to her lifeleſs Face:

At the known Touch, her failing Senſe returns,
And vital Warmth in kindling Bluſhes burns.
At length, from Virtue thus he ſeeks Relief,
And kindly chides her Violence of Grief.

Canſt thou then ſink, thou Daughter of the Great,
Sprung from the nobleſt Guardians of our State;
Canſt thou thus yield to the firſt Shock of Fate?
Whatever deathleſs Monuments of Praiſe
Thy Sex can merit, 'tis in thee to raiſe.
On Man alone Life's ruder Tryals wait,
The Fields of Battle, and the Cares of State;
While the Wife's Virtue then is only try'd,
When faithleſs Fortune quits her Husband's Side.
Arm then thy Soul, the glorious Task to prove,
And learn, thy miſerable Lord to love.
Behold me of my Pow'r and Pomp bereft,
By all my Kings, and by *Rome*'s Fathers left:
Oh make that Loſs thy Glory; and be thou
The only Follower of *Pompey* now.
This Grief becomes thee not, while I ſurvive;
War wounds not thee, ſince I am ſtill alive:

Ver. 95. *Daughter of the Great.*] Deſcended from the *Scipio's.*

Ver. 98. *Whatever Deathleſs.*] Meaning that his Misfortunes gave her the nobleſt Occaſion of exerting the Greatneſs of her Mind.

Theſe

Theſe Tears a dying Husband ſhou'd deplore,
And only fall, when *Pompey* is no more.
'Tis true, my former Greatneſs all is loſt;
Who weep for that, no Love for me can boaſt,
But mourn the Loſs of what they valu'd moſt.
Mov'd at her Lord's Reproof, the Matron roſe;
Yet ſtill complaining, thus avow'd her Woes.
Ah! wherefore was I not much rather led,
A fatal Bride, to *Caeſar*'s hated Bed?
To thee unlucky, and a Curſe, I came,
Unbleſt by yellow *Hymen*'s holy Flame:
My bleeding *Craſſus*, and his Sire, ſtood by,
And fell *Erynnis* ſhook her Torch on high.
My Fate on thee the *Parthian* Vengeance draws,
And urges Heav'n to hate the juſter Cauſe.
Ah! my once greateſt Lord! ah! cruel Hour!
Is thy victorious Head in Fortune's Pow'r?
Since Miſeries my baneful Love purſue,
Why did I wed thee, only to undoe?
But ſee, to Death my willing Neck I bow;
Atone the angry Gods by one kind Blow.
Long ſince, for thee, my Life I wou'd have giv'n;
Yet, let me, yet, prevent the Wrath of Heav'n.

Ver. 125. *The* Parthian *Vengeance.*] A like Misfortune with that of my firſt Husband, who was kill'd by the *Parthians*.

Kill

Kill me, and ſcatter me upon the Sea,
So ſhall propitious Tides thy Fleets convey,
Thy Kings be faithful, and the World obey.
And thou, where-e'er thy ſullen Phantome flies,
Oh! *Julia!* let thy Rival's Blood ſuffice;
Let me the Rage of jealous Vengeance bear,
But him, thy Lord, thy once lov'd *Pompey*, ſpare.

She ſaid, and ſunk within his Arms again;
In Streams of Sorrow melt the mournful Train:
Ev'n his, the Warrior's Eyes, were forc'd to yield,
That ſaw, without a Tear, *Pharſalia*'s Field.

Now to the Strand the *Mitylenians* preſs'd,
And humbly thus beſpoke their noble Gueſt.

If, to ſucceeding Times, our Iſle ſhall boaſt
The Pledge of *Pompey* left upon her Coaſt,
Diſdain not, if thy Preſence now we claim,
And fain wou'd conſecrate our Walls to Fame.
Make thou this Place in future Story great,
Where pious *Romans* may direct their Feet,
To view with Adoration thy Retreat.
This may we plead, in Favour of the Town;
That while Mankind the proſp'rous Victor own,
Already, *Caſar*'s Foes avow'd, are we,
Nor add new Guilt, by Duty paid to thee.

Ver. 146. *The* Mitylenians.] *Mitylene* was the chief City of *Lesbos*.

Some

Some Safety too our ambient Seas ſecure;
Caſar wants Ships, and we deſie his Pow'r.
Here may *Rome*'s ſcatter'd Fathers well unite,
And arm againſt a ſecond happier Fight.
Our *Lesbian* Youth with ready Courage ſtands,
To man thy Navies, or recruit thy Bands.
For Gold, whate'er to Sacred Uſe is lent,
Take it, and the rapacious Foe prevent.
This only Mark of Friendſhip we intreat,
Seek not to ſhun us in thy low Eſtate;
But let our *Lesbos*, in thy Ruin, prove,
As in thy Greatneſs, worthy of thy Love.
Much was the Leader mov'd, and joy'd to find
Faith had not quite abandon'd Humankind.
To me (he cry'd,) for ever were you dear;
Witneſs the Pledge committed to your Care:
Here in Security I plac'd my Home,
My Houſhold-Gods, my Heart, my Wife, my *Rome*.
I know what Ranſom might your Pardon buy,
And yet I truſt you, yet to you I fly.
But, oh! too long my Woes you ſingly bear;
I leave you, not for Lands which I prefer,
But that the World the common Load may ſhare.

Ver. 177. *What Ranſom.*] You might deſerve greatly of *Caſar*, by delivering me up to him.

Lesbos! for ever ſacred be thy Name!
May late Poſterity thy Truth proclaim!
Whether thy fair Example ſpread around,
Or whether, ſingly, faithful thou art found:
For 'tis reſolv'd, 'tis fix'd within my Mind,
To try the doubtful World, and prove Mankind.
Oh! grant, good Heav'n! if there be one alone,
One gracious Pow'r ſo loſt a Cauſe to own,
Grant, like the *Lesbians*, I my Friends may find;
Such who, tho' *Cæſar* threaten, dare be kind:
Who, with the ſame juſt hoſpitable Heart,
May leave me free to enter, or depart.
He ceas'd; and to the Ship his Part'ner bore,
While loud Complainings fill the ſounding Shore.
It ſeem'd as if the Nation with her paſs'd,
And Baniſhment had laid their Iſland waſte.
Their ſecond Sorrows they to *Pompey* give,
For her, as for their Citizen, they grieve.
Ev'n tho' glad Victory had call'd her thence,
And her Lord's bidding been the juſt Pretence;
The *Lesbian* Matrons had in Tears been drown'd,
And brought her Weeping to their wat'ry Bound.
So was ſhe lov'd, ſo winning was her Grace,
Such lowly Sweetneſs dwelt upon her Face;
In ſuch Humility her Life ſhe led,
Ev'n while her Lord was *Rome*'s commanding Head,
As if his Fortune were already fled.

Half hid in Seas deſcending *Phœbus* lay,
And upwards half, half downwards ſhot the Day;
When wakeful Cares revolve in *Pompey*'s Soul,
And run the wide World o'er, from Pole to Pole.
Each Realm, each City in his Mind are weigh'd,
Where he may fly, from whence depend on Aid.
Weary'd at length beneath that Load of Woes,
And thoſe ſad Scenes his future Views diſcloſe,
In Converſation for relief he ſought,
And exercis'd on various Themes his Thought.
Now ſits he by the careful Pilot's Side,
And asks what Rules their watry Journey guide;
What Lights of Heav'n his Art attends to moſt,
Bound for the *Libyan* or the *Syrian* Coaſt.
To him, intent upon the rolling Skies,
The Heav'n-inſtructed Shipman thus replies.
Of all yon Multitude of golden Stars,
Which the wide rounding Sphere inceſſant bears,
The cautious Mariner relies on none,
But keeps him to the conſtant Pole alone.
When o'er the Yard the *leſſer Bear* aſpires,
And from the Topmaſt gleam its paly Fires,
Then *Boſphorus* near neighb'ring we explore,
And hear loud Billows beat the *Scythian* Shore:
But when *Caliſto*'s ſhining Son deſcends,
And the low *Cynoſure* tow'rds Ocean bends,

For

For *Syria* ſtrait we know the Veſſel bears,
Where firſt *Canopus'* Southern Sign appears.
If ſtill upon the Left thoſe Stars thou keep,
And paſſing *Pharos*, plow the foamy Deep,
Then right a'head thy luckleſs Bark ſhall reach
The *Libyan* Shoals, and *Syrtis* unfaithful Beach.
But ſay, for lo! on thee attends my Hand,
What Courſe do'ſt thou aſſign? what Seas, what Land?
Speak, and the Helm ſhall turn at thy Command.
To him the Chief, by Doubts uncertain toſt,
Oh fly the *Latian* and *Theſſalian* Coaſt:
Thoſe only Lands avoid. For all beſide,
Yield to the driving Winds, and rolling Tide;
Let Fortune, where ſhe pleaſe, a Port provide.
'Till *Lesbos* did my deareſt Pledge reſtore,
That Thought determin'd me to ſeek that Shore:
All Ports, all Regions, but thoſe fatal two,
Are equal to unhappy *Pompey* now.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when ſtrait the Maſter veer'd,
And right for *Chios*, and for *Aſia* ſteer'd:
The working Waves the Courſe inverted feel,
And daſh and foam beneath the winding Keel,

Ver. 254. *Chios.*] *Scio*, an Iſland in the *Archipelago*, not far from the Coaſt of *Aſia*: It lies Southward from *Lesbos*.

With

With Art like this, on rapid Chariots born,
Around the Column skillful Racers turn:
The nether Wheels bear nicely on the Goal,
The farther, wide, in distant Circles roll.
Now Day's bright Beams the various Earth disclose,
And o'er the fading Stars the Sun arose;
When *Pompey* gath'ring to his Side beheld
The scatter'd Relicks of *Pharsalia*'s Field.
First from the *Lesbian* Isle his Son drew near,
And soon a Troop of faithful Chiefs appear.
Nor Purple Princes, yet, disdain to wait
On vanquish'd *Pompey*'s humbler low Estate.
Proud Monarchs, who in Eastern Kingdoms reign,
Mix in the great Illustrious Exile's Train.
From these, apart, *Deiotarus* he draws,
The long-approv'd Companion of his Cause:
Thou best (he cries) of all my Royal Friends!
Since with our Loss *Rome*'s Pow'r and Empire ends;
What yet remains, but that we call from far
The Eastern Nations, to support the War?
Euphrates has not own'd proud *Cæsar*'s Side,
And *Tigris* rolls a yet unconquer'd Tide.

Ver. 258. *Around the Column.*] This was a Pillar of Marble placed at the End of the Course appointed for the Chariot-Races among the Ancients; and to turn nicely and closely round this without touching, was reckon'd a Piece of great Skill and Dexterity in the Driver.

Let

Let it not grieve thee, then, to ſeek for Aid
From the wild *Scythian*, and remoteſt *Mede*.
To *Parthia*'s Monarch my Diſtreſs declare,
And at his Throne ſpeak this my humble Pray'r.
If Faith in ancient Leagues is to be found,
Leagues by our Altars and your *Magi* bound,
Now ſtring the *Getick* and *Armenian* Bow,
And in full Quivers feather'd Shafts beſtow.
If when o'er *Caſpian* Hills my Troops I led,
'Gainſt *Alans*, in eternal Warfare bred,
I ſought not once to make your *Parthians* yield,
But left 'em free to range the *Perſian* Field.
Beyond th' *Aſſyrian* Bounds my Eagles flew,
And conquer'd Realms, that *Cyrus* never knew;
Even to the utmoſt Eaſt I urg'd my Way,
And, ere the *Perſian*, ſaw the riſing Day:
Yet while beneath my Yoak the Nations bend,
I ſought the *Parthian*, only as my Friend.
Yet more; When *Carra* bluſh'd with *Craſſus*' Blood,
And *Latium* her ſevereſt Vengeance vow'd;

Ver. 284. *By our Altars and your* Magi.] The Original ſays,

——— *Si fœdera nobis*
Priſca manent mihi per Latium jurata tenantem,
Per veſtros aſtricta Magos.

Theſe *Magi* were Prieſts or Philoſophers of a peculiar Sect inſtituted by *Zoroaſter*; of whom ſee at large Dr. *Prideaux* in his Learned Connection of, *&c.* Vol. I.

When

When War with *Parthia* was the common Cry,
Who ſtop'd the Fury of that Rage, but I?
If this be true, thro' *Zeugma* take your Way,
Nor let *Euphrates'* Stream the March delay;
In Gratitude, to my Aſſiſtance come;
Fight *Pompey's* Cauſe, and conquer willing *Rome.*
He ſaid; the Monarch chearfully obey'd,
And ſtrait aſide his Royal Robes he laid;
Then bid his Slaves their humbler Veſtments bring:
And in that ſervile Veil conceals the King.
Thus Majeſty gives its proud Trappings o'er,
And humbly ſeeks for Safety from the Poor.
The Poor, who no Diſguiſes need, nor wear;
Unbleſt with Greatneſs, and unvex'd with Fear.
His Princely Friend now ſafe convey'd to Land,
The Chief o'erpaſs'd the fam'd *Epheſian* Strand,
Icaria's Rocks, with *Colophon's* ſmooth Deep,
And foamy Cliffs which rugged *Samos* keep.

Ver. 299. *When War with* Parthia.] *Pompey* diſſuaded the Senate from a War with *Parthia*, while there was one afoot with *Gaul.*

Ver. 301. *Zeugma*] Was a Town on the River *Euphrates*, built by *Alexander* the Great. Perhaps about the Time of this Civil War it might be the Boundary of the *Roman* and *Parthian* Dominions. For *Carra* ſee the Notes on the Firſt Book about the Beginning.

Ver. 315. *Icaria*,] Now *Nicaria*, an Iſland of the *Archipelago*, North of *Patmos*, and Weſt of *Samos.*

Colophon,] Formerly an ancient City on the Coaſt of *Ionia*, now *Altoboſco*, a Village of *Natolia.*

From

From *Coan* Shores ſoft breathes the Weſtern Wind,
And *Rhodes* and *Gnidos* ſoon are left behind.
Then croſſing o'er *Telmeſſos'* ample Bay,
Right to *Pamphilia*'s Coaſt he cuts his Way.
Suſpicious of the Land, he keeps the Main,
'Till poor *Phaſelis*, firſt, receives his wand'ring Train.
There, free from Fears, with Eaſe he may command
Her Citizens, ſcarce equal to his Band.
Nor ling'ring there, his ſwelling Sails are ſpread,
'Till he diſcerns proud *Taurus'* riſing Head:
A mighty Maſs he ſtands, while down his Side
Deſcending *Dipſas* rolls his headlong Tide.
In a ſlight Bark he runs ſecurely o'er
The Pirates once-infeſted dreadful Shore.
Ah! when he ſet the wat'ry Empire free,
And ſwept the fierce *Cilician* from the Sea,
Cou'd the ſucceſsful Warrior have forethought
'Twas for his future Safety, then, he fought!
At length the gath'ring Fathers of the State
In full Aſſembly, on their Leader wait:

Ver. 317. *Coan* Shores,] *Co*, or *Cos*, now *Stanchio*, an Iſland on the Coaſt of *Caria*.

Ver. 318. *Gnidos*,] Or rather *Cnidos*, a City on the Coaſt of *Caria*.

Ver. 319. *Telmeſſos*,] A City on the Coaſt of *Lycia*.

Ver. 322. *Phaſelis*,] A little City on the Coaſt between *Lycia* and *Pamphylia*; in the latter of theſe Provinces is *Syedra*, where *Pompey* met and conſulted with the Remains of the Senate.

Within

Within *Syedra*'s Walls their Senate meets,
Whom, ſighing, thus th'illuſtrious Exile greets.
My Friends! who with me fought, who with me fled,
And now are to me in my Country's ſtead;
Tho' quite defenceleſs and unarm'd we ſtand,
On this *Cilician*, naked, foreign, Strand;
Tho' ev'ry Mark of Fortune's Wrath we bear,
And ſeem to ſeek for Counſel in Deſpair;
Preſerve your Souls undaunted, free and great,
And know I am not fall'n intirely, yet.
Spite of the Ruins of *Emathia*'s Plain,
Yet can I rear my drooping Head again.
From *Africk*'s Duſt abandon'd *Marius* roſe,
To ſeize the *Faſces*, and inſult his Foes.
My Loſs is lighter, leſs is my Diſgrace;
Shall I deſpair to reach my former Place?
Still on the *Grecian* Seas my Navies ride,
And many a valiant Leader owns my Side.
All that *Pharſalia*'s luckleſs Field cou'd do,
Was to diſperſe my Forces, not ſubdue.
Still ſafe beneath my former Fame I ſtand,
Dear to the World, and lov'd in ev'ry Land.
'Tis yours to Counſel and Determine, whom
We ſhall apply to, in the Cauſe of *Rome*;

Ver. 349. Marius *roſe*.] See before in the Second Book.

What

What faithful Friend may beſt Aſſiſtance bring;
The *Libyan*, *Parthian*, or *Ægyptian* King.
For me, what Courſe my Thoughts incline to take,
Here freely, and at large, I mean to ſpeak.
What moſt diſlike me in the *Pharian* Prince,
Are his raw Years, and yet unpractis'd Senſe:
Virtue, in Youth, no ſtable footing finds,
And Conſtancy is built on manly Minds.
Nor, with leſs Danger, may our Truſt explore,
The Faith uncertain, of the crafty *Moor*:
From *Carthaginian* Blood he draws his Race,
Still mindful of the vanquiſh'd Town's Diſgrace;
From thence *Numidian* Miſchiefs he derives,
And *Hannibal* in his falſe Heart ſurvives:
With Pride he ſaw ſubmiſſive *Varus* bow,
And joys to hear the *Roman* Pow'r lyes low.
To Warlike *Parthia* therefore let us turn,
Where Stars unknown in diſtant Azure burn;
Where *Caſpian* Hills to part the World ariſe,
And Night and Day ſucceed in other Skies;
Where rich *Aſſyrian* Plains *Euphrates* laves,
And Seas diſcolour'd roll their ruddy Waves.

Ver. 362. *The* Libyan, Parthian, *or* Ægyptian *King*.] Theſe were, *Juba*, *Phraates*, and *Ptolemy*.

Ver. 375. *Submiſſive* Varus.] *Varus*, who had fought to *Juba* for Aſſiſtance, was routed by *Curio*. See the Fourth Book, towards the End.

Ambition,

Ambition, there, delights in Arms to reign,
There ruſhing Squadrons thunder o'er the Plain;
There young and old the Bow promiſcuous bend,
And fatal Shafts with Aim unerring ſend.
They firſt the *Macedonian* Phalanx broke,
And Hand to Hand repell'd the *Grecian* Stroke;
They drove the *Mede* and *Bactrian* from the Field,
And taught aſpiring *Babylon* to yield;
Fearleſs againſt the *Roman* Pile they ſtood,
And triumph'd in our vanquiſh'd *Craſſus'* Blood.
Nor truſt they to the Points of piercing Darts,
But furniſh Death with new improving Arts;
In mortal Juices dipt their Arrows fly,
And if they taſte the Blood, the Wounded die.
Too well their Pow'rs, and fav'ring Gods we know,
And wiſh our Fate much rather wou'd allow
Some other Aid againſt the common Foe.
With unauſpicious Succour ſhall they come,
Nurs'd in the Hate and Rivalſhip of *Rome*.
With theſe, the neighb'ring Nations round ſhall arm,
And the whole Eaſt rouſe at the dire Alarm.
Shou'd the Barbarian Race their Aid deny,
Yet wou'd I chuſe in that ſtrange Land to die;
There let our ſhipwreck'd poor Remains be thrown,
Our Loſs forgotten, and our Names unknown;

Securely there Ill-Fortune wou'd I brave,
Nor meanly sue to Kings, whose Crowns I gave:
From *Cæsar* free, enjoy my latest Hour,
And scorn his Anger's and his Mercy's Pow'r.
Still, when my Thoughts my former Days restore,
With Joy, methinks, I run those Regions o'er:
There, much the better Parts of Life I prov'd,
Rever'd by all, applauded, and belov'd;
Wide o'er *Mæotis* spread my happy Name,
And *Tanais* ran conscious of my Fame;
My vanquish'd Enemies my Conquests mourn'd,
And cover'd still with Laurels, I return'd.
Approve then, *Rome*, my present Cares for thee;
Thine is the Gain, whate'er th' Event shall be.
What greater Boon can'st thou from Heav'n demand,
Than, in thy Cause to arm the *Parthian*'s Hand?
Barbarians thus shall wage thy Civil War,
And those that hate thee, in thy Ruin share.
When *Cæsar* and *Phraates* Battle join,
They must revenge, or *Crassus*' Wrongs, or mine.
The Leader ceas'd; and strait a murm'ring Sound
Ran thro' the disapproving Fathers round.
With these, in high Preheminence, there sate
Distinguish'd *Lentulus*, the Consul late:

Ver. 409. *Kings, whose Crowns I gave*] *Ptolemy*, *Tigranes*, &c. but more especially to *Ptolemy*.

None

None with more gen'rous Indignation ſtung,
Or nobler Grief, beheld his Country's Wrong.
Sudden he roſe, rever'd, and thus began,
In words that well became the Subject, and the Man.

Can then *Pharſalia*'s Ruins thus controul
The former Greatneſs of thy *Roman* Soul?
Muſt the whole World, our Laws and Country, yield
To one unlucky Day, one ill-fought Field?
Haſt thou no Hopes of Succour, no Retreat,
But mean Proſtration at the *Parthian*'s Feet?
Art thou grown weary of our Earth and Sky,
That thus thou ſeek'ſt a Fugitive to fly;
New Stars to view, new Regions to explore,
To learn new Manners, and new Gods adore?
Wo't thou before *Chaldean* Altars bend,
Worſhip their Fires, and on their Kings depend?
Why didſt thou draw the World to Arms around,
Why cheat Mankind with Liberty's ſweet Sound,
Why on *Emathia*'s Plain fierce *Cæſar* brave,
When thou canſt yield thy ſelf a Tyrant's Slave?
Shall *Parthia*, who with Terror ſhook from far,
To hear thee nam'd, to hand the *Roman* War,

Ver. 447. *Worſhip their Fires.*] The Worſhip of Fire, or rather of the Supreme Being and Principle of all Things under that Symbol, was firſt taught among the Eaſtern Nations by *Zoroaſter* and his Diſciples the *Magi*.

Who ſaw thee lead proud Monarchs in thy Chain,
From wild *Hyrcania* and the *Indian* Main;
Shall ſhe, that very *Parthia*, ſee thee now,
A poor, dejected, humble Suppliant bow?
Then haughtily with *Rome* her Greatneſs mate,
And ſcorn thy Country, for thy groveling Fate?
Thy Tongue, in Eaſtern Languages untaught,
Shall want the Words that ſhou'd explain thy Thought:
Tears, then, unmanly, muſt thy Suit declare;
And ſuppliant Hands, uplifted, ſpeak thy Pray'r.
Shall *Parthia* (ſhall it to our Shame be known)
Revenge *Rome*'s Wrongs, e'er *Rome* revenge her own?
Our War no interfering Kings demands,
Nor ſhall be truſted to Barbarian Hands:
Among our ſelves our Bonds we will deplore,
And *Rome* ſhall ſerve the Rebel Son ſhe bore.
Why wou'dſt thou bid our Foes tranſgreſs their Bound,
And teach their Feet to tread *Heſperian* Ground?
With Enſigns, torn from *Craſſus*, ſhall they come,
And, with his raviſh'd Honours, threaten *Rome*;
His Fate thoſe Blood-ſtain'd Eagles ſhall recall,
And hover dreadful o'er their Native Wall.
Canſt thou believe the Monarch, who with-held
His only Forces from *Emathia*'s Field,

Ver. 469. *The Rebel Son.*] *Cæſar.*

Will

Will bring his Succours to thy waining State,
And bravely now defie the Victor's Hate?
No Eastern Courage forms a Thought so great.
In cold laborious Climes the wintry North
Brings her undaunted hardy Warriors forth,
In Body and in Mind untaught to yield,
Stubborn of Soul, and steady in the Field;
While *Asia*'s softer Climate, form'd to please,
Dissolves her Sons in Insolence and Ease.
Here silken Robes invest unmanly Limbs,
And in long Trains the flowing Purple streams.
Where no rude Hills *Sarmatia*'s Wilds restrain,
Or rushing *Tigris* cuts the level Plain,
Swifter than Winds along the Champian born,
At Liberty they fly, or fight, or turn,
And distant still, the vain Pursuer scorn.
Not with like Ease they force their warlike Way,
Where rough unequal Grounds their Speed delay.
Whene'er the thicker Shades of Night arise,
Unaim'd the Shaft, and unavailing, flies.
Nor are they form'd with Constancy to meet
Those Toils, that make the panting Soldier sweat:
To climb the Heights, to stem the rapid Flood,
To make the dusty Noon-day Battle good,
Horrid with Wounds, and crusted o'er in Blood.
Nor War's Machines they know, nor have the Skill
To shake the Rampire, or the Trench to fill:

Each Fence that can their winged Shafts endure,
Stands, like a Fort impregnable, secure.
Light are their Skirmishes, their War is Flight,
And still to wheel their wav'ring Troops delight.
To taint their coward Darts is all their Care,
And then to truſt 'em to the flitting Air.
Whene'er their Bows have ſpent the feather'd Store,
The mighty Buſineſs of their War is o'er.
No manly Strokes they try, nor Hand to Hand
With cleaving Swords in ſturdy Combate ſtand.
With Swords the Valiant fill their Foes invade;
Theſe call in Drugs and Poiſon to their Aid.
Are theſe the Pow'rs to whom thou bidſt us fly?
Is this the Land in which thy Bones wou'd lye?
Shall theſe Barbarian Hands for thee provide
The Grave, to thy unhappy Friend deny'd?
But be it ſo! that Death ſhall bring thee Peace,
That here thy Sorrows, and thy Toils ſhall ceaſe.
Death is what Man ſhou'd wiſh. But oh! what Fate
Shall on thy Wife, thy ſad Survivor, wait!
For her, where Luſt with lawleſs Empire reigns,
Somewhat more terrible than Death remains.
Have we not heard, with what abhorr'd Deſires
The *Parthian Venus* feeds her guilty Fires?

Ver. 510. *To thy unhappy Friend.*] To *Craſſus.*

How

How their wild Monarch, like the Bestial Race,
Spreads the Pollution of his lewd Embrace?
Unaw'd by Rev'rence of Connubial Rites,
In Multitudes, luxurious, he delights:
When gorg'd with Feasting, and inflam'd with Wine,
No Joys can sate him, and no Laws confine;
Forbidding Nature, then, commands in vain,
From Sisters and from Mothers to abstain,
The *Greek* and *Roman*, with a trembling Ear,
Th' unwilling Crime of *Oedipus* may hear;
While *Parthian* Kings like Deeds, with Glory, own,
And boast incestuous Titles to the Throne.
If Crimes like these they can securely brave,
What Laws, what Pow'r shall thy *Cornelia* save?
Think, how the helpless Matron may be led,
The thousandth Harlot, to the Royal Bed.
Tho' when the Tyrant claps his noble Slave,
And hears to whom her plighted Hand she gave,
Her Beauties oft in Scorn he shall prefer,
And chuse t' insult the *Roman* Name in her.
These are the Pow'rs to whom thou wou'dst submit,
And *Rome*'s Revenge and *Crassus*' quite forget.
Thy Cause, preferr'd to his, becomes thy Shame,
And blots, in common, thine and *Cæsar*'s Name.
With how much greater Glory might you join,
To drive the *Dacii*, or to free the *Rhine*?

How well your conqu'ring Legions might you lead,
'Gainſt the fierce *Bactrian*, and the haughty *Mede*?
Level proud *Babylon*'s aſpiring Domes,
And with their Spoils enrich our ſlaughter'd Leaders Tombs?
No longer, Fortune! let our Friendſhip laſt,
Our Peace, ill-omen'd, with the Barb'rous Eaſt;
If Civil Strife with *Cæſar*'s Conqueſt end,
To *Aſia* let his proſp'rous Arms extend:
Eternal Wars there let the Victor wage,
And on proud *Parthia* pour the *Roman* Rage,
There I, there all, his Victories may bleſs,
And *Rome* her ſelf make Vows for his Succeſs.
When-e'er thou paſs the cold *Araxes* o'er,
An aged Shade ſhall greet thee on the Shore,
Tranſfix'd with Arrows, mournful, pale, and hoar.
And art thou (ſhall he cry, complaining) come
In Peace and Friendſhip, to theſe Foes of *Rome*?
Thou! from whoſe Hand we hop'd Revenge in vain,
Poor naked Ghoſts, a thin unbury'd Train,
That flit, lamenting, o'er this dreary Plain?
On ev'ry Side new Objects ſhall diſcloſe
Some mournful Monument of *Roman* Woes;
On ev'ry Wall freſh Marks thou ſhalt deſcry,
Where pale *Heſperian* Heads were fix'd on high:

Ver. 568. *An aged Shade.*] The Ghoſt of *Craſſus*.

Each

Each River, as he rolls his Purple Tide,
Shall own his Waves in *Latian* Slaughter dy'd.
If Sights like theſe thou canſt with Patience bear,
What are the Horrors which thy Soul wou'd fear?
Ev'n *Cæſar*'s ſelf with Joy may be beheld,
Enthron'd on Slaughter in *Emathia*'s Field.
Say then, we grant, thy Cautions were not vain,
Of *Punick* Frauds and *Juba*'s faithleſs Reign.
Abounding *Egypt* ſhall receive thee yet,
And yield, unqueſtion'd, a ſecure Retreat.
By Nature ſtrengthen'd with a dang'rous Strand,
Her *Syrts* and untry'd Channels guard the Land.
Rich in the Fatneſs of her plenteous Soil,
She plants her only Confidence in *Nile*.
Her Monarch, bred beneath thy Guardian Cares,
His Crown, the Largeſs of thy Bounty, wears.
Nor let unjuſt Suſpicions brand his Truth;
Candor and Innocence ſtill dwell with Youth.
Truſt not a Pow'r accuſtom'd to be great,
And vers'd in wicked Policies of State.
Old Kings, long harden'd in the regal Trade,
By Int'reſt and by Craft alone are ſway'd,
And violate with Eaſe the Leagues they made:
While new ones ſtill make Conſcience of the Truſt,
True to their Friends, and to their Subjects juſt.
He ſpoke; the liſtning Fathers all were mov'd,
And with concurring Votes the Thought approv'd.

So much ev'n dying Liberty prevail'd,
When *Pompey*'s Suffrage, and his Counsel fail'd.
And now *Cilicia*'s Coast the Fleet forsake,
And o'er the wat'ry Plain for *Cyprus* make.
Cyprus, to Love's Ambrosial Goddess dear,
For ever grateful smoak the Altars there!
Indulgent still she hears the *Paphian* Vows,
And loves the Fav'rite Seat from whence she rose.
So Fame reports, if we may credit Fame,
When her fond Tales the Birth of Gods proclaim,
Unborn, and from Eternity the same.
The craggy Clifts of *Cyprus* quickly past,
The Chief runs Southward o'er the Ocean vast.
Nor views he, thro' the murky Veil of Night,
The *Casian* Mountains far distinguish'd Height,
The high-hung Lantern, or the beamy Light.
Hap'ly at length the lab'ring Canvas bore
Full on the farthest Bounds of *Ægypt*'s Shore,
Where near *Pelusium* parting *Nile* descends,
And in her utmost Eastern Channel ends.

Ver. 620. *The* Casian *Mountains far.*] *Casium*, or rather *Casius*, was a Promontory in the most Easterly Part of *Ægypt*. At the Foot of this Mountain, on the Sea-Shore, was *Pompey* bury'd. *Lucan* says, that *Pompey*'s Fleet overshot this Promontory, and did not see the Light that was always kept on the Top of it for the Direction of Sailers. *Pelusium*, mention'd just after this, was in *Pompey*'s Time a great City. 'Tis now a poor Village, and call'd, if I am not mistaken, *Belbais* or *Bebais*.

'Twas

'Twas now the Time, when equal Pow'rs on high
Had hung the golden Ballance of the Sky:
But ah! not long such just Proportion last.
The righteous Season soon was chang'd and past;
And Spring's Encroachment on the shorten'ing Shade,
Was fully to the wintry Nights repaid:
When to the Chief from Shore they made Report,
That, near high *Casium*, lay the *Pharian* Court,
This known, he thither turns his ready Sail,
The Light yet lasting with the fav'ring Gale.
The Fleet arriv'd, the News flies swiftly round,
And their new Guests the troubled Court confound.
The Time was short; howe'er the Council met,
Vile Ministers, a monstrous Motley Set.
Of these, the Chief in Honour, and the Best,
Was old *Achoreus*, the *Memphian* Priest:
In *Isis* and *Osiris* he believ'd,
And rev'rend Tales, from Sire to Son receiv'd;

Ver. 626. *'Twas now the Time.*] About the Middle of *September*.

Ver. 642. *In Isis and Osiris.*] Of these two *Ægyptian* Deities, see the Third Book of *Herodotus*, and other Authors, but above all the learned *Selden's Syntagma de Diis Syris*. It will be sufficient to observe here, that they were Husband and Wife, and the two chief Gods among the *Ægyptians*.

[illegible] was a living Ox, worshipp'd likewise by the *Ægyptians*. He was only suffer'd to live such a certain time, and then his own Priests put him into the Fountain of the

Could mark the Swell of *Nile's* increasing Tide,
And many an *Apis* in his Time had dy'd;
Yet was his Age with gentleſt Manners fraught,
Humbly he ſpoke, and modeſtly he taught.
With good Intent the pious Seer aroſe,
And told how much their State to *Pompey* owes:
What large Amends their Monarch ought to make,
Both for his own, and for his Father's Sake.
But Fate had plac'd a ſubtler Speaker there,
A Tongue more fitted for a Tyrant's Ear,
Pothinus, deep in Arts of Miſchief read,
Who thus, with falſe Perſuaſion, blindly lead
The eaſie King, to doom his Guardian dead.

To ſtricteſt Juſtice many Ills belong,
And Honeſty is often in the Wrong:
Chiefly when ſtubborn Rules her Zealots puſh,
To favour thoſe whom Fortune means to cruſh.
But thou, oh Royal *Ptolemy!* be wiſe;
Change with the Gods, and fly whom Fortune flies.

the Sun, and kill'd him. Upon the Death of one, they immediately, with great Marks of Grief, look'd out for another, who was to be of the ſame Race, and mark'd after the ſame manner, eſpecially he was to have a white Half-Moon on the Right Side.

Ver. 644. *Cou'd mark the Swell.*] Of this ſee at large in the Tenth Book.

Ver. 657. *Many Ills.*] Many Inconveniencies and ill Conſequences, as to what regards the Succeſs of Things in this World.

Not

Not Earth, from you high Heav'ns which we admire,
Not from the watry Element the Fire,
Are ſever'd by Diſtinctions half ſo wide,
As Int'reſt and Integrity divide.
The mighty Pow'r of Kings no more prevails,
When Juſtice comes with her deciding Scales.
Freedom for all Things, and a lawleſs Sword,
Alone ſupport an Arbitrary Lord.
He that is cruel muſt be bold in Ills,
And find his Safety from the Blood he ſpills.
For Piety, and Virtue's ſtarving Rules,
To mean Retirements let 'em lead their Fools:
There, may they ſtill ingloriouſly be good:
None can be ſafe in Courts, who bluſh at Blood.
Nor let this Fugitive deſpiſe thy Years,
Or think a Name, like his, can cauſe thy Fears:
Exert thy ſelf, and let him feel thy Pow'r,
And know, that we dare drive him from our Shore.
But if thou wiſh to lay thy Greatneſs down,
To ſome more juſt Succeſſion yield thy Crown;
Thy Rival Siſter willingly ſhall reign,
And ſave our *Ægypt* from a Foreign Chain.
As now, at firſt, in Neutral Peace we lay,
Nor wou'd be *Pompey*'s Friends, nor *Caſar*'s Prey.
Vanquiſh'd, where-e'er his Fortune has been try'd,
And driv'n, with Scorn, from all the World beſide.

By *Cæsar* chas'd, and left by his Allies,
To us a baffl'd Vagabond he flies.
The poor remaining Senate loaths his Sight,
And ruin'd Monarchs curse his fatal Flight:
While thousand Fantomes from th' unbury'd Slain,
Who feed the Vultures of *Emathia*'s Plain,
Disastrous still pursue him in the Rear,
And urge his Soul with Horror and Despair.
To us for Refuge now he seeks to run,
And wou'd once more with *Egypt* be undone.
Rouse then, oh! *Ptolemy*, repress the Wrong;
He thinks we have enjoy'd our Peace too long:
And therefore kindly comes, that we may share
The Crimes of Slaughter, and the Woes of War.
His Friendship shewn to thee Suspicions draws,
And makes us seem too guilty of his Cause:
Thy Crown bestow'd, the Victor may impute;
The Senate gave it, but at *Pompey*'s Suit.
Nor, *Pompey!* thou thy self shalt think it hard,
If from thy Aid, by Fate, we are debarr'd.
We follow where the Gods, constraining lead;
We strike at thine, but wish 'twere *Cæsar*'s Head.
Our Weakness this, this Fate's Compulsion call;
We only yield to him who conquers all.

Ver. 699. *Repress the Wrong.*] The Destruction and Ruin that *Pompey* would involve us in.

Then

Then doubt not if thy Blood we mean to ſpill;
Pow'r awes us; if we can, we muſt, and will.
What Hopes thy fond miſtaking Soul betray'd,
To put thy Truſt in *Ægypt*'s feeble Aid?
Our ſlothful Nation, long diſus'd to Toil,
With Pain ſuffice to till their ſlimy Soil,
Our idle Force due Modeſty ſhou'd teach,
Nor dare to aim beyond its humble Reach.
Shall we reſiſt where *Rome* was forc'd to yield,
And make us Parties to *Pharſalia*'s Field?
We mix'd not in the fatal Strife before;
And ſhall we, when the World has giv'n it o'er?
Now! when we know th' avenging Victor's Pow'r?
Nor do we turn, unpit'ing, from Diſtreſs;
We fly not *Pompey*'s Woes, but ſeek Succeſs.
The Prudent on the Proſp'rous ſtill attends,
And none, but Fools, chuſe Wretches for their Friends.
He ſaid; the vile Aſſembly all aſſent,
And the Boy-king his glad Concurrence lent.
Fond of the Royalty his Slaves beſtow'd,
And by new Pow'r of Wickedneſs made proud.

Ver. 732. *Fond of the Royalty.*] As if he was pleas'd that his Miniſters, who govern'd and controll'd him on all other Occaſions, wou'd give him Leave to exerciſe his Royal Power for the Commiſſion of ſo baſe a Murder.

Where

Where *Caſium* high o'er-looks the ſhoaly Strand,
A Bark with armed Ruffians ſtrait is mann'd,
And the Task truſted to *Achillas'* Hand.
Can then *Ægyptian* Souls thus proudly dare!
Is *Rome*, ye Gods! thus fall'n by Civil War!
Can you to *Nile* transfer the *Roman* Guilt,
And let ſuch Blood by Cowards Hands be ſpilt?
Some kindred Murtherer at leaſt afford,
And let him fall by *Ceſar's* worthy Sword.
And thou, inglorious, feeble, beardleſs Boy!
Dar'ſt thou thy Hand in ſuch a Deed employ?
Does not thy trembling Heart, with Horror, dread
Jove's Thunder, grumbling o'er thy guilty Head?
Had not his Arms with Triumphs oft been crown'd,
And ev'n the vanquiſh'd World his Conqueſt own'd;
Had not the rev'rend Senate call'd him Head,
And *Ceſar* giv'n fair *Julia* to his Bed,
He was a *Roman* ſtill: A Name ſhou'd be
For ever ſacred to a King, like thee.
Ah Fool! thus blindly by thy ſelf undone,
Thou ſeek'ſt his Ruin, who upheld thy Throne:
He only cou'd thy feeble Pow'r maintain,
Who gave thee firſt o'er *Ægypt's* Realm to reign.
The Seamen, now, advancing near to Shore,
Strike the wide Sail, and ply the plunging Oar;

When

When the falſe Miſcreants the Navy meet,
And with diſſembled Chear the *Roman* greet.
They feign their hoſpitable Land addreſs'd,
With ready Friendſhip, to receive her Gueſt;
Excuſing much an inconvenient Shore,
Where Shoals lye thick, and meeting Currents roar:
From his tall Ship, unequal to the Place,
They beg him to their lighter Bark to paſs.
Had not the Gods, unchangeably, decreed
Devoted *Pompey* in that Hour to bleed,
A thouſand Signs the Danger near foretell,
Seen by his ſad preſaging Friends too well.
Had their low Fawning juſtly been deſign'd,
If Truth cou'd lodge in an *Egyptian* Mind,
Their King himſelf, with all his Fleet had come,
To lead, in Pomp, his Benefactor home.
But thus Fate will'd; and *Pompey* choſe to bear
A certain Death, before uncertain Fear.
While, now, aboard the hoſtile Boat he goes,
To follow him the frantick Matron vows,
And claims her Partnerſhip in all his Woes.
But, oh! forbear (he cries) my Love, forbear;
Thou and my Son, remain in Safety here.
Let this old Head the Danger firſt explore,
And prove the Faith of yon' ſuſpected Shore.

He

He ſpoke; but ſhe, unmov'd at his Commands,
Thus loud exclaiming, ſtretch'd her eager Hands.
Whither, Inhuman! whither art thou gone?
Still muſt I weep our common Griefs alone?
Joy ſtill, with thee, forſakes my buding Heart;
And fatal is the Hour, whene'er we part.
Why did thy Veſſel to my *Lesbos* turn?
Why was I from the faithful Iſland born?
Muſt I all Lands, all Shores, alike, forbear,
And only on the Seas thy Sorrows ſhare?
Thus, to the Winds, loud plain'd her fruitleſs Tongue,
While eager from the Deck on high ſhe hung;
Trembling with wild Aſtoniſhment and Fear,
She dares not, while her parting Lord they bear,
Turn her Eyes from him once, or ſin'ers there.
On him his anxious Navy all are bent,
And wait, ſollicitous, the dire Event.
No Danger aim'd againſt his Life they doubt;
Care for his Glory only, fills their Thoughts:
They wiſh he may not ſtain his Name renown'd,
By mean Submiſſion to the Boy he crown'd.
Juſt as he enter'd o'er the Veſſel's Side,
Hail General! the curs'd *Septimius* cry'd,
A *Roman* once in gen'rous Warfare bred,
And oft' in Arms by mighty *Pompey* led;

But

But now (what vile Dishonour must it bring)
The Ruffian Slave of an Ægyptian King.
Fierce was he, horrible, inur'd to Blood,
And ruthless as the Savage of the Wood.
Oh Fortune! who but would have call'd thee kind,
And thought thee mercifully now inclin'd,
When thy o'er-ruling Providence with-held
This Hand of Mischief from *Thessalia's* Field?
But, thus, thou foster'st thy destroying Swords,
And ev'ry Land thy Victims thus affords.
Shall *Pompey* at a Tyrant's Bidding bleed?
Can *Roman* Hands be to the Task decreed?
Ev'n *Cæsar*, and his Gods, abhor the Deed.
Say you! who with the Stain of Murder brand
Immortal *Brutus's* avenging Hand,
What monstrous Title, yet to Speech unknown,
To latest Times shall mark *Septimius* down?

Now in the Boat defenceless *Pompey* sate,
Surrounded and abandon'd to his Fate.
Nor long they hold him, in their Pow'r, aboard,
Ere ev'ry Villain drew his ruthless Sword:
The Chief perceiv'd their Purpose soon, and spread
His *Roman* Gown, with Patience, o'er his Head;

Ver. 822. *Say you!*] If *Brutus* who kill'd *Cæsar* was a Murderer, what is *Septimius*?

And

And when the curs'd *Achillas* pierc'd his Breaſt,
His riſing Indignation cloſe repreſs'd.
No Sighs, no Groans, his Dignity profan'd,
Nor Tears his ſtill unſully'd Glory ſtain'd:
Unmov'd and firm he fix'd him on his Seat,
And dy'd, as when he liv'd and conquer'd, great.
Meanwhile, within his equal parting Soul,
Theſe lateſt pleaſing Thoughts revolving roll.
In this my ſtrongeſt Tryal, and my laſt,
As in ſome Theatre I here am plac'd:
The Faith of *Ægypt*, and my Fate, ſhall be
A Theme for preſent Times, and late Poſterity.
Much of my former Life was crown'd with Praiſe,
And Honours waited on my early Days:
Then, fearleſs, let me this dread Period meet,
And force the World to own the Scene compleat.
Nor grieve, my Heart! by ſuch baſe Hands to bleed;
Who ever ſtrikes the Blow, 'tis *Cæſar*'s Deed.
What, tho' this mangled Careaſs ſhall be torn,
Theſe Limbs be toſt about for publick Scorn;
My long Proſperity has found its End,
And Death comes opportunely, like a Friend:
It comes, to ſet me free from Fortune's Pow'r,
And gives, what ſhe can rob me of no more.
My Wife and Son behold me now, 'tis true;
Oh! may no Tears, no Groans, my Fate purſue!

My

My Virtue rather let their Praiſe approve,
Let 'em admire my Death, and my Remembrance love.
Such Conſtancy in that dread Hour remain'd,
And, to the laſt, the ſtrugg'ling Soul ſuſtain'd.
Not ſo the Matron's feebler Pow'rs repreſs'd
The wild Impatience of her frantick Breaſt:
With ev'ry Stab her bleeding Heart was torn,
With Wounds much harder to be ſeen, than born.
'Tis I, 'tis I have murder'd him! (ſhe cries)
My Love the Sword and ruthleſs Hand ſupplies.
'Twas I allur'd him to my fatal Iſle,
That cruel *Ceſar* firſt might reach the *Nile*;
For *Ceſar* ſure is there; no Hand but his
Has Right to ſuch a Parricide as this.
But whether *Ceſar*, or whoe'er thou art,
Thou haſt miſtook the Way to *Pompey*'s Heart:
That ſacred Pledge in my ſad Boſom lyes,
There plunge thy Dagger, and he more than dies.
Me too, moſt worthy of thy Fury know,
The Part'ner of his Arms, and ſworn your Foe.
Of all our *Roman* Wives, I ſingly bore
The Camp's Fatigue, the Sea's tempeſtuous Roar:
No Dangers, not the Victor's Wrath, I fear'd;
What mighty Monarchs durſt not do, I dar'd.
Theſe guilty Arms did their glad Refuge yield,
And claſp'd him, flying from *Pharſalia*'s Field.

Ah

Ah *Pompey!* doſt thou thus my Faith reward?
Shalt thou be doom'd to die, and I be ſpar'd?
But Fate ſhall many Means of Death afford,
Nor want th' Aſſiſtance of a Tyrant's Sword.
And you, my Friends, in Pity, let me leap
Hence headlong, down amidſt the tumbling Deep:
Or to my Neck the ſtrangling Cordage tye;
If there be any Friend of *Pompey* nigh,
Transfix me, ſtab me, do but let me die.
My Lord! my Husband!—— Yet thou art not dead;
And ſee! *Cornelia* is a Captive led:
From thee their cruel Hands thy Wife detain,
Reſerv'd to wear th' inſulting Victor's Chain.
She ſpoke; and ſtiffning ſunk in cold Deſpair;
Her weeping Maids the lifeleſs Burthen bear:
While the pale Mariners the Bank unmoor,
Spread ev'ry Sail, and fly the faithleſs Shore.
Nor Agonies, nor livid Death, diſgrace
The ſacred Features of the Hero's Face;
In the cold Viſage, mournfully ſerene,
The ſame Indignant Majeſty was ſeen:
There Virtue ſtill unchangeable abode,
And ſcorn'd the Spite of ev'ry partial God.
The bloody Buſineſs now compleat and done,
New Furies urge the fierce *Septimius* on:

He

He rends the Robe that veil'd the Hero's Head,
And to full View expos'd the recent Dead;
Hard in his horrid Gripe the Face he preſs'd,
While yet the quiv'ring Muſcles Life confeſs'd:
He drew the dragging Body down with haſte,
Then croſs a Rower's Seat the Neck he plac'd;
There, aukward, haggling, he divides the Bone;
(The Headſman's Art was then but rudely known:)
Strait on the Spoil his *Pharian* Partner flies,
And robs the heartleſs Villain of his Prize.
The Head, his Trophy, proud *Achillas* bears;
Septimius an inferior Drudge appears,
And in the meaner Miſchief poorly ſhares.
Caught by the reverend Locks, which grew,
In hoary Ringlets, on his gen'rous Brow,
To *Ægypt*'s impious King that Head they bear,
That Laurels us'd to bind, and Monarchs fear.
Thoſe ſacred Lips, and that commanding Tongue,
On which the liſt'ning *Forum* oft has hung;
That Tongue which con'd the World with Eaſe reſtrain,
And ne'er commanded War, or Peace, in vain;
That Face, in which Succeſs came ſmiling home,
And doubled ev'ry Joy it brought to *Rome*;
Now pale and wan, is fix'd upon a Spear,
And born, for publick View, aloft in Air.

The

The Tyrant, pleas'd, beheld it, and decreed
To keep this Pledge of his deteſted Deed.
His Slaves ſtrait drain the ſerous Parts away,
And arm the waſting Fleſh againſt Decay:
Then Drugs and Gums thro' the void Veſſels paſs,
And for Duration fix the ſtiff'ning Maſs.
Inglorious Boy! Degenerate and Baſe!
Thou laſt and worſt of the *Lagean* Race!
Whoſe feeble Throne, ere long, ſhall be compell'd
To thy laſcivious Siſter's Reign to yield:
Canſt thou, with Altars, and with Rites divine,
The raſh vain Youth of *Macedon* inſhrine;
Can *Ægypt* ſuch ſtupendous Fabricks build;
Can her wide Plains with Pyramids be fill'd;
Canſt thou, beneath ſuch monumental Pride,
Thy worthleſs *Ptolemæan* Fathers hide;
While the great *Pompey*'s headleſs Trunk is toſs'd
In Scorn, unbury'd, on thy barb'rous Coaſt?
Was it ſo much? could not thy Care ſuffice,
To keep him whole, and glut his Father's Eyes?
In this, his Fortune ever held the ſame,
Still wholly Kind, or wholly Croſs, ſhe came.

Ver. 938. *Then Drugs and Gums.*] That is, *Ptolemy* order'd it to be embalm'd.

Ver. 942. *Whoſe feeble Throne.*] It was not long before *Ptolemy* was kill'd, and his Siſter *Cleopatra* reign'd alone.

Patient

Patient, his long Prosperity he bore,
But kept this Death, and this sad Day in store.
No meddling God did e'er his Pow'r employ,
To ease his Sorrows, or to damp his Joy;
Unmingled came the Bitter, and the Sweet,
And all his Good and Evil was compleat.
No sooner was he struck by Fortune's Hand,
But, see! he lyes unbury'd on the Sand;
Rocks tear him, Billows toss him up and down,
And *Pompey* by a headless Trunk is known.
Yet, e'er proud *Cæsar* touch'd the *Pharian Nile*,
Chance found his mangled Foe a fun'ral Pile:
In Pity half, and half in Scorn, she gave,
A wretched, to prevent a nobler Grave.
Cordus, a Follower long of *Pompey*'s Fate,
(His *Questor* in *Idalian Cyprus* late)
From a close Cave, in Covert where he lay,
Swift to the neighb'ring Shore betook his Way:
Safe in the Shelter of the gloomy Shade,
And by strong Ties of pious Duty sway'd,
The fearless Youth the watry Strand survey'd.

Ver. 970. *Cordus.*] *Plutarch* says this Man's Name was *Philip*.

Ver. 971. *Questor.*] A sort of Collector or publick Treasurer. *Cyprus* is call'd *Idalian* from a Town, Grove, or Mountain (perhaps there were all these) call'd *Idalium*, or *Idalia*, in that Island, sacred to *Venus*.

Twas now the thickeſt Darkneſs of the Night,
And waining *Phœbe* lent a feeble Light:
Yet ſoon the glimm'ring Goddeſs plainly ſhew'd
The paler Coarſe, amidſt the dusky Flood.
The plunging *Roman* flies to its Relief,
And with ſtrong Arms infolds the floating Chief.
Long ſtrove his Labour with the tumbling Main,
And dragg'd the ſacred Burthen on with Pain.
Nigh weary now, the Waves inſtruct him well,
To ſeize th' Advantage of th' alternate Swell:
Born on the mounting Surge, to Shore he flies,
And on the Beach in Safety lands his Prize.
There o'er the Dead he hangs with tender Care,
And drops in ev'ry gaping Wound a Tear:
Then lifting to the gloomy Skies his Head,
Thus to the Stars, and cruel Gods, he pray'd.

See Fortune! where thy *Pompey* lyes! And, oh!
In Pity, one, laſt, little Boon beſtow.
He asks no Heaps of Frankincenſe to riſe,
No Eaſtern Odours to perfume the Skies;

Ver. 995. *He asks no Heaps.*] In enumerating what was wanting to *Pompey*'s Funeral, the Poet takes notice of the chief Pieces of Magnificence which were uſual at the Funerals of great Men among the *Romans*. See the Learned Dr. *Kennet* upon this Subject, in his *Roman* Antiquities, in his Chapter of the *Roman* Funerals.

No

No *Roman* Necks his Parian Castle to bear,
No rev'rend Train of Statues to appear;
No Pageant Shows his Glories to record,
And tell the Triumphs of his conqu'ring Sword;
No Instruments in plaintive Notes to sound,
No Legions sad to march in solemn Rounds;
A Bier, no better than the Vulgar need,
A little Wood the kindling Flame to feed,
With some poor Hand to tend the homely Fire,
Is all, these wretched Relicks now require.
Your Wrath, ye Pow'rs! *Cornelia's* Hand denies;
Let that, for ev'ry other Loss, suffice:
She takes not her last Leave, she weeps not here,
And yet she is, ye Gods! she is too near.

Thus while he spoke, he saw where thro' the Shade
A slender Flame its gleamy Light display'd,
There, as it chanc'd, abandon'd and unmourn'd,
A poor neglected Body lonely burn'd.
He seiz'd the kindled Brands, and oh! (he said)
Whoe'er thou art, forgive me, friendless Shade,
And tho' unpity'd and forlorn thou lye,
Thy self a better Office shalt supply.

Ver. 1010. *She is too near.*] As having seen his Murder, and now probably being in Sight of his mean Funeral. *Book* 9. *Ver.* 95.

If there be ſenſe in Souls departed, thine
To my great Leader ſhall her Rites reſign:
With humble Joy ſhall quit her meaner Claim,
And bluſh to burn, when *Pompey* wants the Flame.
He ſaid; and gath'ring in his Garment, bore
The glowing Fragments to the neighb'ring Shore.
There ſoon arriv'd, the noble Trunk he found,
Half waſh'd into the Flood, half reſting on the Ground.
With Diligence his Hands a Trench prepare,
Fit it around, and place the Body there.
No cloven Oaks in lofty Order lye,
To lift the great Patrician to the Sky:
By Chance a few poor Planks were hard at hand,
By ſome late Shipwreck caſt upon the Strand;
Theſe pious *Cordus* gathers where they lay,
And plants about the Chief, as beſt he may.
Now while the Blaze began to riſe around,
The Youth ſat mournful by, upon the Ground:
And oh (he cry'd) if this unworthy Flame
Diſgrace thy great, majeſtick, *Roman* Name;
If the rude Outrage of the ſtormy Seas
Seem better to thy Ghoſt, than Rites like theſe;
Yet let thy injur'd Shade the Wrong forget,
Which Duty, and officious Zeal commit.
Fate ſeems, it ſelf, in my Excuſe to plead,
And thy hard Fortune juſtifies my Deed.

I only wish'd, nor is that Wish in vain,
To save thee from the Monsters of the Main;
From Vultures Claws, from Lions that devour,
From mortal Malice, and from *Cæsar*'s Pow'r.
No longer, then, this humbler Flame withstand;
'Tis lighted to thee by a *Roman* Hand.
If e'er the Gods permit unhappy me,
Once more, thy lov'd *Hesperian* Land to see,
With me thy exil'd Ashes shall return,
And Chast *Cornelia* give thee to thy Urn.
Meanwhile, a Signal shall my Care provide,
Some future *Roman* Votary to guide;
When with due Rites thy Fate he would deplore,
And thy pale Head to these thy Limbs restore:
Then shall he mark the Witness of my Stone,
And, taught by me, thy sacred Ghost atone.
He spoke; and strait, with busie, pious Hands,
Heap'd on the smoaking Coarse the scatter'd Brands.
Slow sunk amidst the Fire the wasting Dead,
And the faint Flame with dropping Marrow fed.
Now 'gan the glittering Stars to fade away,
Before the rosie Promise of the Day,
When the pale Youth th' unfinish'd Rites forsook,
And to the Covert of his Cave betook.
Ah! why thus rashly wou'd thy Fears disclaim
That only Deed, which must record thy Name?

Ev'n *Cæſar*'s ſelf ſhall juſt Applauſe beſtow,
And praiſe the *Roman* that inters his Foe.
Securely tell him where his Son is laid,
And he ſhall give thee back his mangled Head.
But ſoon behold! the bolder Youth returns,
While, half conſum'd, the ſmould'ring Carcaſs burns;
Ere yet the cleanſing Fire had melted down
The fleſhy Muſcles, from the firmer Bone.
He quench'd the Relicks in the briny Wave,
And hid 'em, haſty, in a narrow Grave:
Then with a Stone the ſacred Duſt he binds,
To guard it from the Breath of ſcatt'ring Winds:
And leſt ſome heedleſs Mariner ſhou'd come,
And violate the Warrior's humble Tomb;
Thus with a Line the Monument he keeps,
Beneath this Stone the once great Pompey *ſleeps.*

Ver. 1071. *Ev'n* Cæſar's *ſelf.*] Inſinuating that *Cæſar* would willingly reward the Man who ſhould tell him he had bury'd *Pompey*, ſince he might from thence certainly conclude he was dead.

The Piety of the Perſon who took ſo much Care to perform theſe Rites of Funeral, tho' but mean ones, to *Pompey*, is the more inſiſted on by the Poet, becauſe the Ancients had nothing in greater Horrour than to want 'em. *Virgil* ſays, that the Unbury'd on the Banks of Styx

Centum Annos errant, &c. 6 *Æn.*

An Hundred Years they wander on the Shore;
At length, the Penance done, are wafted o'er.
Mr. Dryden.

Oh

Oh Fortune! can thy Malice ſwell ſo high?
Canſt thou with *Ceſar's* ev'ry Wiſh comply?
Muſt he, thy *Pompey* once, thus meanly lye?
But oh! forbear, miſtaken Man, forbear!
Nor dare to fix the mighty *Pompey* there:
Where there are Seas or Air, or Earth, or Skies,
Where-e'er *Rome's* Empire ſtretches, *Pompey* lyes.
Far be the vile Memorial then convey'd!
Nor let this Stone the partial Gods upbraid.
Shall *Hercules* all *Oeta's* Heights demand,
And *Nyſa's* Hill, for *Bacchus* only, ſtand;
While one poor Pebble is the Warrior's Doom,
That fought the Cauſe of Liberty and *Rome*?
If Fate decrees he muſt in *Ægypt* lye,
Let the whole fertile Realm his Grave ſupply:
Yield the wide Country to his awful Shade,
Nor let us bear on any Part to tread,
Fearful to violate the mighty Dead.
But if one Stone muſt bear the ſacred Name,
Let it be fill'd with long Records of Fame.
There let the Paſſenger, with Wonder, read,
The Pyrates vanquiſh'd, and the Ocean freed;
Sertorius taught to yield; the *Alpine* War;
And the young *Roman* Knight's triumphal Car.
With theſe, the mighty *Pontick* King be plac'd,
And ev'ry Nation of the vanquiſh'd Eaſt:

Tell with what loud Applause of *Rome*, he drove
Thrice his glad Wheels to *Capitolian Jove*:
Tell too, the Patriot's greatest, best Renown,
Tell, how the Victor laid his Empire down,
And chang'd his Armour for the peaceful Gown.
But ah! what Marbles to the Task suffice!
Instead of these, turn, *Roman*, turn thy Eyes;
Seek the known Name our *Fasti* us'd to wear,
The noble Mark of many a glorious Year;
The Name that wont the trophy'd Arch to grace,
And ev'n in Temples of the Gods found Place:
Decline thee lowly, bending to the Ground,
And there that Name, that *Pompey* may be found.

Oh fatal Land! what Curse can I bestow,
Equal to those, we to thy Mischiefs owe?
Well did the wise *Cumaan* Maid, of yore,
Warn our *Hesperian* Chiefs to shun thy Shore.

Ver. 1122. *The Trophy'd Arch.*] The Triumphal Arches were erected in Honour of successful Generals and Emperors, and were properly adorn'd with Military Trophies. It may likewise be meant by the Original, that such Arches were built by the Spoils gain'd from the Enemies; but the former Sense seems the more obvious.

Ver. 1129. *Warn our* Hesperian.] *Cicero* mentions a Prophecy among the *Sibyls* Verses, that forbad *Roman* Soldiers, or rather the *Roman* Soldiery in general, to go to *Egypt*. The *Quindecemviri*, or Fifteen Priests, who had the Custody of those Oraculous Pieces of Poetry, interpreted it to another Occasion; but *Lucan* applies it aptly enough in this Place to *Pompey*.

Forbid,

Forbid, juſt Heav'ns! your Dews to bleſs the Soil,
And thou with-hold thy Waters, fruitful *Nile!*
Let *Ægypt*, like the Land of *Æthiops*, burn,
And her fat Earth to ſandy Deſarts turn.
Have we, with Honours, dead *Oſiris* crown'd,
And mourn'd him to the tinkling Timbrel's Sound;
Receiv'd her *Iſis* to divine Aboads,
And rank'd her Dogs deform'd with *Roman* Gods;
While, in deſpight to *Pompey*'s injur'd Shade,
Low in her Duſt his ſacred Bones are laid?
And thou, oh *Rome!* by whoſe forgetful Hand
Altars and Temples, rear'd to Tyrants, ſtand,
Canſt thou neglect to call thy Heroe home,
And leave his Ghoſt in Baniſhment to roam?
What tho' the Victor's Frown, and thy baſe Fear,
Bad thee, at firſt, the pious Task forbear;
Yet now, at leaſt, oh let him now return,
And reſt with Honour in a *Roman* Urn.

Ver. 1135. *Timbrel's Sound.*] The *Siſtrum* (which I have here tranſlated Timbrel) was an odd ſort of a Brazen Inſtrument of Muſick, with looſe Pieces of the ſame Metal that ran along upon little Bars or Wires. It was peculiarly dedicated to the Worſhip of *Iſis* and *Oſiris*.

Ver. 1137. *Dogs deform'd.*] *Anubis* was an *Ægyptian* God, always repreſented with a Dog's Head. Little *Icuncula*, or Images, of this kind are frequently to be met with in Collections of Antiquities.

Nor let mistaken Superstition dread,
On such Occasions, to disturb the Dead:
Oh! wou'd commanding *Rome* my Hand employ,
The impious Task should be perform'd with Joy.
How won'd I fly to tear him from that Tomb,
And bear his Ashes in my Bosom home!
Perhaps, when Flames their dreadful Ravage make,
Or groaning Earth shall from the Center shake;
When blasting Dews the rising Harvest seize,
Or Nations sicken with some dire Disease;
The Gods, in Mercy to us, shall command
To fetch our *Pompey* from th'accursed Land.
Then, when his venerable Bones draw near,
In long Procession shall the Priests appear,
And their great Chief the sacred Relicks bear.
Or if thou still possess the *Pharian* Shore,
What Traveller but shall thy Grave explore;
Whether he tread *Syene*'s burning Soil,
Or visit sultry *Thebes*, or fruitful *Nile*:
Or if the Merchant, drawn by Hopes of Gain,
Seek rich *Arabia*, and the ruddy Main;

Ver. 1162. *Their great Chief.*] The *Pontifex Maximus*. This was an Office of the greatest Dignity, and in the Time of the Emperors always born by themselves.

With

With holy Rites thy Shade he shall atone,
And bow before thy venerable Stone.
For who but shall prefer thy Tomb, above
The meaner Fane of an *Egyptian Jove*?
Nor envy thou, if abject *Romans* raise
Statues and Temples, to their Tyrant's Praise;
Tho' his proud Name on Altars may preside,
And thine be wash'd by every rolling Tide;
Thy Grave shall the vain Pageantry despise,
Thy Grave, where that great God, thy Fortune, lyes.
Even those who kneel not to the Gods above,
Nor offer Sacrifice or Pray'r to *Jove*,
To the *Bidental* bend their humble Eyes,
And worship where the bury'd Thunder lyes.
Perhaps Fate wills, in Honour to thy Fame,
No Marble shall record thy mighty Name.
So may thy Dust, e'er long, be worn away,
And all Remembrance of thy Wrongs decay:
Perhaps a better Age shall come, when none
Shall think thee ever laid beneath this Stone;

Ver. 1179. *Ev'n those who kneel not.*] There has been much Disputation among the Commentators about this Passage. I have follow'd the Sense given by the Learned *Grotius*. Concerning the Religion of the *Bidental*, or covering in and consecrating Things and Places strucken by Thunder, see before the Note on *Ver.* 1038. of the First Book.

When

When *Ægypt*'s Boast of *Pompey*'s Tomb, shall prove
As unbeliev'd a Tale, as *Crete* relates of *Jove*.

Ver. 1189. *When Ægypt's Boast of* Pompey's *Tomb.*] The *Cretans* pretended not only to be *Jupiter*'s Countrymen, but they likewise shew'd his Tomb, for which *Callimachus* brands 'em as very distinguish'd and known Lyars. As for the Tomb of *Pompey*, it is generally said to have been at the Fount of Mount *Casius*, near *Pelusium* in *Ægypt*. The Emperor *Adrian* not only had a great Value for, and bought up many of the ancient Statues of this great Man, but likewise caus'd his Monument to be magnificently repair'd.

Plutarch says, that his Ashes were carry'd to his Wife *Cornelia*, who caus'd them to be bury'd at a Country-House he had near *Alba* in *Italy*.

THE

THE NINTH BOOK OF LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet having ended the foregoing Book with the Death of Pompey, *begins this with his Apotheosis; from thence, after a short Account of* Cato's *gathering up the Relicts of the Battel of* Pharsalia, *and transporting them to* Cyrene *in* Africa, *he goes on to describe* Cornelia's *Passion upon the Death of her Husband. Amongst other things, she informs his Son* Sextus *of his Father's last Commands, to continue the War in Defence of the Commonwealth.* Sextus *sets sail for* Cato's *Camp, where he meets his elder Brother* Cn. Pompeius, *and acquaints him with the Fate of their Father. Upon this Occasion the Poet describes the Rage of the elder* Pompey, *and the Disorders that happen'd in the Camp, both which* Cato *appeases. To prevent any future Inconvenience of this kind, he resolves to put them upon Action, and in order to that to join with* Juba. *After a Description of the* Syrts, *and their dangerous Passage by 'em, follows* Cato's *Speech to encourage the Soldiers to march thro' the Desarts of* Libya; *then an Account of* Libya, *the Desarts, and their March. In the middle of which is a beautiful Digression concerning the Temple of* Jupiter-Ammon, *with* Labienus's *Persuasion to* Cato *to enquire of the Oracle concerning the Event of the War, and* Cato's *famous Answer. From thence, after a warm Elogy upon* Cato, *the Author goes on to the Account of the Original of Serpents in* Africk; *and this, with the Description of their various Kinds, and the several Deaths of the Soldiers by 'em, is perhaps the most poetical Part of this whole Work. At* Leptis *he leaves* Cato, *and returns to* Cæsar, *whom he brings into* Ægypt, *after having shewn him the Ruins of* Troy, *and from thence taken an Occasion to speak well of Poetry in General, and himself in Particular.* Cæsar, *upon his Arrival on the Coast of* Ægypt, *is met by an Ambassador from* Ptolemy *with* Pompey's *Head. He receives the Present (according to* Lucan) *with a feign'd Abhorrence, and concludes the Book with Tears, and a seeming Grief for the Misfortune of so great a Man.*

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK IX.

NOR in the dying Embers of its Pile
Slept the great Soul upon the Banks of *Nile*,
Nor longer, by the Earthly Parts reſtrain'd,
Amidſt its wretched Reliques was detain'd;
But active, and impatient of Delay,
Shot from the mould'ring Heap, and upward urg'd its way.
Far in thoſe Azure Regions of the Air
Which border on the rowling ſtarry Sphere,
Beyond our Orb, and nearer to that height,
Where *Cinthia* drives around her Silver Light;

Ver. 9. *Beyond our Orb.*] It was the Opinion of many of the Ancients, eſpecially the *Platoniſts*, that there was a Place

Their happy Seats the Demy-Gods poſſeſs,
Refin'd by Virtue and prepar'd for Bliſs;
Of Life unblam'd, a pure and pious Race,
Worthy that lower Heav'n and Stars to grace,
Divine, and equal to the glorious Place.
There *Pompey*'s Soul, adorn'd with heav'nly Light,
Soon ſhone among the reſt, and as the reſt was bright.
New to the bleſt Aboad, with Wonder fill'd,
The Stars and moving Planets he beheld;
Then looking down on the Sun's feeble Ray,
Survey'd our dusky, faint, imperfect Day,
And under what a Cloud of Night we lay.
But when he ſaw, how on the Shoar forlorn
His headleſs Trunk was caſt for publick Scorn;
When he beheld, how envious Fortune, ſtill,
Took Pains to uſe a ſenſeleſs Carcaſs ill,
He ſmil'd at the vain Malice of his Foe,
And pity'd impotent Mankind below.
Then lightly paſſing o'er *Æmathia*'s Plain,
His flying Navy ſcatter'd on the Main,

Place of Happineſs aſſign'd to good Men between the Moon and the Earth. This the Followers of *Plato* call'd the Confines between Life and Death. Whoever has the Curioſity to ſee their Opinions upon this Subject more at large, may find 'em in *Macrobius*'s Comment upon *Scipio*'s Viſion, eſpecially in *Lib.* 1. *Cap.* 11.

And cruel *Cæsar*'s Tents; he fix'd at last
His Residence in *Brutus* sacred Breast:
There brooding o'er his Country's Wrongs he sate,
The State's Avenger, and the Tyrant's Fate.
There mournful *Rome* might still her *Pompey* find,
There, and in *Cato*'s free unconquer'd Mind.

He, while in deep suspense the World yet lay,
Anxious and doubtful whom it should obey,
Hatred avow'd to *Pompey*'s self did bear,
Tho' his Companion in the Common War:
Tho', by the Senate's just Command, they stood
Engag'd together for the Publick Good;
But dread *Pharsalia* did all Doubts decide,
And firmly fix'd him to the vanquish'd Side.
His helpless Country, like an Orphan left,
Friendless and poor, of all Support bereft,
He took and cherish'd with a Father's Care,
He comforted, he bad her not to fear;
And taught her feeble Hands, once more the Trade of War.
Nor lust of Empire did his Courage sway,
Nor Hate, nor proud Repugnance to Obey:

Ver. 37. *He, while in deep.*] When *Pompey* follow'd *Cæsar* into *Thessaly*, he left *Cato* with some Troops about *Dyrrachium*. With these Troops, and as many of those who fled from *Pharsalia* as he could gather up, *Cato* pass'd over from the Continent to the Island of *Corcyra*, near which Island *Pompey*'s Navy then lay, in order to join *Pompey*.

Passions

Paſſions and private Intreſt he forgot,
Not for himſelf, but Liberty he fought.
Streight to *Corcyra*'s Port his way he bent,
The ſwift advancing Victor to prevent;
Who marching ſudden on, to new Succeſs,
The ſcatter'd Legions might with Eaſe oppreſs:
There, with the Ruins of *Æmathia*'s Field,
The flying Hoſt, a thouſand Ships he fill'd.
Who that from Land, with Wonder, had deſery'd
The paſſing Fleet, in all its Naval Pride,
Stretch'd wide, and o'er the diſtant Ocean ſpread,
Cou'd have believ'd thoſe mighty Numbers fled?
Malea o'erpaſt, and the *Tenarian* Shore,
With ſwelling Sails he for *Cythera* bore:
Then *Crete* he ſaw, and with a Northern Wind
Soon left the fam'd *Dictæan* Iſle behind.
Urg'd by the bold *Phycuntine*'s churliſh Pride,
(Their Shores, their Haven, to his Fleet deny'd)
The Chief reveng'd the Wrong, and as he paſs'd,
Laid their unhoſpitable City waſte.

Ver. 64. *Malea,*] A Promontory on the Southern Part of the *Peloponeſus* (*Moren.*) It is now call'd Cape *Malio*, or St. *Angelo*.

Cythera is an Iſland not far from *Malea*, now call'd *Cerigo*. It was famous among the Ancients for the Worſhip of *Venus*, hence call'd *Cytherea*.

Ver. 67. Dictæan *Iſle*] *Crete*.

Ver. 68. *Phycuntines.*] *Phycus* was a Promontory, with a Town of the ſame Name, on the Coaſt of *Cyrene* in *Africa*.

Thence

Thence wafted forward, to the Coaſt he came
Which took of old from *Palinure* its Name.
(Nor *Italy* this Monument alone
Can boaſt, ſince *Libya's Palinure* has ſhown
Her peaceful Shores were to the *Trojan* known.)
From hence they ſoon deſcry with doubtful Pain,
Another Navy on the diſtant Main.
Anxious they ſtand, and now expect the Fate
Now their Companions in the publick Woe:
The Victor's haſte enclines 'em moſt to Fear;
Each Veſſel ſeems a hoſtile Face to wear,
And ev'ry Sail they ſpy, they fancy *Cæſar* there.
But oh thoſe Ships a diff'rent Burthen bore,
A mournful Freight they wafted to the Shore:
Sorrows, that might Tears, ev'n from *Cato*, gain,
And teach the rigid Stoick to complain.
When long the ſad *Cornelia's* Pray'rs, in vain,
Had try'd the flying Navy to detain,
With *Sextus* long had ſtrove, and long implor'd,
To wait the Relicks of her murder'd Lord;

Ver. 73. *From* Palinure *its Name.*] On the Coaſt of *Naples* is a Promontory ſtill call'd *Cabo di Palinuro*, from *Palinurus*, *Æneas's* Pilot, who was drown'd, or rather murther'd by the People of the Country near that Place. As for the *Libyan Palinurus*, the Commentators aſſign it a Place as a Promontory likewiſe on the Coaſt of *Cyrene*, tho' I do not find it mention'd amongſt the ancient Geographers. *Cellarius* has a Lake call'd *Palinurus*, and a River of the ſame Name in the Province of *Cyrene*.

The

The Waves, perchance, might the dear Pledge reſtore,
And waft him bleeding from the faithleſs Shore?
Still Grief and Love their various Hopes inſpire,
'Till ſhe beholds her *Pompey*'s funeral Fire.
'Till on the Land ſhe ſees th' ignoble Flame
Aſcend, unequal to the Heroe's Name;
Then into juſt Complaints at length ſhe broke,
And thus with pious Indignation ſpoke.

Oh Fortune! doſt thou then diſdain t' afford
My Love's laſt Office to my deareſt Lord?
Am I one chaſt, one laſt Embrace deny'd?
Shall I not lay me by his Clay-cold Side,
Nor Tears to bathe his gaping Wounds provide?
Am I unworthy the ſad Torch to bear,
To light the Flame, and burn my flowing Hair?
To gather from the Shore the noble Spoil,
And place it decent on the fatal Pile?
Shall not his Bones and ſacred Duſt be born,
In this ſad Boſom, to their peaceful Urn?
Whate'er the laſt conſuming Flame ſhall leave,
Shall not this widow'd Hand by Right receive,
And to the Gods the precious Relicks give?
Perhaps, this laſt Reſpect which I ſhould ſhow,
Some vile *Egyptian* Hand does now beſtow,
Injurious to the *Roman* Shade below.
Happy, my *Craſſus*, were thy Bones, which lay
Expos'd to *Parthian* Birds and Beaſts of Prey!

Here

Here the laſt Rites the cruel Gods allow,
And for a Curſe my *Pompey*'s Pile below.
For ever will the ſame ſad Fate return?
Still an unburied Huſband muſt I mourn,
And weep my Sorrows o'er an empty Urn?
But why ſhould Tombs be built, or Urns be made?
Does Grief like mine require their feeble Aid?
Is he not lodg'd, thou Wretch! within thy Heart,
And fix'd in ev'ry deareſt vital Part?
O'er Monuments ſurviving Wives may grieve,
She ne'er will need 'em, who diſdains to live.
But oh! behold where yon' malignant Flames
Caſt feebly forth their mean inglorious Beams:
From my lov'd Lord, his dear Remains, they riſe,
And bring my *Pompey* to my weeping Eyes;
And now they ſink, the languid Lights decay,
The cloudy Smoak all Eaſtward rolls away,
And wafts my Heroe to the Riſing Day.
Me too the Winds demand, with freſh'ning Gales,
Envious they call, and ſtretch the ſwelling Sails.

Ver. 123. *O'er an empty Urn.*] The Ancients plac'd ſo much Religion in performing Funeral Rites for the Dead, that tho' the Body was not in their Power, they perform'd all the ſame Ceremonies to it in its Abſence, and erected a Monument, which, as it contain'd nothing, was call'd *Cenotaphium*, or an empty Sepulcher.

No

No Land on Earth ſeems dear as *Egypt* now,
No Land that Crowns and Triumphs did beſtow,
And with new Laurels bound my *Pompey*'s Brow.
That happy *Pompey* to my Thoughts is loſt,
He that is left, lyes dead on yonder Coaſt:
He, only he, is all I now demand,
For him I linger near this curſed Land:
Endear'd by Crimes, for Horrors lov'd the more,
I cannot, will not, leave the *Pharian* Shore.
Thou, *Sextus*, thou ſhalt prove the Chance of War,
And thro' the World thy Father's Enſigns bear,
Then hear his laſt Command, entruſted to my Care.
" When e'er my laſt, my fatal Hour ſhall come,
" Arm you, my Sons, for Liberty and *Rome*;
" While one ſhall of our Free-born Race remain,
" Let him prevent the Tyrant *Cæſar*'s Reign.
" From each free City round, from ev'ry Land,
" Their warlike Aid in *Pompey*'s Name demand.
" Theſe are the Parties, theſe the Friends he leaves,
" This Legacy your dying Father gives.
" If for the Sea's wide Rule your Arms you bear,
" A *Pompey* ne'er can want a Navy there.
" Heirs of my Fame, my Sons, ſhall wage my War,
" Only be bold, unconquer'd in the Fight,
" And, like your Father, ſtill defend the Right.

" To

" To *Cato*, if for Liberty he ſtand,
" Submit, and yield you to his ruling Hand,
" Brave, Juſt, and only worthy to command.
At length to thee, my *Pompey*, I am Juſt,
I have ſurviv'd, and well diſcharg'd my Truſt;
Thro' Chaos now, and the dark Realms below,
To follow thee a willing Shade I go:
If longer with a lingring Fate I ſtrive,
'Tis but to prove the Pain of b'ing alive,
'Tis to be Curs'd for daring to ſurvive.
She, who could bear to ſee thy Wounds, and live,
New Proofs of Love, and fatal Grief ſhall give.
Nor need ſhe fly for Succour to the Sword,
The ſteepy Precipice, and deadly Cord;
She from her ſelf ſhall find her own Relief,
And ſcorn to die of any Death but Grief.
So ſaid the Matron; and about her Head
Her Veil ſhe draws, her mournful Eyes to ſhade.
Reſolv'd to ſhroud in thickeſt Shades her Woe,
She ſeeks the Ship's deep darkſom Hold below:
There lonely left, at leiſure to complain,
She hugs her Sorrows, and enjoys her Pain;
Still with freſh Tears the living Grief wou'd feed,
And fondly loves it, in her Husband's ſtead.
In vain the beating Surges rage aloud,
And ſwelling *Eurus* grumbles in the Shroud;

Her

Her, nor the Waves beneath, nor Winds above,
Nor all the noisy Cries of Fear can move;
In sullen Peace compos'd for Death she lyes,
And waiting, longs to hear the Tempest rise;
Then hopes the Seamens Vows shall all be croſt,
Prays for the Storm, and wiſhes to be loſt.
Soon from the *Pharian* Coaſt the Navy bore,
And fought thro' foamy Seas the *Cyprian* Shore;
Soft Eaſtern Gales prevailing thence alone,
To *Cato*'s Camp and *Libya* waft 'em on.
With mournful Looks from Land, (as oft, we know,
A ſad Prophetick Spirit waits on Woe,)
Pompey, his Brother and the Fleet beheld,
Now near advancing o'er the Wat'ry Field:
Straight to the Beach with headlong haſte he flies:
Where is our Father, *Sextus*, where? he cries;
Do we yet Live? Stands yet the Sov'raign State?
Or does the World, with *Pompey*, yield to Fate?
Sink we at length before the Conqu'ring Foe?
And is the Mighty Head of *Rome* laid low?
He ſaid; the mournful Brother thus reply'd;
O happy thou! whom Lands and Seas divide
From Woes, which did to theſe ſad Eyes betide.
Theſe Eyes! which of their Horror ſtill complain,
Since they beheld our Godlike Father ſlain.

Ver. 202. Pompey, *his Brother.*] *Cn. Pompeius* the elder Brother, who was with *Cato*.

Nor

Nor did his Fate an equal Death afford,
Nor suffer'd him to fall by *Cæsar's* Sword.
Trusting in vain to hospitable Gods,
He dy'd, oppress'd by vile *Egyptian* Odds:
By the curs'd Monarch of *Nile's* slimy Wave
He fell, a Victim to the Crown he gave.
Yes, I beheld the dire, the bloody Deed;
These Eyes beheld our valiant Father bleed:
Amaz'd I look'd, and scarce believ'd my Fear,
Nor thought th' *Egyptian* cou'd so greatly dare;
But still I look'd, and fancy'd *Cæsar* there.
But oh! not all his Wounds so much did move,
Pierc'd my sad Soul, and struck my Filial Love,
As that his venerable Head they bear,
Their wanton Trophy, fix'd upon a Spear;
Thro' ev'ry Town 'tis shown, the Vulgar's Sport,
And the lewd Laughter of the Tyrant's Court.
'Tis said, that *Ptolemy* preserves this Prize,
Proof of the Deed, to glut the Victor's Eyes.
The Body, whether rent or born away,
By foul *Egyptian* Dogs, and Birds of Prey;
Whether within their greedy Maws entomb'd,
Or by those wretched Flames, we saw, consum'd;
Its Fate as yet we know not, but forgive:
That Crime unpunish'd, to the Gods we leave,
'Tis for the Part preserv'd alone we grieve.

Scarce had he ended thus, when *Pompey*, warm
With noble Fury calls aloud to Arm;
Nor ſeeks in Sighs and helpleſs Tears Relief,
But thus in pious Rage expreſs'd his Grief.
Hence all aboard, and haſte to put to Sea,
Urge on againſt the Winds our adverſe Way;
With me let ev'ry *Roman* Leader go,
Since Civil Wars were ne'er ſo juſt as now.
Pompey's unbury'd Relicks ask your Aid,
Call for due Rites and Honours to be paid.
Let *Egypt*'s Tyrant pour a purple Flood,
And ſooth the Ghoſt with his inglorious Blood.
Not *Alexander* ſhall his Prieſts defend,
Forc'd from his Golden Shrine he ſhall deſcend:
In *Mareotis* deep I'll plunge him down,
Deep in the ſluggiſh Waves the Royal Carcaſs drown.
From his proud Pyramid *Amaſis* torn,
With his long Dynaſties my Rage ſhall mourn,
And floating down their muddy *Nile* be born.

Ver. 255. *Mareotis*,] or *Mareia*, was a famous Lake not far from *Alexandria*. The Wine that grew in the neighbouring Country, and which took its Name from hence, was reckon'd excellent; tho' *Lucan*, in the Tenth Book, ſpeaks deſpicably of it, in compariſon of that which grows in the Iſland of *Meroë*.

Ver. 257. *Amaſis*] Was a famous King of *Ægypt*, who ſucceeded *Apriez*, after having dethron'd him. His Story may be ſeen at large in the Second Book of *Herodotus*.

Ver. 258. *Long Dynaſties*.] The Word *Dynaſty* is *Greek*, and ſignifies Lordſhip or Government. It is moſt peculiarly apply'd to the *Ægyptian* Kings.

Each

Each ſtately Tomb and Monumental Stone.
For thee, unburied *Pompey*, ſhall attone.
Iſis, no more, ſhall draw the cheated Crowd,
Nor God *Oſiris* in his Linnen Shrowd;
Stript of their Shrines, with Scorn they ſhall be caſt,
To be by ignominious Hands defac'd:
Their holy *Apis* of Diviner Breed,
To *Pompey*'s Duſt a Sacrifice ſhall bleed,
While burning Deities the Flame ſhall feed.
Waſte ſhall the Land be laid, and never know
The Tiller's Care, nor feel the crooked Plow:
None ſhall be left for whom the *Nile* may flow:
'Till the Gods baniſh'd, and the People gone,
Egypt to *Pompey* ſhall be left alone.
He ſaid; then haſty to Revenge he flew,
And Seaward out the ready Navy drew;
But cooler *Cato* did the Youth aſſwage,
And praiſing much, compreſt his filial Rage.
Mean time the Shores, the Seas, and Skies around,
With mournful Cries for *Pompey*'s Death reſound.
A rare Example have their Sorrows ſhown,
Yet in no Age beſide, nor People known,
How falling Pow'r did with Compaſſion meet,
And Crouds deplor'd the Ruins of the Great.
But when the ſad *Cornelia* firſt appear'd,
When on the Deck her mournful Head ſhe rear'd,

Her Locks hung rudely o'er the Matron's Face,
With all the Pomp of Grief's diſorder'd Grace;
When they beheld her, waſted quite with Woe,
And ſpent with Tears that never ceas'd to flow,
Again they fed their Loſs, again complain,
And Heaven and Earth ring with their Cries again.
Soon as ſhe landed on the friendly Strand,
Her Lord's laſt Rites employ her pious Hand;
To his dear Shade ſhe builds a fun'ral Pile,
And decks it round with many a noble Spoil.
There ſhon his Arms with Antick Gold inlaid,
There the rich Robes which ſhe her ſelf had made,
Robes to Imperial *Jove* in Triumph 'erſt diſplay'd:
The Relicks of his paſt victorious Days,
Now this his lateſt Trophy ſerve to raiſe,
And in one common Flame together blaze.
Such was the weeping Matron's pious Care:
The Soldiers, taught by her, their Fires prepare;
To ev'ry valiant Friend a Pile they build,
That fell for *Rome* in curs'd *Pharſalia*'s Field:
Stretch'd wide along the Shores, the Flames extend,
And grateful to the wandring Shades aſcend.
So when *Appulian* Hinds, with Art, renew
The wintry Paſtures to their verdant Hue,
That Flow'rs may riſe, and ſpringing Graſs return,
With ſpreading Flames the withe'r'd Fields they burn,

Garganus

Garganus then and lofty *Vultur* blaze,
And draw the diſtant wondring Swains to gaze;
Far are the glitt'ring Fires deſcry'd by Night,
And gild the dusky Skies around with Light.
But oh! not all the Sorrows of the Crowd
That ſpoke their free impatient Thoughts aloud,
That tax'd the Gods, as Authors of their Woe,
And charg'd 'em with Neglect of Things below;
Not all the Marks of the wild People's Love,
The Hero's Soul, like *Cato's* Praiſe, could move:
Few were his Words, but from an honeſt Heart,
Where Faction and where Favour had no Part,
But Truth made up for Paſſion and for Art.
We've loſt a *Roman* Citizen (he ſaid)
One of the nobleſt of that Name is dead;
Who, tho' not equal to our Fathers found,
Nor by their ſtricteſt Rules of Juſtice bound,
Yet from his Faults this Benefit we draw,
He, for his Country's Good, tranſgreſs'd her Law,
To keep a bold licentious Age in Awe.
Rome held her Freedom ſtill, tho' he was great;
He ſway'd the Senate, but they rul'd the State.
When Crouds were willing to have worn his Chain,
He choſe his private Station to retain,
That all might free, and equal all remain.

Ver. 312. Garganus *and* Vultur,] Mountains in *Apulia*, the latter not far from *Venuſia*, the Birth-place of *Horace*.

War's boundleſs Pow'r he never ſought to uſe,
Nor ask'd, but what the People might refuſe:
Much he poſſeſs'd, and wealthy was his Store,
Yet ſtill he gather'd but to give the more,
And *Rome*, while he was rich, could ne'er be poor.
He drew the Sword, but knew its Rage to charm,
And lov'd Peace beſt, when he was forc'd to Arm;
Unmov'd with all the glittering Pomp of Pow'r,
He took with Joy, but laid it down with more:
His chaſter Houſhold and his frugal Board,
Nor Lewdneſs did, nor Luxury afford,
Ev'n in the higheſt Fortunes of their Lord.
His noble Name, his Country's Honour grown,
Was venerably round the Nations known,
And as *Rome*'s faireſt Light and brighteſt Glory ſhone.
When betwixt *Marius* and fierce *Sylla* toſt,
The Commonwealth her ancient Freedom loſt,
Some Shadow yet was left, ſome Shew of Pow'r;
Now ev'n the Name with *Pompey* is no more:
Senate and People all at once are gone,
Nor need the Tyrant bluſh to mount the Throne.
Oh happy *Pompey!* happy in thy Fate,
Happy by falling with the falling State,
Thy Death a Benefit the Gods did grant,
Thou might'ſt have liv'd thoſe *Pharian* Swords to want,

Ver. 356. *Senate and People.*] All thoſe Laws that ſerv'd for the Preſervation of the Senate's juſt Authority, and the People's Liberty.

Freedom,

Freedom, at leaſt, thou doſt by dying gain,
Nor liv'ſt to ſee thy *Julia*'s Father reign;
Free Death is Man's firſt Bliſs, the next is to be ſlain.
Such Mercy only, I from *Juba* crave,
(If Fortune ſhould ordain me *Juba*'s Slave)
To *Caſar* let him ſhew, but ſhew me dead,
And keep my Carcaſe, ſo he takes my Head.
He ſaid, and pleas'd the noble Shade below,
More than a thouſand Orators could do;
Tho' *Tully* too had lent his charming Tongue,
And *Rome*'s full *Forum* with his Praiſe had rung.
But Diſcord new infects the ſullen Crowd,
And now they tell their Diſcontents aloud:
When *Tarchon* firſt his flying Enſigns bore,
Call'd out to march, and haſten'd to the Shore;
Him *Cato* thus, purſuing as he mov'd,
Sternly beſpoke, and juſtly thus reprov'd.

Ver. 364. *To be Slain.*] I don't think this is ſo clearly expreſs'd as it ought to be. The Author's Meaning is, that next to dying when and how one pleaſes, is the Happineſs of being compell'd to die by another.

Ver. 365. *I from* Juba *crave.*] To whom *Cato* then reſolv'd to join himſelf.

Ver. 375. *When* Tarchon.] This *Tarchon* was a Prince of the *Cilicians*, or perhaps rather a Leader of ſome of the *Cilician* Pyrates, who had been formerly vanquiſh'd and pardon'd by *Pompey*, and in this Civil War came to his Aſſiſtance. I have follow'd the common Reading of *Tarchon*, tho' (according to the Opinion of *Grotius*) this Prince or General's Name was *Tarchondimotus*.

Oh reſtleſs Author of the roving War,
Doſt thou again Piratick Arms prepare?
Pompey, thy Terror and thy Scourge, is gone,
And now thou hop'ſt to rule the Seas alone.
He ſaid, and bent his Frown upon the reſt,
Of whom one bolder thus the Chief addreſs'd,
And thus their Wearineſs of War conteſs'd.
For *Pompey's* ſake (nor thou diſdain to hear)
The Civil War we wage, theſe Arms we bear;
Him we preferr'd to Peace: But (*Caſo*) now,
That Cauſe, that Maſter of our Arms lyes low.
Let us no more our abſent Country mourn,
But to our Homes and Houſhold-Gods return;
To the chaſt Arms from whoſe Embrace we fled,
And the dear Pledges of the Nuptial Bed.
For oh! what Period can the War attend,
Which nor *Pharſalia's* Field nor *Pompey's* Death can end?
The better Times of flying Life are paſt,
Let Death come gently on in Peace at laſt.
Let Age at length with providential Care
The neceſſary Pile and Urn prepare,
All Rites, the cruel Civil War denies,
Part ev'n of *Pompey* yet unbury'd lyes.
Tho' vanquiſh'd, yet by no Barbarian Hand,
We fear not Exile in a foreign Land,

Nor

Nor are our Necks by Fortune now beſpoke,
To bear the *Scythian* or *Armenian* Yoke;
The Victor ſtill a Citizen we own,
And yield Obedience to the *Roman* Gown.
While *Pompey* liv'd, he bore the Sov'reign Sway;
Caeſar was next, and him we now obey:
With Reverence be the ſacred Shade ador'd,
But War has giv'n us now another Lord:
To *Caeſar* and ſuperior Chance we yield:
All was determin'd in *Emathia*'s Field.
Nor ſhall our Arms on other Leaders wait,
Nor for uncertain Hopes moleſt the State,
We follow'd *Pompey* once, but now we follow Fate.
What Terms, what Safety can we hope for now,
But what the Victor's Mercy ſhall allow?
Once *Pompey*'s Preſence juſtify'd the Cauſe,
Then fought we for our Liberties and Laws;
With him the Honours of that Cauſe lye dead,
And all the Sanctity of War is fled.
If *Cato*, thou for *Rome* theſe Arms doſt bear,
If ſtill, thy Country only be thy Care,
Seek we the Legions where *Rome*'s Enſigns fly
Where her proud Eagles wave their Wings on high;
No matter who to *Pompey*'s Pow'r ſucceeds,
We follow where a *Roman* Conſul leads.

This ſaid, he leap'd aboard; the youthful Sort
Join in his Flight, and haſte to leave the Port;
The ſenſeleſs Crowd their Liberty diſdain,
And long to wear victorious *Cæſar*'s Chain.
Tyrannick Pow'r now ſudden ſeem'd to threat
The ancient Glories of *Rome*'s free-born State,
Till *Cato* ſpoke, and thus defer'd her Fate.
Did then your Vows and ſervile Pray'rs conſpire
Nought but a haughty Maſter to deſire?
Did you, when eager for the Battle, come
The Slaves of *Pompey*, not the Friends of *Rome*?
Now, weary of the Toil, from War you fly,
And idly lay your uſeleſs Armour by;
Your Hands neglect to wield the ſhining Sword,
Nor can you fight but for a King and Lord.
Some mighty Chief you want, for whom to ſweat;
Your ſelves you know not, or at leaſt forget,
And fondly bleed, that others may be great:
Meanly you toil, to give your ſelves away;
And die, to leave the World a Tyrant's Prey.
The Gods and Fortune do at length afford
A Cauſe moſt worthy of a *Roman* Sword.
At length 'tis ſafe to conquer. *Pompey* now
Cannot, by your Succeſs, too potent grow;
Yet now, ignobly, you with-hold your Hands,
When nearer Liberty your Aid demands.

Of

Of three who durſt the Sovereign Pow'r invade,
Two by your Fortune's kinder Doom lye dead;
And ſhall the *Pharian* Sword and *Parthian* Bow
Do more for Liberty and *Rome*, than you?
Baſe as ye are, in vile Subjection go,
And ſcorn what *Ptolemy* did ill beſtow.
Ignobly Innocent, and meanly Good,
You durſt not ſtain your hardy Hands in Blood;
Feebly a while you fought, but ſoon did yield,
And fled the firſt from dire *Pharſalia*'s Field;
Go then ſecure, for *Caſar* will be good,
Will pardon thoſe who are with Eaſe ſubdu'd;
The pitying Victor will in Mercy ſpare
The Wretch, who never durſt provoke his War.
Go, ſordid Slaves! one lordly Maſter gone,
Like Heirlooms go from Father to the Son.
Still to enhance your ſervile Merit more,
Bear ſad *Cornelia* weeping from the Shore;
Meanly for Hire expoſe the Matron's Life,
Metellus' Daughter ſell, and *Pompey*'s Wife;
Take too his Sons: Let *Caſar* find in you
Wretches that may ev'n *Ptolemy* out-do.

Ver. 456. *Two by your.*] *Craſſus* and *Pompey*, who, with *Caſar*, compos'd the firſt Triumvirate.

Ver. 474. Metellus' *Daughter.*] *Cornelia* was the Daughter of *Corn. Scipio Metellus*.

But

But let not my devoted Life be spar'd,
The Tyrant greatly shall that Deed reward;
Such is the Price of *Cato*'s hated Head,
That all your former Ware shall well be paid;
Kill me, and in my Blood do *Cæsar* Right,
'Tis mean to have no other Guilt but Flight.
He said, and stopp'd the flying Naval Pow'r;
Back they return'd, repenting, to the Shore.
As when the Bees their waxen Town forsake,
Careless in Air their wandring Way they take,
No more in clustring Swarms condens'd they fly,
But fleet uncertain thro' the various Sky;
No more from Flow'rs they suck the liquid Sweet,
But all their Care and Industry forget:
Then if at length the tinkling Brass they hear,
With swift Amaze their Flight they soon forbear;
Sudden their flow'ry Labours they renew,
Hang on the Thyme, and sip the balmy Dew.
Mean time, secure on *Hybla*'s fragrant Plain,
With Joy exults the happy Shepherd Swain;
Proud that his Art had thus preserv'd his Store,
He scorns to think his homely Cottage poor.
With such prevailing force did *Cato*'s Care
The fierce impatient Soldiers Minds prepare,
To learn Obedience, and endure the War.

And

And now their Minds, unknowing of Repose,
With busie Toil to exercise he chose;
Still with successive Labours ere they ply'd,
And oft in long and weary Marches try'd.
Before *Cyrene*'s Walls they now sit down;
And here the Victor's Mercy well was shown.
He takes no Vengeance of the Captive Town;
Patient he spares, and bids the Vanquish'd live,
Since *Cato*, who could conquer, could forgive.
Hence, *Libyan Juba*'s Realms they mean t' explore,
Juba, who borders on the swarthy *Moor*;
But Nature's Boundaries the Journey stay,
The *Syrts* are fix'd athwart the middle Way;
Yet led by daring Virtue on they press,
Scorn Opposition, and still hope Success.
When Nature's Hand the first Formation try'd,
When Seas from Lands she did at first divide,
The *Syrts*, nor quite of Sea nor Land bereft,
A mingled Mass uncertain still she left;

Ver. 514. *The* Syrts.] The *Syrts* are two Gulfs upon the Coast of *Africa* in the *Mediterranean* Sea; the first (which is that here mention'd) called *Syrtis Major* (now *Golfo di Solocho*) lyes between *Cyrenaica* (now the Kingdom of *Barca*) and the River *Cinyps* or *Cinyphus*: The other, call'd *Syrtis Minor* (now *Golfo di Capes*) on the Coast of *Barbary*, between *Tunis* and *Tripoli*. They are both very dangerous, as being full of Shoals, Banks of Sand, and Rocks.

For

For nor the Land with Seas is quite o'er-ſpread,
Nor ſink the Waters deep their oozy Bed,
Nor Earth defends its Shore, nor lifts aloft its Head.
The Site with neither, and with each complies,
Doubtful and inacceſſible it lyes;
Or 'tis a Sea with Shallows bank'd around,
Or 'tis a broken Land with Waters drown'd;
Here Shores advanc'd o'er *Neptune*'s Rule we find,
And there an inland Ocean lags behind.
Thus Nature's Purpoſe by her ſelf deſtroy'd,
Is uſeleſs to her ſelf and unimploy'd,
And Part of her Creation ſtill is void.
Perhaps, when firſt the World and Time began,
Here ſwelling Tides and plenteous Waters ran;
But long confining on the burning Zone,
The ſinking Seas have felt the neighb'ring Sun:
Still by degrees we ſee how they decay,
And ſcarce reſiſt the thirſty God of Day.
Perhaps, in diſtant Ages, 'twill be found,
When future Suns have run the burning Round,
Theſe *Syrts* ſhall all be dry and ſolid Ground:
Small are the Depths their ſcanty Waves retain;
And Earth grows daily on the yielding Main.
And now the loaden Fleet with active Oars
Divide the liquid Plain, and leave the Shores.

Ver. 544. *And now the loaden.*] *Plutarch* ſays, that *Cato* took

When cloudy Skies a gath'ring Storm preſage,
And *Auſter* from the South began to rage,
Full from the Land the ſounding Tempeſt roars,
Repels the ſwelling Surge, and ſweeps the Shores;
The Wind purſues, drives on the rolling Sand,
And gives new Limits to the growing Land.
'Spight of the Seaman's Toil the Storm prevails;
In vain with skilful Strength he hands the Sails,
In vain the cordy Cables bind 'em faſt,
At once it rips and rends 'em from the Maſt;
At once the Winds the fluttering Canvas tear,
Then whirl and whisk it thro' the ſportive Air.
Some timely for the riſing Rage prepar'd,
Furl the looſe Sheet, and laſh it to the Yard:
In vain their Care; ſudden the furious Blaſt
Snaps by the Board, and bears away the Maſt;
Of Tackling, Sails, and Maſt, at once bereft,
The Ship a naked helpleſs Hull is left.
Forc'd round and round, ſhe quits her purpos'd Way,
And bounds uncertain o'er the ſwelling Sea.
But happier ſome a ſteady Courſe maintain,
Who ſtand far out, and keep the deeper Main.

took this Journey by Land, tho' our Author makes him go part by Sea, and the reſt by Land. He brings him as far as the River *Triton* or *Tritonis* with the Fleet. This River, with a Lake of the ſame Name, was famous for the Birth or firſt Appearance of *Pallas* upon Earth. She was from thence call'd *Tritonia*.

Their

Their Masts they cut, and driving with the Tide,
Safe o'er the Surge beneath the Tempest ride.
In vain did, from the Southern Coast, their Foe,
All black with Clouds, old stormy *Auster* blow;
Lowly secure amidst the Waves they lay,
Old Ocean heav'd his Back, and roll'd 'em on their Way.
Some on the Shallows strike, and doubtful stand,
Part beat by Waves, part fix'd upon the Sand.
Now pent amidst the Shoals the Billows roar,
Dash on the Banks, and scorn the new-made Shore:
Now by the Wind driv'n on in heaps they swell,
The stedfast Banks both Winds and Waves repel:
Still with united Force they rage in vain,
The sandy Piles their Station fix'd maintain,
And lift their Heads secure amidst the watry Plain.
There 'scap'd from Seas, upon the faithless Strand,
With weeping Eyes the shipwreck'd Seamen stand,
And cast ashore, look vainly out for Land.
Thus some were lost; but for the greater Part,
Preserv'd from Danger by the Pilot's Art,
Keep on their Course, a happier Fate partake,
And reach in Safety the *Triconian* Lake.
These Waters to the tuneful God are dear,
Whilst vocal Shell the Sea-green *Nereids* hear;
These *Pallas* loves, so tells reporting Fame,
Here first from Heav'n to Earth the Goddess came.

(Heav'ns

(Heav'ns Neighbourhood the warmer Clime betrays,
And ſpeaks the nearer Sun's immediate Rays)
Here her firſt Footſteps on the Brink ſhe laid,
Here in the watry Glaſs her Form ſurvey'd,
And call'd her ſelf, from hence, the chaſte *Dictynian* Maid.
Here *Lethe*'s Streams from ſecret Springs below,
Riſe to the Light, here heavily, and ſlow,
The ſilent dull forgetful Waters flow.
Here, by the wakeful Dragon kept of old,
Heſperian Plants grew rich with living Gold;
Long ſince, the Fruit was from the Branches torn,
And now the Gardens their loſt Honours mourn.
Such was in ancient Times the Tale receiv'd,
Such by our good Forefathers was believ'd;
Nor let Enquirers the Tradition wrong,
Or dare to queſtion, now, the Poet's ſacred Song.
Then take it for a Truth, the wealthy Wood,
Here under golden Boughs low bending ſtood;

Ver. 599. *Here* Lethe's *Streams.*] This is, according to *Cellarius*, a Miſtake in Geography: He places both this River and the *Heſperian* Gardens in the Region of *Cyrene*, on the Eaſtern Side of the *Syrtis Major*. This River's taking its Riſe from Hell is a known Fable. As common likewiſe is the Story of the *Heſperides*, and their Dragon, who watch'd the Golden Apples 'till their Orchard was robb'd by *Hercules*, and the Pippins carried to *Euryſtheus*, by whom, at *Juno*'s Command, he was put to ſo many Pieces of hard Service.

On

On ſome large Tree his Folds the Serpent wound,
The fair *Heſperian* Virgins watch'd around,
And join'd to guard the rich forbidden Ground.
But great *Alcides* came to end their Care,
Strip'd the gay Grove, and left the Branches bare;
Then back returning ſought the *Argive* Shore,
And the bright Spoil to proud *Euryſtheus* bore.

Theſe famous Regions and the *Syrts* o'erpaſt,
They reach'd the *Garamantian* Coaſt at laſt;
Here, under *Pompey*'s Care the Navy lyes,
Beneath the gentleſt Clime of *Libya*'s Skies.

But *Cato*'s Soul, by Dangers unreſtrain'd,
Eaſe and a dull unactive Life diſdain'd.
His daring Virtue urges to go on,
Thro' Deſart Lands, and Nations yet unknown;
To march, and prove th' unhoſpitable Ground,
To ſhun the *Syrts*, and lead the Soldier round.
Since now tempeſtuous Seaſons vex the Sea,
And the declining Year forbids the watry Way;

Ver. 620. *The* Garamantian *Coaſt.*] This is another groſs Fault in Geography; for the *Garamantes* were an Inland People of *Libya*, that join'd on the South to *Æthiopia*. This Tract of Land is now called by the *Arabians*, *Zaara*. or the Deſart.

Ver. 628. *To ſhun the* Syrts.] Theſe were the leſſer *Syrts*, round which *Cato* march'd to *Syrtis Parva* in *Byzacium* or *Tunis*.

He

He ſees the cloudy drizling Winter near,
And hopes kind Rains may cool the ſultry Air:
So happ'ly may they journey on ſecure,
Nor burning Heats, nor killing Froſts endure;
But while cool Winds the Winter's Breath ſupplies,
With gentle Warmth the *Libyan* Sun may riſe,
And both may join and temper well the Skies.
But e'er the toilſom March he undertook,
The Heroe thus the liſtning Hoſt beſpoke:
Fellows in Arms! whoſe Bliſs, whoſe chiefeſt Good
Is *Rome*'s Defence, and Freedom bought with Blood;
You, who, to die with Liberty, from far
Have follow'd *Cato* in this fatal War,
Be now for Virtue's nobleſt Task prepar'd,
For Labours many, perillous, and hard.
Think thro' what burning Climes, what Wilds we go,
No leafie Shades the naked Deſarts know,
Nor Silver Streams thro' flowry Meadows flow.
But Horrors, there, and various Deaths abound,
And Serpents guard th' unhoſpitable Ground.
Hard is the Way; but thus our Fate demands;
Rome and her Laws we ſeek amidſt theſe Sands.
Let thoſe who, glowing with their Country's Love,
Reſolve with me theſe dreadful Plains to prove,
Nor of Return nor Safety once debate,
But only dare to go, and leave the reſt to Fate.

Think

Think not I mean the Dangers to diſguiſe,
Or hide 'em from the cheated Vulgar's Eyes:
Thoſe, only thoſe, ſhall in my Fate partake,
Who love the Daring for the Danger's ſake;
Thoſe who can ſuffer all the worſt can come,
And think it what they owe themſelves and *Rome*.
If any yet ſhall doubt, or yet ſhall fear;
If Life be, more than Liberty, his Care;
Here, e'er we journey further, let him ſtay,
Inglorious let him, like a Slave, obey,
And ſeek a Maſter in ſome ſafer Way.
Foremoſt, behold, I lead you to the Toil,
My Feet ſhall foremoſt print the duſty Soil:
Strike me the firſt, thou flaming God of Day,
Firſt let me feel thy fierce, thy ſcorching Ray;
Ye living Poiſons all, ye ſnaky Train,
Meet me the firſt upon the fatal Plain.
In ev'ry Pain, which you my Warriors fear,
Let me be firſt, and teach you how to bear.
Who ſees me pant for Drought, or fainting firſt,
Let him upbraid me, and complain of Thirſt.
If e'er for Shelter to the Shades I fly,
Me let him curſe, me, for the ſultry Sky.
If while the weary Soldier marches on,
Your Leader by diſtinguiſh'd Eaſe be known,
Forſake my Cauſe, and leave me there alone.

The

The Sands, the Serpents, Thirſt, and burning Heat,
Are dear to Patience, and to Virtue ſweet;
Virtue, that ſcorns on Cowards Terms to pleaſe,
Or cheaply to be bought, or won with Eaſe;
But then ſhe joys, then ſmiles upon her State,
Then faireſt to her ſelf, then moſt compleat,
When glorious Danger makes her truly great.
So *Libya*'s Plains alone ſhall wipe away
The foul Diſhonours of *Pharſalia*'s Day;
So ſhall your Courage now, tranſcend that Fear:
You fled with Glory there, to Conquer here.
He ſaid; and hardy Love of Toil inſpir'd;
And ev'ry Breaſt with Godlike Ardor fir'd.
Strait, careleſs of Return, without delay
Thro' the wide Waſte he took his pathleſs Way.
Libya, ordain'd to be his laſt Retreat,
Receives the Heroe, fearleſs of his Fate;
Here the good Gods his laſt of Labours doom,
Here ſhall his Bones and ſacred Duſt find room,
And his great Head be hid, within an humble Tomb.
If this large Globe be portion'd right by Fame,
Then one third Part ſhall ſandy *Libya* claim:

Ver. 703. *If this large Globe.*] The Ancients divided the World into three Parts, *Europe*, *Aſia*, and *Africa* or *Libya*; for that whole Part is frequently call'd *Libya*; the other Diviſion, which was ſometimes uſed, and is here mention'd by *Lucan*, was into the Eaſtern and Weſtern Parts.

But

But if we count, as Suns deſcend and riſe,
If we divide by Eaſt and Weſt the Skies,
Then with fair *Europe*, *Libya* ſhall combine,
And both to make the Weſtern Half ſhall join.
Whilſt wide-extended *Aſia* fills the reſt,
Of all from *Tanais* to *Nile* poſſeſt,
And reigns ſole Empreſs of the dawing Eaſt.
Of all the *Libyan* Soil, the kindlieſt found
Far to the Weſtern Seas extends its Bound;
Where cooling Gales, where gentle *Zephyrs* fly,
And ſetting Suns adorn the gaudy Sky:
And yet ev'n here no liquid Fountain's Vein
Wells thro' the Soil, and gurgles o'er the Plain;
But from our Northern Clime, our gentler Heav'n,
Refreſhing Dews and fruitful Rains are driv'n;
All bleak, the God, cold *Boreas*, ſpreads his Wing,
And with our Winter, gives the *Libyan* Spring.
No wicked Wealth infects the ſimple Soil,
Nor golden Ores diſcloſe their ſhining Spoil:
Pure is the Glebe, 'tis Earth, and Earth alone,
To guilty Pride and Avarice unknown:

Ver. 723. *No Golden Ores.*] That which we call the Gold Coaſt and *Guinea*, were very little, if at all known to the Ancients.

There

There Citron Groves, the Native Riches, grow,
There cool Retreats and fragrant Shades beſtow,
And hoſpitably skreen their Gueſts below.
Safe by their Leafy Office, long they ſtood
A ſacred, old, unviolated Wood,
'Till *Roman* Luxury to *Africk* paſt,
And Foreign Axes laid their Honours waſte.
Thus utmoſt Lands are ranſack'd, to afford
The far-fetch'd Dainties, and the coſtly Board.
But rude and waſteful all thoſe Regions lye
That border on the *Syrts*, and feel too nigh
Their ſultry Summer Sun, and parching Sky.
No Harveſt, there, the ſcatter'd Grain repays,
But withering dies, and e'er it ſhoots decays:
There never loves to ſpring the mantling Vine,
Nor wanton Ringlets round her Elm to twine:
The thirſty Duſt prevents the ſwelling Fruit,
Drinks up the gen'rous Juice, and kills the Root;
Thro' ſecret Veins no temp'ring Moiſtures paſs,
To bind with viſcous Force the mould'ring Maſs;
But Genial *Jove* averſe, diſdains to ſmile,
Forgets, and curſes the neglected Soil.
Thence lazy Nature droops her idle Head,
As ev'ry vegetable Senſe were dead;

Ver. 726. *Citron Groves.*] See Note on *Book* 1. *Ver.* 312.

Thence

Thence the wide dreary Plains one Visage wear,
Alike in Summer, Winter, Spring appear,
Nor feel the Turns of the revolving Year.
Thin Herbage here (for some ev'n here is found)
The *Nasamonian* Hinds collect around;
A naked Race, and barbarous of Mind,
That live upon the Losses of Mankind:
The *Syrts* supply their Wants and Barren Soil,
And strow th' unhospitable Shores with Spoil.
Trade they have none, but ready still they stand,
Rapacious, to invade the wealthy Strand,
And hold a Commerce, thus, with ev'ry distant Land.
Thro' this dire Country *Cato*'s Journey lay,
Here he pursu'd, while Virtue led the Way.
Here the bold Youth, led by his high Command,
Fearless of Storms and raging Winds, by Land
Repeat the Dangers of the swelling Main,
And strive with Storms, and raging Winds again.
Here all at large, where nought restrains his Force,
Impetuous *Auster* runs his rapid Course;
Nor Mountains here, nor steadfast Rocks resist,
But free he sweeps along the spacious List.
No stable Groves of ancient Oaks arise,
To tire his Rage, and catch him as he flies;

Ver. 754. Nasamonian *Hinds.*] The *Nasamones* were a barbarous People that liv'd near the *Syrtis Major*.

But

But wide, around, the naked Plains appear,
Here fierce he drives unbounded thro' the Air,
Roars, and exerts his dreadful Empire here.
The whirling Duſt, like Waves in Eddies wrought,
Riſing aloft, to the mid Heav'n is caught;
There hangs a ſullen Cloud, nor falls again,
Nor breaks, like gentle Vapours, into Rain.
Gazing, the poor Inhabitant deſcries,
Where high above his Land and Cottage flies;
Bereft, he ſees his loſt Poſſeſſions there,
From Earth tranſported, and now fix'd in Air.
Not riſing Flames attempt a bolder Flight;
Like Smoke by riſing Flames uplifted, light
The Sands aſcend, and ſtain the Heav'ns with Night.
But now, his utmoſt Pow'r and Rage to boaſt,
The ſtormy God invades the *Roman* Hoſt;
The Soldier yields, unequal to the Shock,
And ſtaggers at the Wind's ſtupendous Stroke.
Amaz'd he ſees that Earth, which lowly lay,
Forc'd from beneath his Feet, and torn away.
Oh *Libya!* were thy pliant Surface bound,
And form'd a ſolid, cloſe compacted Ground;
Or hadſt thou Rocks, whoſe Hollows deep below,
Wou'd draw thoſe ranging Winds that looſely blow;
Their Fury, by thy firmer Maſs oppos'd,
Or in thoſe dark infernal Caves inclos'd,

Thy certain Ruin wou'd at once compleat,
Shake thy Foundations, and unfix thy Seat:
But well thy flitting Plains have learn'd to yield;
Thus, not contending, thou thy Place haſt held,
Unfix'd art fix'd, and flying keep'ſt the Field.
Helms, Spears and Shields, ſnatch'd from the warlike Hoſt,
Thro' Heav'n's wide Regions far away were toſt;
While diſtant Nations, with Religious Fear,
Beheld 'em, as ſome Prodigy in Air,
And thought the Gods by them denounc'd a War.
Such hap'ly was the Chance, which firſt did raiſe
The pious Tale, in Prieſtly *Numa*'s Days:
Such were thoſe Shields, and thus they came from Heav'n,
A ſacred Charge to young Patricians giv'n;
Perhaps, long ſince, to lawleſs Winds a Prey,
From far Barbarians were they forc'd away;
Thence thro' long airy Journies ſafe did come,
To cheat the Crowd with Miracles at *Rome*.

Ver. 812. *Such were thoſe Shields.*] In the Time of *Numa Pompilius* there was a Buckler found in *Rome*, ſuch as the *Romans* called *Ancyle*, which was ſuppos'd to be dropp'd down from Heaven. The Augurs, who were conſulted upon the Occaſion, pronounc'd that where-ever that Shield ſhould remain, the chief Command and Empire of the World ſhould be fix'd. Upon this *Numa* gave Orders to a Workman called *Mamurra*, that he ſhould make Eleven others exactly like that which came from Heaven, to prevent the true one from being ſtolen. Theſe *Ancylia Sacra*, or Holy Bucklers, were committed to the Care of the *Salii*, who were Prieſts of *Mars*, and always choſen out of the Patricians, or *Roman* Nobility.

Thus,

Thus, wide o'er *Libya*, rag'd the ſtormy South,
Thus ev'ry way aſſail'd the *Latian* Youth:
Each ſev'ral Method for Defence they try,
Now wrap their Garments tight, now cloſe they lye:
Now ſinking to the Earth, with Weight they preſs,
Now claſp it to 'em with a ſtrong Embrace,
Scarce in that Poſture ſafe; the driving Blaſt
Bears hard, and almoſt heaves 'em off at laſt.
Mean time a ſandy Flood comes rolling on,
And ſwelling Heaps the proſtrate Legions drown;
New to the ſudden Danger, and diſmaid,
The frighted Soldier haſty calls for Aid,
Heaves at the Hill, and ſtruggling rears his Head.
Soon ſhoots the growing Pile, and rear'd on high,
Lifts up its lofty Summit to the Sky:
High ſandy Walls, like Forts, their Paſſage ſtay,
And riſing Mountains intercept their Way:
The certain Bounds which ſhould their Journey guide,
The moving Earth and duſty Deluge hide;
So Landmarks ſink beneath the flowing Tide.
As thro' mid Seas uncertainly they move,
Led only by *Jove*'s ſacred Lights above:
Part ev'n of them the *Libyan* Clime denies,
Forbids their native Northern Stars to riſe,
And ſhades the well-known Luſtre from their Eyes.
Now near approaching to the burning Zone,
To warmer, calmer Skies they journey'd on.

The ſlackning Storms the neighb'ring Sun confeſs,
The Heat ſtrikes fiercer, and the Winds grow leſs,
Whilſt parching Thirſt and fainting Sweats increaſe.
As forward on the weary Way they went,
Panting with Drought, and all with Labour ſpent,
Amidſt the Deſart, deſolate and dry,
One chanc'd a little trickling Spring to ſpy:
Proud of the Prize, he drain'd the ſcanty Store,
And in his Helmet to the Chieftain bore.
Around, in Crowds, the thirſty Legions ſtood,
Their Throats and clammy Jaws with Duſt beſtrew'd,
And all with wiſhful Eyes the liquid Treaſure view'd.
Around the Leader caſt his careful Look,
Sternly, the tempting envy'd Gift he took,
Held it, and thus the Giver fierce beſpoke:
And think'ſt thou then that I want Virtue moſt!
Am I the meaneſt of this *Roman* Hoſt!
Am I the firſt ſoft Coward that complains!
That ſhrinks, unequal to theſe glorious Pains!
Am I in Eaſe and Infamy the firſt!
Rather be thou, Baſe as thou art, Accurs'd,
Thou that dar'ſt Drink, when all beſide thee Thirſt.
He ſaid; and wrathful ſtretching forth his Hand,
Pour'd out the precious Draught upon the Sand.

Ver. 868. *Pour'd out the precious Draught.*] This Action of *Cato*'s is not much unlike that of *David*, when he refus'd

Well did the Water thus for all provide;
Envy'd by none, while thus to all deny'd,
A little thus the gen'ral Want ſupply'd.
Now to the ſacred Temple they draw near,
Whoſe only Altars *Libyan* Lands revere;
There, but unlike the *Jove* by *Rome* ador'd,
A Form uncouth, ſtands Heav'n's Almighty Lord.
No regal Enſigns grace his potent Hand,
Nor ſhakes he there the Lightning's flaming Brand;
But, ruder to behold, a Horned Ram
Belies the God, and *Ammon* is his Name.
There tho' he Reigns unrival'd and alone,
O'er the rich Neighbours of the Torrid Zone;

fus'd to drink of the Water of the Well of *Bethlehem*, which Three Men had ventur'd their Lives to fetch. See 1 *Chron.* xi. 15.

Ver. 872. *Now to the ſacred Temple.*] *Lucan* has made no Scruple of committing here another great Fault in Geography, for the ſake of bringing his great *Cato* to the Temple of *Jupiter Hammon*. This famous Oracle was certainly ſituate between the Leſs and the Greater *Catabathmus*, to the Weſt of *Ægypt*, in what is now called the Deſert of *Barca*, a great way diſtant from the March *Cato* was then taking in the Kingdom of *Tunis*. The Deſcription of the Place it ſelf, except that (as I underſtand him) he places it under the *Æquator*, is agreeable to moſt other ancient Authors. It is pretty well known that *Jupiter* was worſhipp'd in this Place under the Shape of a Ram, (at leaſt the upper Part) and there are ſtill to be found among the *Ægyptian* Idols in the Cabinets of the Curious, ſome with the Body of a Man and a Ram's Head.

Tho' ſwarthy *Æthiops* are to him confin'd,
With *Araby* the bleſt, and wealthy *Inde*;
Yet no proud Domes are rais'd, no Gems are ſeen,
To blaze upon his Shrines with coſtly Sheen;
But plain and poor, and unprophan'd he ſtood,
Such as, to whom our great Fore-fathers bow'd:
A God of pious Times, and Days of Old,
That keeps his Temple ſafe from *Roman* Gold.
Here, and here only, thro' wide *Libya*'s Space,
Tall Trees, the Land, and verdant Herbage grace;
Here the looſe Sands by plenteous Springs are bound,
Knit to a Maſs, and moulded into Ground:
Here ſmiling Nature wears a fertile Dreſs,
And all Things here the preſent God confeſs.
Yet here the Sun to neither Pole declines,
But from his Zenith vertically ſhines:
Hence, ev'n the Trees no friendly Shelter yield,
Scarce their own Trunks the leafy Branches ſhield;
The Rays deſcend direct, all round embrace,
And to a central Point the Shadow chace.
Here equally the middle Line is found,
To cut the Radiant Zodiack in its Round:
Here unoblique the *Bull* and *Scorpion* riſe,
Nor mount too ſwift, nor leave too ſoon the Skies;

Ver. 904. *Here unoblique.*] Suppoſing it to lye under the Æquinoctial; but of our Author's Aſtronomical Notions I have taken notice in another Place.

Nor

Nor *Libra* do's too long the *Ram* attend,
Nor bids the *Maid* the *fiſhy* Sign deſcend.
The *Boys* and *Centaur* juſtly Time divide,
And equally their ſev'ral Seaſons guide:
Alike the *Crab* and wintry *Goat* return,
Alike the *Lyon* and the flowing *Urn*.
If any farther Nations yet are known,
Beyond the *Libyan* Fires, and ſcorching Zone;
Northward from them the Sun's bright Courſe is made,
And to the Southward ſtrikes the leaning Shade:
There ſlow *Boötes*, with his laſie Wain
Deſcending, ſeems to reach the wat'ry Main.
Of all the Lights which high above they ſee,
No Star whate-e'er from *Neptune*'s Waves is free,
The whirling Axle drives 'em round, and plunges in the Sea.
Before the Temple's Entrance, at the Gate,
Attending Crowds of Eaſtern Pilgrims wait:
Theſe from the horned God expect Relief;
But all give way before the *Latian* Chief.
His Hoſt, (as Crowds are Superſtitious ſtill)
Curious of Fate, of Future Good and Ill,
And fond to prove Prophetick *Ammon*'s Skill,

Ver. 919. *No Star whate'er.*] Thoſe who live to the Southward of the *Æquator* ſee Stars towards the Southern Pole which never ſet, as well as we do who live to the Northward of it. But this is what the *Romans* in *Lucan*'s Time had no Notion of.

Intreat their Leader to the God wou'd go,
And from his Oracle *Rome*'s Fortunes know:
But *Labienus* chief the Thought approv'd,
And thus the common Suit to *Cato* mov'd.
Chance, and the Fortune of the Way, he ſaid,
Have brought *Jove*'s ſacred Counſels to our Aid:
This Greateſt of the Gods, this Mighty Chief,
In each Diſtreſs ſhall be a ſure Relief;
Shall point the diſtant Dangers from afar,
And teach the future Fortunes of the War.
To thee, Oh *Cato!* Pious! Wiſe! and Juſt!
Their dark Decrees the cautious Gods ſhall truſt;
To thee their Fore-determin'd Will ſhall tell:
Their Will has been thy Law, and thou haſt kept it well.
Fate bids thee now the Noble Thought improve;
Fate brings thee here, to meet and talk with *Jove*.
Inquire betimes, what various Chance ſhall come
To Impious *Cæſar*, and thy native *Rome*;
Try to avert, at leaſt thy Country's Doom.
Ask if theſe Arms our Freedom ſhall reſtore:
Or elſe, if Laws and Right ſhall be no more.
Be thy great Breaſt with Sacred Knowledge fraught,
To lead us in the wandring Maze of Thought:
Thou, that to Virtue ever wert inclin'd,
Learn what it is, how certainly defin'd,
And leave ſome perfect Rule to guide Mankind.

Full

Full of the God that dwelt within his Breaſt,
The Hero thus his ſecret Mind expreſs'd,
And In-born Truths reveal'd; Truths which might well
Become ev'n Oracles themſelves to tell.
Where wou'd thy fond, thy vain Enquiry go?
What Myſtick Fate, what Secret wou'dſt thou know?
Is it a Doubt if Death ſhou'd be my Doom,
Rather than live 'till Kings and Bondage come,
Rather than ſee a Tyrant crown'd in *Rome?*
Or wou'dſt thou know if, what we value here,
Life, be a Trifle hardly worth our Care?
What by Old Age and Length of Days we gain,
More than to lengthen out the Senſe of Pain?
Or if this World, with all its Forces join'd,
The univerſal Malice of Mankind,
Can ſhake or hurt the brave and honeſt Mind?
If ſtable Virtue can her Ground maintain,
While Fortune feebly threats and frowns in vain?
If Truth and Juſtice with Uprightneſs dwell,
And Honeſty conſiſt in meaning well?
If Right be independent of Succeſs,
And Conqueſt cannot make it more nor leſs?
Are theſe, my Friend, the Secrets thou wou'dſt know,
Thoſe Doubts for which to Oracles we go?
'Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told,
And horned *Ammon* can no more unfold.

From God deriv'd, to God by Nature join'd,
We act the Dictates of his mighty Mind:
And tho' the Priests are mute, and Temples still,
God never wants a Voice to speak his Will.
When first we from the teeming Womb were brought,
With in-born Precepts then our Souls were fraught,
And then the Maker his new Creatures taught.
Then when he form'd, and gave us to be Men,
He gave us all our useful Knowledge, *Then.*
Canst thou believe, the vast eternal Mind
Was e'er to *Syrts* and *Libyan* Sands confin'd?
That he would chuse this waste, this barren Ground,
To teach the thin Inhabitants around,
And leave his Truth in Wilds and Desarts drown'd?
Is there a Place that God would chuse to love
Beyond this Earth, the Seas, yon' Heav'n above,
And virtuous Minds, the noblest Throne for *Jove?*

Ver. 989. *Canst thou believe?*] I cannot but observe here how finely our Author, in this Passage, reprehends the Folly of those who are fond of and believe in a local Sanctity, as if one Part of the World were holier than another, and the Ubiquity of the Divine Nature were confin'd to a particular Place: But, thank God, the Foppery of Pilgrimages is out of Fashion in *England*, or at least those who are weak enough to travel from one Country to another in search of Holiness, are wise enough not to own it amongst us.

Why ſeek we farther then? Behold around,
How all thou ſee'ſt do's with the God abound,
Jove is alike in all, and always to be found.
Let thoſe weak Minds, who live in Doubt and Fear,
To juggling Prieſts for Oracles repair;
One certain Hour of Death to each decreed,
My fixt, my certain Soul from Doubt has freed.
The Coward, and the Brave, are doom'd to fall;
And when *Jove* told this Truth, he told us all.
So ſpoke the Hero; and to keep his Word,
Nor *Ammon*, nor his Oracle explor'd;
But left the Crowd at freedom to believe,
And take ſuch Anſwers as the Prieſt ſhou'd give.
Foremoſt on foot he treads the burning Sand,
Bearing his Arms in his own patient Hand;
Scorning another's weary Neck to preſs,
Or in a lazy Chariot loll at Eaſe:
The panting Soldier to his Toil ſucceeds,
Where no Command, but great Example leads.
Sparing of Sleep, ſtill for the reſt he wakes,
And at the Fountain, laſt, his Thirſt he ſlakes;
Whene'er by Chance ſome living Stream is found,
He ſtands, and ſees the cooling Draughts go round,
Stays 'till the laſt and meaneſt Drudge be paſt,
And 'till his Slaves have drunk, diſdains to taſte.
If true good Men deſerve immortal Fame,
If Virtue, tho' diſtreſs'd, be ſtill the ſame;

What-

Whate'er our Fathers greatly dar'd to do,
Whate'er they bravely bore, and wisely knew,
Their Virtues all are his, and all their Praise his due.
Whoe'er, with Battels fortunately fought,
Who'er, with *Roman* Blood, such Honours bought?
This Triumph, this, on *Libya*'s utmost Bound,
With Death and Desolation compass'd round,
To all thy Glories, *Pompey*, I prefer,
Thy Trophies, and thy third Triumphal Car,
To *Marius*' mighty Name, and great *Jugurthine* War.
His Country's Father here, O *Rome*, behold,
Worthy thy Temples, Priests, and Shrines of Gold!
If e'er thou break thy lordly Master's Chain,
If Liberty be e'er restor'd again,
Him shalt thou place in thy divine Abodes,
Swear by his holy Name, and rank him with thy Gods.

Now to those sult'ry Regions were they past,
Which *Jove* to stop inquiring Mortals plac'd,
And as their utmost, Southern, Limits cast.
Thirsty, for Springs they search the Desart round,
And only one, amidst the Sands, they found.

Ver. 1033. Jugurthine *War*.] See the Second Book, V. 107.

Ver. 1042. *As their utmost, Southern, Limits*.] The Hyperbole is very strong here; and one would think *Cato* had penetrated into the very Depth and Middle of *Africk*, whereas in all appearance his March could never be very far from the *Mediterranean*.

Well

Well ſtor'd it was, but all Acceſs was barr'd;
The Stream ten thouſand noxious Serpents guard:
Dry *Aſpicks* on the fatal Margin ſtood,
And *Dipſa's* thirſted in the middle Flood.
Back from the Stream the frighted Soldier flies,
Tho' parch'd, and languiſhing for Drink, he dies:
The Chief beheld, and ſaid, You fear in vain,
Vainly from ſafe and healthy Draughts abſtain,
My Soldier, drink, and dread not Death or Pain.
When urg'd to rage, their Teeth the Serpents fix,
And Venom with our vital Juices mix;
The Peſt infus'd thro' ev'ry Vein runs round,
Infects the Maſs, and Death is in the Wound.
Harmleſs and ſafe, no Poiſon here they ſhed:
He ſaid; and firſt the doubtful Draught eſſay'd;
He, who thro' all their March, their Toil, their Thirſt,
Demanded, here alone, to drink the firſt.

Why, Plagues, like theſe, infeſt the *Libyan* Air,
Why Deaths unknown, in various Shapes, appear;
Why, fruitful to deſtroy the curſed Land
Is temper'd thus, by Nature's ſecret Hand;
Dark and obſcure the hidden Cauſe remains,
And ſtill deludes the vain Enquirer's Pains;
Unleſs a Tale for Truth may be believ'd,
And the good-natur'd World be willingly deceiv'd.

Where

Where Western Waves the farthest *Libya* beat,
Warm'd with the setting Sun's descending Heat,
Dreadful *Meduſa* fix'd her horrid Seat.
No leafy Shade, with kind Protection, ſhields
The rough, the ſquallid, unfrequented Fields;
No mark of Shepherds, or the Plowman's Toil,
To tend the Flocks, or turn the mellow Soil:
But rude with Rocks, the Region all around
Its Miſtreſs, and her Potent Viſage own'd.
'Twas from this Monſter to afflict Mankind,
That Nature firſt produc'd the Snaky Kind:
On her, at firſt, their forky Tongues appear'd;
From her their dreadful Hiſſings firſt were heard.
Some wreath'd in Folds upon her Temples hung;
Some backwards to her Waiſt depended long;
Some with their riſing Creſts her Forehead deck;
Some wanton play, and laſh her ſwelling Neck:
And while her Hands the curling Vipers comb,
Poiſons diſtil around, and Drops of livid Foam.

None, who beheld the Fury, could complain;
So ſwift their Fate, preventing Death and Pain:
E'er they had Time to fear, the Change came on,
And Motion, Senſe and Life were loſt in Stone.

Ver. 1077. *The Region all,*] Having been petrified by *Meduſa.*

The

The Soul it self, from sudden Flight debarr'd,
Congealing, in the Body's Fortune shar'd.
The Dire *Eumenides* could Rage inspire,
But could no more; the tuneful *Thracian* Lyre
Infernal *Cerberus* did soon assuage,
Lull'd him to Rest, and sooth'd his triple Rage;
Hydra's sev'n Heads the bold *Alcides* view'd,
Safely he saw, and what he saw, subdu'd:
Of these in various Terrors each excell'd;
But all to this Superior Fury yield.
Phorcus and *Cœto*, next to *Neptune* he,
Immortal both, and Rulers of the Sea,
This Monster's Parents, did their Offspring dread,
And from her Sight her Sister *Gorgons* fled.
Old Ocean's Waters, and the liquid Air,
The universal World her Pow'r might fear.
All Nature's beauteous Works she cou'd invade;
Thro' every Part a lazy Numbness fled,
And over all a Stony Surface spread.
Birds in their Flight were stopt, and pond'rous grown,
Forgot their Pinions, and fell senseless down.
Beasts to the Rocks were fix'd, and all around
Were Tribes of Stone and Marble Nations found.
No living Eyes so fell a Sight could bear;
Her Snakes themselves, all deadly tho' they were,
Shot backward from her Face, and shrunk away for Fear.

Ver. 1106. *Her Sister* Gorgons.] *Sthenio* and *Euryale*.

By

By her, a Rock *Titanian Atlas* grew,
And Heav'n by her the Giants did ſubdue;
Hard was the Fight, and *Jove* was half diſmay'd,
'Till *Pallas* brought the *Gorgon* to his Aid:
The heav'nly Nation laid aſide their Fear,
For ſoon ſhe finiſh'd the prodigious War;
To Mountains turn'd, the Monſter Race remains
The Trophies of her Pow'r on the *Phlegraan* Plains.
To ſeek this Monſter, and her Fate to prove,
The Son of *Danaë* and golden *Jove*,
Attempts a Flight thro' airy Ways above.
The Youth *Cyllenian Hermes'* Aid implor'd;
The God aſſiſted with his Wings and Sword,
His Sword, which late made watchful *Argus* bleed,
And *Iö* from her cruel Keeper freed:
Unwedded *Pallas* lent a Siſter's Aid;
But ask'd, for recompence, *Meduſa's* Head.
Eaſtward ſhe warns her Brother bend his Flight,
And from the *Gorgon* Realms avert his Sight;

Ver. 1119. *Titanian Atlas.*] *Atlas*, King of *Mauritania*, was of the Race of the Giants or *Titans*. See *Ovid. Metam.* Lib. 4.

Ver. 1128. *The Son of* Danaë.] *Perſeus.*

Ver. 1130. *Cyllenius Hermes.*] *Mercury*, ſo call'd from *Cyllene*, a Mountain in *Arcadia*, where his Mother *Maia* brought him forth. Among the peculiar Goods and Properties which belong'd to *Mercury*, were the Wings at his Head and Feet, and the Falchion, or crooked Sword, call'd *Harpe*, which he is here ſaid to lend his Brother *Perſeus*. For the Story of *Argos* and *Iö* ſee *Ovid. Met.* Lib. 1.

Then

Then arms his Left with her refulgent Shield,
And ſhews how there the Foe might be beheld.
Deep Slumbers had the drowzy Fiend poſſeſt,
Such as drew on, and well might ſeem, her laſt:
And yet ſhe ſlept not whole; one half her Snakes
Watchful, to guard their horrid Miſtreſs, wakes;
The reſt diſhevel'd, looſely, round her Head,
And o'er her drowzy Lids and Face were ſpread.
Backward the Youth draws near, nor dares to look,
But blindly, at a venture, aims a Stroke:
His falt'ring Hand the Virgin Goddeſs guides,
And from the Monſter's Neck her ſnaky Head divides.
But oh! what Art, what Numbers can expreſs
The Terrors of the dying *Gorgon*'s Face!
What Clouds of Poiſon from her Lips ariſe!
What Death, what vaſt Deſtruction threaten'd in her Eyes!
'Twas ſomewhat that immortal Gods might fear,
More than the warlike Maid her ſelf could bear.
The victor *Perſeus* ſtill had been ſubdu'd,
Tho' wary ſtill, with Eyes averſe he ſtood;
Had not his heav'nly Siſter's timely Care
Veil'd the dread Viſage with the hiſſing Hair.
Seiz'd of his Prey, Heav'nwards, uplifted light,
On *Hermies* nimble Wings, he took his Flight.
Now thoughtful of his Courſe, he hung in Air,
And meant thro' *Europe*'s happy Clime to ſteer;

'Till

'Till pitying *Pallas* warn'd him not to blaſt
Her fruitful Fields, nor lay her Cities waſte.
For who would not have upwards caſt their Sight,
Curious to gaze at ſuch a wond'rous Flight?
Therefore by Gales of gentle *Zephyrs* born,
To *Libya*'s Coaſt the Heroe minds to turn.
Beneath the ſult'ry Line, expos'd it lyes
To deadly Planets, and malignant Skies.
Still with his fiery Steeds, the God of Day
Drives thro' that Heav'n, and marks his burning Way.
No Land more high erects its lofty Head,
The ſilver Moon in dim Eclipſe to ſhade;
If thro' the Summer Signs direct ſhe run,
Nor bends obliquely, North or South to ſhun
The envious Earth that hides her from the Sun.
Yet cou'd this Soil acturſt, this barren Field,
Increaſe of Deaths, and poiſ'nous Harveſts yield.
Where-e'er ſublime in Air the Victor flew,
The Monſter's Head diſtill'd a deadly Dew;
The Earth receiv'd the Seed, and pregnant grew,
Still as the putrid Gore dropt on the Sand,
'Twas temper'd up by Nature's forming hand;

Ver. 1174. *No Land more high.*] *Lucan* erroneouſly ſuppoſes this Part of the Earth to riſe higher under the *Equator* than in any other Part, and to project its Shade fartheſt in Eclipſes of the Moon.

Ver. 1180. *Poiſ'nous Harveſts yield.*] Tho' it could produce nothing for the Good of Mankind, it brought forth Serpents.

The

The glowing Climate makes the Work compleat,
And broods upon the Mass, and lends it genial Heat.
First of those Plagues the drowzy *Asp* appear'd,
Then first her Crest and swelling Neck she rear'd;
A larger drop of black congealing Blood
Distinguish'd her amidst the deadly Brood.
Of all the Serpent Race are none so fell,
None with so many Deaths, such plenteous Venom swell;
Chill in themselves, our colder Climes they shun,
And chuse to bask in *Africk*'s warmer Sun;
But *Nile* no more confines 'em now: What Bound
Can for insatiate Avarice be found!
Freighted with *Libyan* Deaths our Merchants come,
And pois'nous *Asps* are things of Price at *Rome*.
Her scaly Folds th' *Hæmorrhois* unbends,
And her vast length along the Sands extends;
Where-e'er she wounds, from every Part the Blood
Gushes resistless in a Crimson Flood.
Amphibious some do in the *Syrts* abound,
And now on Land, in Waters now are found.
Slimy *Chelydri* the parch'd Earth distain,
And trace a reeking Furrow on the Plain.
The spotted *Cenchris*, rich in various Dyes,
Shoots in a Line, and forth directly flies;
Not *Theban* Marbles are so gayly dress'd,
Nor with such party-colour'd Beauties grac'd.

Safe

Safe in his earthly Hue and dusky Skin,
Th' *Ammodytes* lurks in the Sands unſeen:
The *Swimmer* there the cryſtal Stream pollutes;
And ſwift, thro' Air, the flying *Javelin* ſhoots.
The *Scytale*, e'er yet the Spring returns,
There caſts her Coat; and there the *Dipſas* burns;
The *Amphisbæna* doubly arm'd appears,
At either End a threatning Head ſhe rears.
Rais'd on his active Tail the *Pareas* ſtands,
And as he paſſes, furrows up the Sands.
The *Preſter* by his foaming Jaws is known;
The *Seps* invades the Fleſh and firmer Bone,
Diſſolves the Maſs of Man, and melts his Fabrick down.
The *Baſilisk*, with dreadful hiſſings heard,
And from afar by ev'ry Serpent fear'd,
To diſtance drives the Vulgar, and remains
The lonely Monarch of the deſart Plains.
And you, ye Dragons! of the ſcaly Race,
Whom glittering Gold and ſhining Armours grace,

Ver. 1214. *The Swimmer.*] The Latin Word is *Natrix*. I ſuppoſe this to be a kind of Water-Snake.

Ver. 1215. *The Javelin.*] In the Latin it is *Jaculus*, a ſort of Serpent which is ſaid to lodge upon Trees, and from thence dart it ſelf with great Violence and Swiftneſs at its Prey.

Ver. 1229. *And you, ye Dragons.*] The Ancients had a kind of religious Veneration for thoſe kind of Serpents call'd Dragons. Under this Form was *Æſculapius* worſhip'd, and *Jupiter* convers'd with *Alexander's* Mother, and *Apollo*

In other Nations harmleſs are you found,
Their guardian *Genii* and Protectors own'd;
In *Afric* only are you fatal; there,
On wide-expanded Wings, ſublime you rear
Your dreadful Forms, and drive the yielding Air.
The lowing Kine in droves you chace, and cull
Some Maſter of the Herd, ſome mighty Bull:
Around his ſtubborn Sides your Tails you twiſt,
By Force compreſs, and burſt his brawny Cheſt.
Not Elephants are by their larger Size
Secure, but, with the reſt, become your Prize.

lo with *Auguſtus Cæſar*'s. They were reckon'd Ἀγαθοὶ δαίμονες among the *Greeks*, and good *Genii* among the *Romans*. When *Æneas* ſacrificed to his Father's Ghoſt in the Fifth Book of *Virgil*'s Æneid, a Serpent of this kind appears.

Dixerat hæc; adytis cum lubricus Anguis ab imis,
Septem ingens gyros, &c.

Scarce had he finiſh'd, when with ſpeckled Pride
A Serpent from the Tomb began to glide:
His hugy Bulk on ſeven high Volumes roll'd,
Blue was his Breadth of Back, and ſtreak'd with ſcaly Gold.
Thus riding on his Curls, he ſeem'd to paſs
A rowling Fire along, and ſinge the Graſs.
More various Colours through his Body run,
Than Iris *when her Bow imbibes the Sun:*
Betwixt the riſing Altars, and around
The ſacred Monſter ſhot along the Ground:
With harmleſs Play amidſt the Bowls he paſs'd,
And with his lolling Tongue aſſay'd the Taſte:
Thus fed with holy Food, the wondrous Gueſt
Within the hollow Tomb retir'd to Reſt. [Mr. Dryden.

Reſiſtleſs

Reſiſtleſs in your Might, you all invade,
And for Deſtruction need not Poiſon's Aid.
Thus, thro' a thouſand Plagues around 'em ſpread,
A weary March the hardy Soldiers tread,
Thro' Thirſt, thro' Toil and Death, by *Cato* led.
Their Chief, with pious Grief and deep Regret,
Each moment mourns his Friends untimely Fate;
Wond'ring, he ſees ſome ſmall, ſome trivial Wound
Extend a valiant *Roman* on the Ground.
Aulus, a noble Youth of *Tyrrhene* Blood,
Who bore the Standard, on a *Dipſas* trode;
Backward the wrathful Serpent bent her Head,
And, fell with Rage, th' unheeded Wrong repay'd.
Scarce did ſome little Mark of Hurt remain,
And ſcarce he found ſome little Senſe of Pain;
Nor cou'd he yet the Danger doubt, nor fear
That Death with all its Terrors, threaten'd there.
When lo! unſeen, the ſecret Venom ſpreads,
And ev'ry nobler Part at once invades;
Swift Flames conſume the Marrow and the Brain,
And the ſcorch'd Entrails rage with burning Pain;
Upon his Heart the thirſty Poiſons prey,
And drain the ſacred Juice of Life away.
No kindly Floods of Moiſture bathe his Tongue,
But cleaving to the parched Roof it hung;
No trick'ling Drops diſtil, no dewy Sweat,
To eaſe his weary Limbs, and cool the raging Heat.

Nor

Nor cou'd he weep: ev'n Grief cou'd not supply
Streams for the mournful Office of his Eye,
The never-failing Source of Tears was dry.
Frantick he flies, and with a careless Hand
Hurls the neglected *Eagle* on the Sand;
Nor hears, nor minds, his pitying Chief's Command.
For Springs he seeks, he digs, he proves the Ground,
For Springs, in vain, explores the Desart round,
For cooling Draughts, which might their Aid impart,
And quench the burning Venom in his Heart.
Plung'd in the *Tanais*, the *Rhône*, or *Po*,
Or *Nile*, whose wand'ring Streams o'er *Ægypt* flow,
Still wou'd he rage, still with the Fever glow.
The scorching Climate to his Fate conspires,
And *Libya*'s Sun assists the *Dipsa*'s Fires.
Now ev'ry where for Drink, in vain he pries,
Now to the *Syrts* and briny Seas he flies;
The briny Seas delight, but seem not to suffice.
Nor yet he knows what secret Plague he nurs'd,
Nor found the Poison, but believ'd it Thirst.
Of Thirst, and Thirst alone, he still complains,
Raving for Thirst, he tears his swelling Veins;
From ev'ry Vessel drains a Crimson Flood,
And quaffs in greedy Draughts his vital Blood.
This *Cato* saw, and straight, without delay,
Commands the Legions on to urge their Way;

Nor

Nor give the enquiring Soldier time to know
What deadly Deeds a fatal Thirſt cou'd do.
But ſoon a Fate more ſad, with new Surprize,
From the firſt Object turns their wond'ring Eyes.
Wretched *Sabellus* by a *Seps* was ſtung,
Fix'd to his Leg, with deadly Teeth, it hung:
Sudden the Soldier ſhook it from the Wound,
Transfix'd and nail'd it to the barren Ground.
Of all the dire deſtructive Serpent Race,
None have ſo much of Death, tho' none are leſs.
For ſtraight, around the Part, the Skin withdrew,
The Fleſh and ſhrinking Sinews backward flew,
And left the naked Bones expos'd to view.
The ſpreading Poiſons all the Parts confound,
And the whole Body ſinks within the Wound.
The brawny Thighs no more their Muſcles boaſt,
But melting, all in liquid Filth are loſt;
The well-knit Groin above, and Ham below,
Mixt in one putrid Stream, together flow;
The firm *Peritonæum* rent in twain,
No more the preſſing Entrails cou'd ſuſtain,
It yields, and forth they fall, at once they guſh amain.
Small Reliques of the mould'ring Maſs were left,
At once of Subſtance, as of Form bereft;
Diſſolv'd the whole in liquid Poiſon ran,
And to a nauſeous Puddle ſhrunk the Man.

Then

Then burſt the rigid Nerves the manly Breaſt,
And all the Texture of the heaving Cheſt;
Reſiſtleſs way the quick-ſpring Venom made,
And ſecret Nature was at once diſplay'd;
Her ſacred Privacies all open lye
To each profane, enquiring, vulgar Eye.
Then the broad Shoulders did the Peſt invade,
Then o'er the valiant Arms and Neck it ſpread;
Laſt ſunk, the Mind's imperial Seat, the Head.
So Snows diſſolv'd by Southern Breezes run,
So melts the Wax before the Noon-day Sun.
Nor ends the Wonder here; tho' Flames are known
To waſte the Fleſh, yet ſtill they ſpare the Bone:
Here none were left, no leaſt Remains were ſeen;
No Marks to ſhew, that once the Man had been.
Of all the Plagues which curſe the *Libyan* Land,
(If Death and Miſchief may a Crown demand)
Serpent, the Palm is thine. Tho' others may
Boaſt of their Pow'r to force the Soul away,
Yet Soul and Body both becomes thy Prey.
A Fate of different kind *Naſidius* found;
A burning *Preſter* gave the deadly Wound;
And ſtraight a ſudden Flame began to ſpread,
And paint his Viſage with a glowing Red.

Ver. 1339. *To force the Soul away.*] That is, the Life.

With ſwift Expanſion ſwells the bloated Skin,
Nought but an undiſtinguiſh'd Maſs is ſeen,
While the fair human Form lyes loſt within.
The puffy Poiſon ſpreads, and heaves around,
'Till all the Man is in the Monſter drown'd.
No more the ſteely Plate his Breaſt can ſtay,
But yields, and gives the burſting Poiſon way.
Not Waters ſo, when Fire the Rage ſupplies,
Bubbling on heaps, in boiling Cauldrons riſe.
Nor ſwells the ſtretching Canvaſs half ſo faſt,
When the Sails gather all the driving Blaſt,
Strain the tough Yards, and bow the lofty Maſt.
The various Parts no longer now are known,
One headleſs formleſs Heap remains alone;
The feather'd Kind avoid the fatal Feaſt,
And leave it deadly to ſome hungry Beaſt;
With Horror ſeiz'd, his ſad Companions too,
In haſte from the unbury'd Carcaſs flew;
Look'd back, but fled again, for ſtill the Monſter grew.
But fertile *Libya* ſtill new Plagues ſupplies,
And to more horrid Monſters turns their Eyes.
Deeply the fierce *Hæmorrhois* impreſt
Her fatal Teeth on *Tullus'* valiant Breaſt.
The noble Youth, with Virtue's Love inſpir'd,
Her, in her *Cato*, follow'd and admir'd;

Mov'd

Mov'd by his great Example, vow'd to ſhare,
With him, each Chance of that diſaſtrous War.
And as when mighty *Rome*'s Spectators meet
In the full Theatre's capacious Seat,
At once, by ſecret Pipes and Channels fed,
Rich Tinctures guſh from ev'ry Antique Head;
At once ten thouſand ſaffron Currents flow,
And rain their Odours on the Crowd below:
So the warm Blood at once from ev'ry Part
Ran Purple Poiſon down, and drain'd the fainting Heart.
Blood falls for Tears, and o'er his mournful Face
The ruddy Drops their tainted Paſſage trace:
Where-e'er the liquid Juices find a way,
There Streams of Blood, there crimſon Rivers ſtray;
His Mouth and guſhing Noſtrils pour a Flood,
And ev'n the Pores ooze out the trickling Blood;
In the red Deluge all the Parts lye drown'd,
And the whole Body ſeems one bleeding Wound.
Levus, a colder *Aſpick* bit, and ſtrait
His Blood forgot to flow, his Heart to beat;

Ver. 1373. *In the full Theater's.*] The publick Shows at *Rome* were all exhibited at the Expence of the Publick, or ſome of the great Men. This was done with great Magnificence, of which this way of perfuming the whole Place, and the Spectators, is a pretty remarkable Inſtance. I know this Paſſage is render'd after a different manner, but I take this Senſe of it to be moſt eaſy and moſt probable.

Thick Shades upon his Eye-lids ſeem'd to creep,
And lock him faſt in Everlaſting Sleep:
No Senſe of Pain, no Torment did he know,
But ſunk in Slumbers to the Shades below.
Not ſwifter Deaths attend the noxious Juice,
Which dire *Sabæan Aconites* produce.
Well may their crafty Prieſts divine, and well
The Fate which they themſelves can cauſe, foretel.
Fierce from afar a darting *Javelin* ſhot,
(For ſuch, the Serpent's Name has *Africk* taught)
And thro' unhappy *Paulus'* Temples flew;
Nor Poiſon, but a Wound, the Soldier ſlew.
No Flight ſo ſwift, ſo rapid r.one we know,
Stones from the ſounding Sling, compar'd, are ſlow,
And the Shaft loiters from the *Scythian* Bow.
A *Baſilisk* bold *Murrus* kill'd in vain,
And nail'd it dying to the ſandy Plain;
Along the Spear the ſliding Venom ran,
And ſudden, from the Weapon, ſeiz'd the Man:
His Hand firſt touch'd, e'er it his Arm invade,
Soon he divides it with his ſhining Blade.

Ver. 1394. *Not ſwifter Deaths.*] The literal Tranſlation runs thus; *Nor are thoſe Poiſons more ſwift to deſtroy, which the Prophetick* Sabæans *compoſe of the Tree reſembling Birch, of which laſt the* Sabine (*and* Roman) *Magiſtrates Rods were made.* I have taken very few Liberties of adding or leaving out any thing in this Tranſlation: The laſt Circumſtance, indeed, of this Paſſage I did not think material enough to be inſiſted on.

The

The Serpent's Force by ſad Example taught,
With his loſt Hand, his ranſom'd Life he bought.
Who that the Scorpion's Inſect Form ſurveys,
Wou'd think that ready Death his Call obeys?
Threat'ning, he rears his knotty Tail on high;
The vaſt *Orion* thus he doom'd to die,
And fix'd him, his proud Trophy, in the Sky.
Or cou'd we the *Salpuga*'s Anger dread,
Or fear upon her little Cell to tread?
Yet ſhe the fatal Threads of Life commands,
And quickens oft the *Stygian* Siſters' Hands.
Purſu'd by Dangers, thus they paſs'd away
The reſtleſs Night, and thus the chearleſs Day;
Ev'n Earth it ſelf they fear'd, the common Bed,
Where each lay down to reſt his weary Head:
There no kind Trees their leafy Couches ſtrow,
The Sands no Turf nor moſſy Beds beſtow;
But tir'd, and fainting with the tedious Toil,
Expos'd they ſleep upon the fatal Soil.

Ver. 1416. *The vaſt* Orion.] Concerning this *Orion* there is a very ridiculous Fable: That he was ingender'd by *Jupiter*, *Neptune*, and *Mercury*'s piſſing in an Ox-hide. He was a Giant, and a very impudent one, for he would have raviſh'd *Diana*: But a certain Scorpion took her Part, and ſtung him to Death. Afterwards the ſaid Giant and Scorpion were both tranſlated to the Skies, and made Conſtellations.

Ver. 1418. *Salpuga*,] A little ſort of venomous Ant.

With vital Heat they brood upon the Ground,
And breathe a kind attractive Vapour round.
While chill, with colder Night's ungentle Air,
To Man's warm Breast his snaky Foes repair,
And find, ungrateful Guests, a Shelter there.
Thence fresh Supplies of pois'nous Rage return,
And fiercely with recruited Deaths they burn.

Restore, thus sadly oft the Soldier said,
Restore *Emathia*'s Plains, from whence we fled;
This Grace, at least, ye cruel Gods afford,
That we may fall beneath the hostile Sword.
The *Dipsa*'s here in *Cæsar*'s Triumph share,
And fell *Cerastæ* wage his Civil War.
Or let us haste away, press farther on,
Urge our bold Passage to the Burning Zone,
And die by those Ætherial Flames alone.
Africk, thy Deserts we accuse no more,
Nor blame, oh Nature, thy creating Pow'r:
From Man thou wisely didst these Wilds divide,
And for thy Monsters here alone provide;
A Region waste, and void of all beside.
Thy prudent Care forbad the barren Field,
The yellow Harvest's ripe Increase to yield;
Man and his Labours well thou didst deny,
And badst him from the Land of Poisons fly.

Ver. 1442. *Cerastæ*,] A kind of horned Serpent.

We,

We, Impious we, the bold Irruption made;
We, this the Serpent's World, did firſt invade;
Take then our Lives a Forfeit for the Crime,
Whoe'er thou art, that rul'ſt this curſed Clime;
What God ſoe'er, that lonely lov'ſt to Reign,
And do'ſt the Commerce of Mankind diſdain;
Who, to ſecure thy horrid Empire's Bound,
Haſt fix'd the *Syrts*, and Torrid Realms around;
Here the wild Waves, there the Flames ſcorching Breath,
And fill'd the dreadful middle Space with Death.
Behold, to thy Retreats our Arms we bear,
And with *Rome*'s Civil Rage prophane thee Here;
Ev'n to thy inmoſt Seats we ſtrive to go,
And ſeek the Limits of the World to know.
Perhaps more dire Events attend us yet;
New Deaths, new Monſters, ſtill we go to meet.
Perhaps to thoſe far Seas our Journey bends,
Where to the Waves the burning Sun deſcends;
Where, ruſhing headlong down Heav'n's Azure Steep,
All red he plunges in the hiſſing Deep.
Low ſinks the Pole, declining from its Height,
And ſeems to yield beneath the rapid Weight.
Nor farther Lands from Fame her ſelf are known,
But *Mauritanian Juba*'s Realms alone.
Perhaps, while, raſhly daring, on we paſs,
Fate may diſcover ſome more dreadful Place;

Till, late repenting, we may wiſh in vain
To ſee theſe Serpents, and theſe Sands again.
One Joy, at leaſt, do theſe ſad Regions give,
Ev'n here we know 'tis poſſible to Live;
That, by the native Plagues, we may perceive.
Nor ask we now for *Aſia*'s gentler Day,
Nor now for *European* Suns we pray;
Thee, *Africk*, now, thy Abſence we deplore,
And ſadly think we ne'er ſhall ſee thee more.
Say, in what Part, what Climate art thou loſt?
Where have we left *Cyrene*'s happy Froſt?
Cold Skies we felt, and froſty Winter there,
While more than Summer Suns are raging here,
And break the Laws of the well-order'd Year.
Southward, beyond Earth's Limits, are we paſs'd,
And *Rome*, at length, beneath our Feet is plac'd.
Grant us, ye Gods, one Pleaſure e'er we die,
Add to our harder Fate this only Joy,
That *Caſar* may purſue, and follow where we fly.
Impatient, thus the Soldier oft complains,
And ſeems, by telling, to relieve his Pains.
But moſt the Virtues of their matchleſs Chief
Inſpire new Strength, to bear with ev'ry Grief;
All Night, with careful Thoughts and watchful Eyes,
On the bare Sands expos'd the Hero lyes;

Ver. 1485. *The native Plagues.*] The Serpents.

In

In ev'ry Place alike, in ev'ry Hour,
Dares his ill Fortune, and defies her Pow'r.
Unweary'd ſtill, his common Care attends
On ev'ry Fate, and chears his dying Friends:
With ready haſte at each ſad Call he flies,
And more than Health, or Life it ſelf, ſupplies;
With Virtue's nobleſt Precepts arms their Souls,
And ev'n their Sorrows, like his own, controuls:
Where-e'er he comes, no Signs of Grief are ſhown;
Grief, an unmanly Weakneſs, they diſown,
And ſcorn to ſigh, or breathe one parting Groan.
Still urging on his Pious Cares, he ſtrove
The Senſe of outward Evils to remove;
And, by his Preſence, taught 'em to diſdain
The feeble Rage and Impotence of Pain.

But now, ſo many Toils and Dangers paſt,
Fortune grew kind, and brought Relief at laſt.
Of all who ſcorching *Africk*'s Sun endure,
None like the ſwarthy *Pſyllians* are ſecure.
Skill'd in the Lore of pow'rful Herbs and Charms,
Them, nor the Serpent's Tooth, nor Poiſon harms:

Ver. 1524. *Pſyllians.*] Theſe People were Neighbours to the *Naſamones*, and were rather taken by *Cato* along with him when he began his March, than found out upon the Way.

Nor do they thus in Arts alone excel,
But Nature too their Blood has temper'd well,
And taught, with vital Force, the Venom to repel.
With healing Gifts and Privileges grac'd,
Well in the Land of Serpents were they plac'd;
Truce with the dreadful Tyrant, Death, they have,
And border safely on his Realm, the Grave.
Such is their Confidence in true-born Blood,
That oft with Asps they prove their doubtful Brood;
When wanton Wives their jealous Rage inflame,
The New-born Infant clears or damns the Dame:
If subject to the wrathful Serpent's Wound,
The Mother's Shame is by the Danger found;
But if unhurt, the fearless Infant laugh;
The Wife is honest, and the Husband safe.
So when *Jove*'s Bird on some tall Cedar's Head,
Has a new Race of gen'rous Eaglets bred,
While yet unplum'd, within the Nest they lye,
Wary she turns them to the Eastern Sky:
Then, if unequal to the God of Day,
Abash'd they shrink, and shun the potent Ray,
She spurns 'em forth, and casts 'em quite away:
But if with daring Eyes unmov'd they gaze,
Withstand the Light, and bear the Golden Blaze;
Tender she broods 'em, with a Parent's Love,
The future Servants of her Master *Jove*.

Nor

Nor ſafe themſelves, alone, the *Pſylli* are,
But to their Gueſts extend their friendly Care.
Firſt, where the *Roman* Camp is mark'd, around
Circling they paſs, then Chanting, Charm the Ground,
And chace the Serpents with the Myſtick Sound.
Beyond the fartheſt Tents rich Fires they build,
That healthy Medicinal Odours yield;
There foreign *Galbanum* diſſolving fries,
And crackling Flames from humble *Wall-wort* riſe;
There *Tamariſk*, which no green Leaf adorns,
And there the ſpicy *Syrian Ceſtos* burns.
There *Centory* ſupplies the wholeſom Flame,
That from *Theſſalian Chiron* takes its Name;
The Gummy *Larch-Tree*, and the *Thapſos* there,
Wound-wort and *Maiden-weed*, perfume the Air.
There the large Branches of the long-liv'd Hart,
With *Southern-wood*, their Odours ſtrong impart.
The Monſters of the Land, the Serpents fell,
Fly far away, and ſhun the hoſtile Smell.
Securely thus they paſs the Nights away;
And if they chance to meet a Wound by Day,
The *Pſyllian* Artiſts ſtrait their Skill diſplay.

Ver. 1560. *Foreign* Galbanum,] Foreign to *Africa*, as being found in the Mountain *Amanus* in *Syria*.

Ver. 1565. *That from* Theſſalian Chiron.] The Virtues of the Herb Centory were found out by the Centaur *Chiron*, famous for his Skill in Phyſick, and took its Name from him.

Then

Then ſtrives the *Leach* the Pow'r of Charms to ſhow,
And bravely combats with the deadly Foe:
With Spittle, firſt, he marks the Part around,
And keeps the Poiſon Priſ'ner in the Wound;
Then ſudden he begins the Magick Song,
And rolls the Numbers haſty o'er his Tongue;
Swift he runs on; nor pauſes once for Breath,
To ſtop the Progreſs of approaching Death:
He fears the Cure might ſuffer, by Delay,
And Life be loſt, but for a Moment's Stay.
Thus oft, tho' deep within the Veins it lyes,
By Magick Numbers chac'd, the Miſchief flies:
But if it hear too ſlow, if ſtill it ſtay,
And ſcorn the Potent Charmer to obey;
With forceful Lips he faſtens on the Wound,
Drains out, and ſpits the Venom to the Ground.
Thus by long Uſe and oft Experience taught,
He knows from whence his Hurt the Patient got;
He proves the Part thro' which the Poiſon paſt,
And knows each various Serpent, by the Taſte.
The Warriors thus reliev'd, amidſt their Pains,
Held on their Paſſage thro' the Deſart Plains:
And now the ſilver Empreſs of the Night
Had loſt, and twice regain'd her borrow'd Light,

Ver. 1598. *Had loſt, and twice regain'd.*] That is, during the Space of two Months. The expreſs Time of

Cato's

While *Cato*, wandring o'er the wasteful Field,
Patient in all his Labours, ſhe beheld.
At length condens'd in Clods the Sands appear,
And ſhew a better Soil and Country near;
Now from afar thin Tufts of Trees ariſe,
And ſcattering Cottages delight their Eyes.
But when the Soldier once beheld again
The raging Lion ſhake his horrid Mane,
What hopes of better Lands his Soul poſſeſt!
What Joys he felt, to view the dreadful Beaſt!
Leptis at laſt they reach'd, that neareſt lay,
There free from Storms, and the Sun's parching Ray,
At Eaſe they paſs'd the Wintry Year away.

Cato's March is diverſly related by *Plutarch*, *Strabo*, and *Lucan*; the firſt allowing but Seven Days for it, the ſecond Thirty, and the laſt, as we ſee here, Two Months. This is of no great Conſequence, ſince they might fix the Beginning of his Journey, and reckon his Departure, from ſeveral Places.

Ver. 1606. *The raging Lion.*] Some of the Commentators upon this Verſe,

Qui primum ſævos contra vidêre Leones,

fancy that it refers to a Cuſtom which the Natives of this Country had to hang up the Lions, which they had caught or kill'd, upon Croſſes, and that they were theſe crucified Lions which *Cato*'s Soldiers were ſo glad to meet with: But I can ſee no Reaſon for ſuch a far-fetch'd Interpretation; the Meaning ſeems to me to be, that by meeting with thoſe Beaſts, who uſually prey upon tame Cattle, they found they were come into or near an inhabited Country.

Ver. 1609. Leptis *at laſt.*] *Leptis parva*, now *Lempta* in *Barbary*.

When

When fated with the Joys which Slaughters yield,
Retiring *Cæsar* left *Emathia*'s Fields;
His other Cares laid by, he sought alone
To trace the Footsteps of his flying Son.
Led by the Guidance of reporting Fame,
First to the *Thracian Hellespont* he came.
Here young *Leander* perish'd in the Flood,
And here the Tow'r of mournful *Hero* stood:
Here, with a narrow Stream, the flowing Tide,
Europe, from wealthy *Asia*, does divide.
From hence the Curious Victor passing o'er,
Admiring, sought the fam'd *Sigæan* Shore.
There might he Tombs of *Grecian* Chiefs behold,
Renown'd in Sacred Verse by Bards of Old.
There the long Ruins of the Walls appear'd,
Once by great *Neptune*, and *Apollo*, rear'd:

Ver. 1617. *To the* Thracian Hellespont.] *Cæsar* very naturally followed *Pompey* into *Asia*, where he had so great an Interest.

Ver. 1623. Sigæan *Shore.*] A Promontory now called Cape *Janisari* in *Asia Minor* on the *Archipelago*, over-against the Island of *Tenedos*, near the Ruins of the ancient *Troy*. Here were the Tombs of *Achilles* and *Patroclus*.

Rhœtian, or *Rhœtium*, was a Town and Promontory likewise thereabouts, where was the Tomb of *Ajax* the Son of *Telamon*.

Ver. 1626. *Ruins of the Walls.*] *Neptune* and *Apollo* agreed with *Laëmedon*, King of *Troy*, to build Walls round his City; which when they had perform'd, and the King refused to pay them according to Agreement, *Neptune* in Revenge

There ſtood Old *Troy*, a venerable Name;
For ever Conſecrate to Deathleſs Fame.
Now blaſted moſſy Trunks with Branches ſear,
Brambles and Weeds, a loathſom Foreſt rear;
Where once in Palaces of Regal State,
Old *Priam*, and the *Trojan* Princes, ſate.
Where Temples once, on lofty Columns born,
Majeſtick did the wealthy Town adorn,
All rude, all waſte and deſolate is lay'd,
And ev'n the ruin'd Ruins are decay'd.
Here *Cæſar* did each Story'd Place ſurvey,
Here ſaw the Rock, where, *Neptune* to obey,
Heſione was bound the Monſter's Prey.
Here, in the Covert of a ſecret Grove,
The bleſt *Anchiſes* claſp'd the Queen of Love:
Here fair *Oenone* play'd, Here ſtood the Cave
Where *Paris* once the fatal Judgment gave;
Here lovely *Ganymede* to Heav'n was born;
Each Rock, and ev'ry Tree, recording Tales adorn.

yenge ſent a Sea-Monſter amongſt his People; to appeaſe whom the *Trojans* were forced to expoſe their Daughters to be devour'd by him. Among the reſt, *Heſione*, the King's Daughter, being tied to a Rock for this purpoſe, was deliver'd by *Hercules*, who kill'd the Monſter.

Ver. 1642. *Anchiſes*,] The Father of *Æneas*.

Ver. 1643. *Oenone*,] The firſt Miſtreſs of *Paris*, while he was a Shepherd, and had not ſeen *Helen*. See *Ovid's* Epiſtles. The Story of *Ganymede*, and indeed moſt of the reſt here mention'd, are known Fables.

Here

Here all that does of *Xanthus'* Stream remain,
Creeps a ſmall Brook along the duſty Plain.
Whilſt careleſs and ſecurely on they paſs,
The *Phrygian* Guide forbids to preſs the Graſs;
This Place, he ſaid, for ever ſacred keep,
For here the ſacred Bones of *Hector* ſleep.
Then warns him to obſerve, where, rudely caſt,
Diſjointed Stones lay broken and defac'd:
Here his laſt Fate, he cries, did *Priam* prove;
Here, on this Altar of *Hercæan Jove.*
O Poeſie Divine! Oh ſacred Song!
To thee, bright Fame and Length of Days belong;
Thou, Goddeſs! Thou Eternity can'ſt give,
And bid ſecure the Mortal Heroe live.
Nor, *Cæſar*, thou diſdain, that I rehearſe
Thee, and thy Wars, in no ignoble Verſe;
Since, if in ought the *Latian* Muſe excel,
My Name, and thine, Immortal I foretel;
Eternity our Labours ſhall reward,
And *Lucan* flouriſh, like the *Grecian* Bard;
My Numbers ſhall to lateſt Times convey
The Tyrant *Cæſar*, and *Pharſalia's* Day.

Ver. 1656. *Hercæan Jove.*] This Altar of *Jupiter Hercæus* or *Penetralis*, was conſecrated to that God as the Keeper of the Houſe and Family. He is call'd *Hercæus* from the Greek Word Ἕρκος, which ſignifies an Incloſure, and his Altar was placed accordingly near the Wall.

When

When long the Chief his wond'ring Eyes had caſt,
On ancient Monuments of Ages paſt;
Of living Turf an Altar ſtrait he made,
Then on the Fire rich Gums and Incenſe laid,
And thus, ſucceſsful in his Vows, he pray'd.
Ye Shades Divine! who keep this ſacred Place,
And thou, *Æneas*! Author of my Race,
Ye Pow'rs, whoe'er from burning *Troy* did come,
Domeſtick Gods of *Alba*, and of *Rome*,
Who ſtill preſerve your ruin'd Country's Name,
And on your Altars guard the *Phrygian* Flame:
And thou, bright Maid, who art to Men deny'd;
Pallas, who do'ſt thy ſacred Pledge confide
To *Rome*, and in her inmoſt Temple hide;
Hear, and auſpicious to my Vows incline,
To me, the greateſt of the *Julian* Line:
Proſper my future Ways; and lo! I vow
Your ancient State and Honours to beſtow;
Auſonian Hands ſhall *Phrygian* Walls reſtore,
And *Rome* repay, what *Troy* conferr'd before.

Ver. 1676. *Ye Pow'rs.*] This Invocation is addreſs'd to thoſe Gods whoſe Images *Æneas* brought with him from *Troy*, which were placed at *Alba* by his Son *Aſcanius*, and afterwards re-vov'd to *Rome*.

Ver. 1679. Phrygian *Flame.*] The Fire of *Veſta*.

Ver. 1681. *Thy ſacred Pledge.*] The *Palladium*.

Ver. 1687. Phrygian *Walls reſtore.*] I don't know whether *Lucan* does not hint in this Paſſage at the Deſign which

He ſaid; and haſted to his Fleet away.
Swift to repair the Loſs of this Delay.
Up ſprung the Wind, and with a freſh'ning Gale,
The kind North-Weſt fill'd ev'ry ſwelling Sail;
Light o'er the foamy Waves the Navy flew,
'Till *Aſia*'s Shores and *Rhodes* no more they view.
Six times the Night her Sable Round had made,
The ſeventh now paſſing on, the Chief ſurvey'd
High *Pharos* ſhining through the gloomy Shade;
The Coaſt deſcry'd, he waits the riſing Day,
Then ſafely to the Port directs his Way.
There wide with Crouds o'er-ſpread he ſees the Shoar,
And ecchoing hears the loud tumultuous Roar.
Diſtruſtful of his Fate, he gives Command
To ſtand aloof, nor truſt the doubted Land;
When lo! a Meſſenger appears, to bring
A fatal Pledge of Peace from *Egypt*'s King:
Hid in a Veil, and cloſely cover'd o'er,
Pompey's pale Viſage in his Hand he bore.
An impious Orator the Tyrant ſends,
Who thus, with fitting Words, the monſtrous Gift commends.

which *Auguſtus Cæſar* had to tranſlate the Seat of Empire from *Rome* to *Troy*, and which Monſ. *Dacier* has obſerv'd, from Mr. *Le Fevre*, gave Occaſion for one of the moſt beautiful Odes in *Horace*.

Ver. 1708. *An impious Orator.*] This villainous Ambaſſador was *Theodotus* the Rhetorician of *Chios*, the worthy Præceptor of ſuch a Prince as *Ptolemy*. He was one of his Council,

Hail! first and greatest of the *Roman* Name;
In Pow'r most mighty, most renown'd in Fame:
Hail! rightly now, the World's unrival'd Lord!
That Benefit thy *Pharian* Friends afford.
My King bestows the Prize thy Arms have fought,
For which *Pharsalia*'s Field, in vain, was fought.
No Task remains for future Labours now;
The Civil Wars are finish'd at a Blow.
To heal *Thessalia*'s Ruins, *Pompey* fled
To us for Succour, and by us lyes Dead.
Thee, *Cæsar*, with this costly Pledge we buy,
Thee to our Friendship, with this Victim, tye.
Egypt's proud Scepter freely then receive,
Whate'er the fertile flowing *Nile* can give:
Accept the Treasures which this Deed has spar'd;
Accept the Benefit, without Reward.
Deign, *Cæsar!* deign to think my Royal Lord
Worthy the Aid of thy Victorious Sword:
In the first Rank of Greatness shall he stand;
He, who could *Pompey*'s Destiny command.

Council, and had been a principal Adviser of this barbarous Murder. *Plutarch* says, he was afterwards taken by *Brutus* in *Asia*, and by him put to a very cruel Death. *Appian* says, he was crucified by Order of *Cassius*. It is pretty certain that he came to such an End as he had deserv'd.

Ver. 1724. *Accept the Treasures.*] The Money which thou, O *Cæsar*, wou'dst have given willingly to have this Deed done.

Nor

Nor frown diſdainful on the proffer'd Spoil,
Becauſe not dearly bought with Blood and Toil;
But think, oh think, what ſacred Ties were broke,
How Friendſhip pleaded, and how Nature ſpoke;
That *Pompey*, who reſtor'd *Auletes'* Crown,
The Father's antient Gueſt, was murder'd by the Son.
Then judge thy ſelf, or ask the World and Fame,
If Services, like theſe, deſerve a Name.
If Gods and Men the daring Deed abhor,
Think, for that Reaſon, *Cæſar* owes the more;
This Blood *for thee*, tho' not *by thee*, was ſpilt;
Thou haſt the Benefit, and we the Guilt.
He ſaid, and ſtrait the horrid Gift unveil'd,
And ſtedfaſt to the gazing Victor held.
Chang'd was the Face, deform'd with Death all o'er,
Pale, ghaſtly, wan, and ſtain'd with clotted Gore;
Unlike the *Pompey*, *Cæſar* knew before.
He, nor at firſt diſdain'd the fatal Boon,
Nor ſtarted from the dreadful Sight too ſoon.
Awhile his Eyes the murd'rous Scene endure,
Doubting they view; but ſhun it, when ſecure.
At length he ſtood convinc'd, the Deed was done;
He ſaw 'twas ſafe to mourn his lifeleſs Son.

Ver. 1734. *Auletes.*] The Sirname of young *Ptolemy*'s Father.

And

And ſtrait the ready Tears, that ſtay'd 'till now,
Swift at Command with pious Semblance flow:
As if deteſting, from the Sight he turns,
And groaning, with a Heart triumphant mourns.
He fears his impious Thought ſhould be deſcry'd,
And ſeeks in Tears the ſwelling Joy to hide.
Thus the curſt *Pharian* Tyrant's Hopes were croſt,
Thus all the Merit of his Gift was loſt;
Thus for the Murder *Cæſar*'s Thanks were ſpar'd;
He choſe to mourn it, rather than reward.
He who, relentleſs, thro' *Pharſalia* rode,
And on the Senate's mangled Fathers trode;
He who, without one pitying Sigh beheld
The Blood and Slaughter of that woful Field;
Thee, murder'd *Pompey*, could not ruthleſs ſee,
But pay'd the Tribute of his Grief to thee.
Oh Myſtery of Fortune, and of Fate!
Oh ill conſorted Piety and Hate!
And can'ſt thou, *Cæſar*, then thy Tears afford,
To the dire Object of thy vengeful Sword?
Didſt thou, for this, devote his Hoſtile Head,
Purſue him Living, to bewail him Dead?
Cou'd not the gentle Ties of Kindred move?
Wert thou not touch'd with thy ſad *Julia*'s Love?
And weep'ſt thou now? Doſt thou theſe Tears provide
To win the Friends of *Pompey* to thy Side?

Perhaps,

Perhaps, with ſecret Rage thou do'ſt repine,
That he ſhould dye by any Hand but thine:
Thence fall thy Tears, that *Ptolemy* has done
A Murder, due to *Ceſar's* Hand alone.
What ſecret Springs ſoe'er theſe Currents know,
They ne'er, by Piety, were taught to flow.
Or didſt thou kindly, like a careful Friend,
Purſue him Flying, only to Defend?
Well was his Fate deny'd to thy Command!
Well was he ſnatch'd by Fortune from thy Hand!
Fortune with-held this Glory from thy Name,
Forbad thy Pow'r to Save, and ſpar'd the *Roman* Shame.
Still he goes on to vent his Griefs aloud,
And artful, thus, deceives the eaſie Crowd.
Hence from my Sight, nor let me ſee thee more;
Haſte, to thy King his fatal Gift reſtore.
At *Ceſar* have you aim'd the deadly Blow,
And wounded *Ceſar* worſe than *Pompey* now;
The cruel Hands by which this Deed was done,
Have torn away the Wreaths my Sword had won,
That nobleſt Prize this Civil War cou'd give,
The Victor's Right to bid the Vanquiſh'd live.
Then tell your King, his Gift ſhould be repay'd;
I would have ſent him *Cleopatra's* Head;
But that he wiſhes to behold her Dead.

How

How has he dar'd, this *Egypt*'s petty Lord,
To join his Murders to the *Roman* Sword?
Did I, for this, in heat of War, diſtain
With nobleſt Blood *Emathia*'s purple Plain,
To licence *Ptolemy*'s pernicious Reign?
Did I with *Pompey* ſcorn the World to ſhare?
And can I an *Egyptian* Partner bear?
In vain the warlike Trumpet's dreadful Sound
Has rous'd the Univerſe to Arms around;
Vain was the Shock of Nations, if they own,
Now, any Pow'r on Earth but mine alone.
If hither to your Impious Shores I came,
'Twas to aſſert, at once, my Power and Fame;
Leſt the pale Fury *Envy* ſhould have ſaid,
Your Crimes I damn'd not, or your Arms I fled.
Nor think to fawn before me, and deceive;
I know the Welcome you prepare to give.
Theſſalia's Field preſerves me from your Hate,
And guards the Victor's Head from *Pompey*'s Fate.
What Ruin, Gods! attended on my Arms,
What Dangers unforeſeen! What waiting Harms!
Pompey, and *Rome*, and Exile, were my Fear;
See yet a Fourth, See *Ptolemy* appear!
The Boy-King's Vengeance loiters in the Rear.
But we forgive his Youth, and bid him know
Pardon and Life's the moſt we can beſtow.

For

For you, the meaner Herd, with Rites divine,
And pious Cares, the Warrior's Head inſhrine:
Atone with Penitence the injur'd Shade,
And let his Aſhes in their Urn be laid;
Pleas'd, let his Ghoſt lamenting *Cæſar* know,
And feel my Preſence here, ev'n in the Reamls below.
Oh, what a Day of Joy was loſt to *Rome*,
When hapleſs *Pompey* did to *Egypt* come!
When, to a Father and a Friend unjuſt,
He rather choſe the *Pharian* Boy to truſt.
The wretched World that Loſs of Peace ſhall rue,
Of Peace, which from our Friendſhip might enſue:
But thus the Gods their hard Decrees have made;
In vain, for Peace, and for Repoſe I pray'd;
In vain implor'd, that Wars and Rage might end,
That, Suppliant-like, I might to *Pompey* bend,
Beg him to Live, and once more be my Friend.
Then had my Labours met their juſt Reward,
And, *Pompey*, thou in all my Glories ſhar'dſt.
Then, Jars and Enmities all paſt and gone,
In Pleaſure had the peaceful Years roll'd on,
All ſhould forgive, to make the Joy compleat;
Thou ſhould'ſt thy harder Fate, and *Rome* my Wars forget.
Faſt falling ſtill the Tears, thus ſpoke the Chief,
But found no Partner in the ſpecious Grief.

Oh!

Oh! Glorious Liberty! when all ſhall dare 1855
A Face, unlike their mighty Lord, to wear!
Each in his Breaſt the riſing Sorrow kept,
And thought it ſafe to laugh, tho' *Cæſar* wept.

Ver. 1855. *Oh! glorious Liberty!*] This is a very Satyrical Irony. He means, that the Standers-by durſt not ſhew any Sign but that of Joy, ſince *Cæſar*, tho' outwardly he ſeem'd to grieve, was in his Heart pleas'd with that execrable Action. But this is an Inſtance of *Lucan*'s Prejudice againſt *Cæſar*; a Fault of which I am ſorry an Author, who ſeems to have been a Lover of his Country, ſhould be ſo often guilty.

THE TENTH BOOK OF *LUCAN's PHARSALIA.*

The ARGUMENT.

Cæſar, *upon his Arrival in* Ægypt, *finds* Ptolemy *engag'd in a Quarrel with his Siſter* Cleopatra; *whom, at the Inſtigation of* Photinus, *and his other evil Counſellors, he had depriv'd of her Share in the Kingdom, and impriſon'd. She finds means to Eſcape, comes privately to* Cæſar, *and puts herſelf under his Protection.* Cæſar *interpoſes in the Quarrel, and reconciles them. They in return entertain him with great Magnificence and Luxury at the Royal Palace in* Alexandria. *At this Feaſt* Cæſar, *who at his firſt Arrival had viſited the Tomb of* Alexander *the Great, and whatever elſe was Curious in that City, enquires of the Chief Prieſt* Achoreus, *and is by him inform'd of the Courſe of the* Nile, *its ſtated Increaſe and Decreaſe, with the ſeveral Cauſes that had been till that time aſſign'd for it. In the mean time* Photinus *writes privately to* Achillas, *to draw the Army to* Alexandria, *and ſurprize* Cæſar; *this he immediately performs, and beſieges the Palace. But* Cæſar, *having ſet the City and many of the* Ægyptian *Ships on fire, eſcapes to the Iſland and Tower of* Pharos, *carrying the young King and* Photinus, *whom he ſtill kept in his Power, with him; there having diſcover'd the Treachery of* Photinus, *he puts him to Death. At the ſame time* Arſinoë, Ptolemy's *youngeſt Siſter, having by the Advice of her Tutor, the Eunuch* Ganymedes, *aſſum'd the Regal Authority, orders* Achillas *to be kill'd likewiſe, and renews the War againſt* Cæſar. *Upon the Mole between* Pharos *and* Alexandria *he is encompaſs'd by the Enemy, and very near being ſlain, but at length breaks thro', leaps into the Sea, and with his uſual Courage and good Fortune ſwims in Safety to his own Fleet.*

LUCAN's PHARSALIA.

BOOK X.

SOON as the Victor reach'd the guilty Shore,
Yet red with Stains of murder'd *Pompey's* Gore,
New Toils his ſtill prevailing Fortune met,
By impious *Ægypt's* Genius hard beſet.
The Strife was now, if this deteſted Land
Shou'd own Imperial *Rome's* Supreme Command,
Or *Caeſar* bleed beneath ſome *Pharian* Hand.
But thou, oh *Pompey*! thy Diviner Shade
Came timely to this cruel Father's Aid;
Thy Influence the deadly Sword withſtood,
Nor ſuffer'd *Nile*, again, to bluſh with *Roman* Blood.

Safe in the Pledge of *Pompey*, ſlain ſo late,
Proud *Cæſar* enters *Alexandria*'s Gate:
Enſigns on high the long Proceſſion lead;
The Warrior and his armed Train ſucceed.
Meanwhile, loud-murmuring, the moody Throng
Behold his *Faſces* born in State along:
Of Innovations fiercely they complain,
And ſcornfully reject the *Roman* Reign.
Soon ſaw the Chief th'untoward Bent they take,
And found that *Pompey* fell not for his ſake.
Wiſely, howe'er, he hid his ſecret Fear,
And held his Way, with well-diſſembled Chear.
Careleſs, he runs their Gods and Temples o'er,
The Monuments of *Macedonian* Pow'r;
But neither God, nor Shrine, nor myſtick Rite,
Their City, nor her Walls, his Soul delight:
Their Caves beneath his Fancy chiefly led,
To ſearch the gloomy Manſions of the Dead:
Thither with ſecret Pleaſure he deſcends,
And to the Guide's recording Tale attends.
There the vain Youth who made the World his Prize,
That proſp'rous Robber, *Alexander*, lyes.

Ver. 25. Macedonian *Power*.] *Alexandria* was built by *Alexander* the Great.

Ver. 28. *Their Caves beneath*.] The *Ægyptians* embalming their Dead, and burying them in theſe large Caves in great Numbers together, is very well known. They are what are now called *Catacombs*, and are ſo frequenty viſited by Travellers.

When

When pitying Death, at length, had freed Mankind,
To ſacred Reſt his Bones were here conſign'd:
His Bones, that better had been toſs'd and hurl'd,
With juſt Contempt, around the injur'd World.
But Fortune ſpar'd the Dead; and partial Fate,
For Ages, fix'd his *Pharian* Empire's Date.
If e'er our long-loſt Liberty return,
That Carcaſs is reſerv'd for publick Scorn:
Now, it remains a Monument confeſt,
How one proud Man cou'd lord it o'er the reſt.
To *Macedon*, a Corner of the Earth,
The vaſt ambitious Spoiler ow'd his Birth:
There, ſoon, he ſcorn'd his Father's humbler Reign,
And view'd his vanquiſh'd *Athens* with Diſdain.
Driv'n headlong on, by Fate's reſiſtleſs Force,
Thro' *Aſia*'s Realms he took his dreadful Courſe:
His ruthleſs Sword lay'd Human Nature waſte,
And Deſolation follow'd where he paſs'd.
Red *Ganges* bluſh'd, and fam'd *Euphrates'* Flood,
With *Perſian* this, and that with *Indian* Blood.
Such is the Bolt which angry *Jove* employs,
When, undiſtinguiſhing, his Wrath deſtroys:

Ver. 39. *For Ages fix'd.*] From the firſt *Ptolemy* who ſucceeded *Alexander*, to this worthleſs Prince, who murder'd *Pompey*, about 280 Years.

Ver. 47. *Vanquiſh'd* Athens.] Not only *Athens*, but a good Part of *Greece* had been ſubdued by his Father *Philip*, partly by Force, and partly by Fraud.

Such, to Mankind, portentous Meteors riſe,
Trouble the gazing Earth, and blaſt the Skies.
Nor Flame, nor Flood, his reſtleſs Rage withſtand,
Nor *Syrts* unfaithful, nor the *Libyan* Sand:
O'er Waves unknown he meditates his Way,
And ſeeks the boundleſs Empire of the Sea;
Ev'n to the utmoſt Weſt he wou'd have gone,
Where *Tethys'* Lap receives the ſetting Sun;
Around each Pole his Circuit wou'd have made,
And drunk from ſecret *Nile*'s remoteſt Head,
When Nature's Hand his wild Ambition ſtay'd.
With him, that Pow'r his Pride had lov'd ſo well,
His monſtrous Univerſal Empire, fell:
No Heir, no juſt Succeſſor left behind,
Eternal Wars he to his Friends aſſign'd,
To tear the World, and ſcramble for Mankind.
Yet ſtill he dy'd the Maſter of his Fame,
And *Parthia* to the laſt rever'd his Name:
The haughty Eaſt from *Greece* receiv'd her Doom,
With lower Homage than ſhe pays to *Rome*.
Tho' from the frozen Pole our Empire run,
Far as the Journeys of the Southern Sun;

Ver. 61. *Empire of the Sea.*] In this he hints at *Alexander*'s Deſign of diſcovering the *Indian* Ocean, mention'd by Q. *Curtius*.

Ver. 72. *Maſter of his Fame.*] *Alexander* died in Poſſeſſion of the Empire he had acquir'd, and *Parthia*, with the reſt of the Eaſt, acknowledged his Power.

In

In Triumph tho' our conqu'ring Eagles fly,
Where-e'er ſoft *Zephyrs* fan the Weſtern Sky;
Still to the haughty *Parthian* muſt we yield,
And mourn the Loſs of *Carra*'s dreadful Field:
Still ſhall the Race untam'd their Pride avow,
And lift thoſe Heads aloft which *Pella* taught to bow.
From *Caſium* now the beardleſs Monarch came,
To quench the kindling *Alexandrian*'s Flame.
Th' unwarlike Rabble ſoon the Tumult ceaſe,
And he, their King, remains the Pledge of Peace;
When veil'd in Secreſie, and dark Diſguiſe,
To mighty *Ceſar*, *Cleopatra* flies.
Won by perſuaſive Gold, and rich Reward,
Her Keeper's Hand her Priſon Gates unbarr'd,
And a light Galley for her Flight prepar'd.
Oh fatal Form! thy Native *Ægypt*'s Shame!
Thou lewd Perdition of the *Latian* Name!
How wert thou doom'd our Furies to increaſe,
And be what *Helen* was to *Troy* and *Greece*!

Ver. 83. *Pella*,] A City in *Macedon* where *Alexander* was born, from whence he is often call'd *Pellæan*.

Ver. 87. *Their King remains the Pledge of Peace.*] *Ceſar* had good Reaſon to doubt the Deſigns of the *Alexandrians*, and therefore kept their King within his Power.

Ver. 88. *When veil'd in Secrecy.*] *Cleopatra* having brib'd thoſe Guards who had the Cuſtody of her Perſon, was brought by *Apollodorus*, her Tutor, wrapt up in a kind of Quilt or Flock-Bed by Night to *Ceſar*.

When with an Hoſt, from vile *Canopus* led,
Thy Vengeance aim'd at great *Auguſtus'* Head;
When thy ſhrill Timbrels Sound was heard from far,
And *Rome* her ſelf ſhook at the coming War;
When doubtful Fortune, near *Leucadia's* Strand,
Suſpended long the World's ſupream Command,
And almoſt gave it to a Woman's Hand.
Such daring Courage ſwells her wanton Heart,
While *Roman* Lovers *Roman* Fires impart:
Glowing alike with Greatneſs and Delight,
She roſe ſtill bolder from each guilty Night.
Then blame we hapleſs *Anthony* no more,
Loſt and undone by fatal Beauty's Pow'r;
If *Caeſar*, long inur'd to Rage and Arms,
Submits his ſtubborn Heart to thoſe ſoft Charms;
If reeking from *Emathia's* dreadful Plain,
And horrid with the Blood of thouſands ſlain,
He ſinks laſcivious in a lewd Embrace,
While *Pompey's* ghaſtly Spectre haunts the Place.
If *Julia's* chaſteſt Name he can forget,
And raiſe her, Brethren of a Baſtard Set;

Ver. 97. *When with an Hoſt.*] When ſhe join'd with *M. Antony* againſt *Auguſtus*. The Loves of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, the Battel of *Actium*, and the Conſequences of it, are too well known to need any Explanation.

Canopus is a City of *Ægypt*, now called *Bochir*, with a Port at the Mouth of the Weſt Arm of the *Nile* upon the *Mediterranean*. In this Place it is taken for *Ægypt* it ſelf.

If

If indolently he permits, from far,
Bold *Cato* to revive the fainting War;
If he can give away the Fruits of Blood,
And fight to make a Strumpet's Title good.
To him, diſdaining or to feign a Tear,
Or ſpread her artfully diſhevell'd Hair,
In comely Sorrow's decent Garb array'd,
And truſting to her Beauty's certain Aid,
In Words like theſe began the *Pharian* Maid.
If Royal Birth and the *Lagean* Name,
Thy fav'ring Pity, greateſt *Caſar*, claim,
Redreſs my Wrongs, thus humbly I implore,
And to her State an injur'd Queen reſtore.
Here ſhed thy juſter Influence, and riſe
A Star auſpicious to *Ægyptian* Skies.
Nor is it ſtrange for *Pharos* to behold
A Woman's Temples bound with Regal Gold:
No Laws our ſofter Sex's Pow'rs reſtrain,
But undiſtinguiſh'd equally we Reign.
Vouchſafe my Royal Father's Will to read,
And learn what dying *Ptolemy* decreed:

Ver. 119. *Bold* Cato *to revive.*] While *Ceſar* was in *Ægypt*, *Cato* and *Scipio* were drawing together the Remains of *Pompey*'s Forces, and forming a new Army in *Africa*.

Ver. 122. *Diſdaining or to feign.*] *Cleopatra* was ſo ſecure of the Power of her Beauty, that ſhe took no Pains to ſet off her Affliction, or appear more ſorrowful than ſhe really was.

My juſt Pretenſions ſtand recorded there,
My Brother's Empire and his Bed to ſhare.
Nor wou'd the gentle Boy his Love refuſe,
Did curs'd *Pothinus* leave him free to chuſe;
But now in Vaſſalage he holds his Crown,
And acts by Pow'r and Paſſions not his own.
Nor is my Soul on Empire fondly ſet,
But cou'd with Eaſe my Royal Rights forget;
So thou the Throne from vile Diſhonour ſave,
Reſtore the Maſter, and depoſe the Slave.
What Scorn, what Pride his haughty Boſom ſwell,
Since, at his bidding, *Roman Pompey* fell!
(Ev'n now, which oh! ye righteous Gods avert,
His Sword is levell'd at thy noble Heart)
Thou and Mankind are wrong'd, when he ſhall dare,
Or in thy Prize, or in thy Crime to ſhare.
In vain her Words the Warrior's Ears aſſail'd,
Had not her Face beyond her Tongue prevail'd;
From thence reſiſtleſs Eloquence ſhe draws,
And with the ſweet Perſuaſion gains her Cauſe.
His ſtubborn Heart diſſolves in looſe Delight,
And grants her Suit, for one laſcivious Night.
Ægypt and *Caſar*, now, in Peace agreed,
Riot and Feaſting to the War ſucceed:

Ver. 161. Ægypt *and* Cæſar.] *Caſar* had, to all outward Appearance, reconci'd *Ptolemy* and his Siſter.

The

The wanton Queen diſplays her wealthy Store,
Exceſs unknown to frugal *Rome* before.
Rich, as ſome Fane by laviſh Zealots rear'd,
For the proud Banquet, ſtood the Hall prepar'd:
Thick golden Plates the latent Beams infold,
And the high Roof was fretted o'er with Gold:
Of ſolid Marble all, the Walls were made,
And Onyx ev'n the meaner Floor inlay'd;
While Porphyry and Agat, round the Court,
In maſſy Columns, roſe a proud Support.
Of ſolid Ebony each Poſt was wrought,
From ſwarthy *Meroë* profuſely brought:
With Iv'ry was the Entrance cruſted o'er,
And poliſh'd Tortoiſe hid each ſhining Door;
While on the cloudy Spots enchas'd was ſeen
The lively Em'ralds never-fading Green.
Within, the Royal Beds and Couches ſhone,
Beamy and bright with many a coſtly Stone,
In glowing Purple rich the Cov'rings lye;
Twice had they drank the nobleſt *Tyrian* Dye:

Ver. 173. *Of ſolid Ebony.*] The Wood-work uſed only to be cover'd over with thin Pieces of Ebony: Here it was entirely made of that coſtly Tree.

Ver. 174. *From ſwarthy* Meroë.] An Iſland form'd by the *Nile* in *Æthiopia*, from whence Ebony was brought. Some Editions read *Ebenus Mareotica* in this Place, but erroneouſly, for there is no Ebony grows near *Mareotis* in *Ægypt*.

Others

Others, as *Pharian* Artiſts have the Skill
To mix the party-colour'd Web at Will,
With winding Trails of various Silks were made,
Where branching Gold ſet off the rich Brocade.
Around, of ev'ry Age, and choicer Form,
Huge Crowds, whole Nations of Attendants ſwarm;
Some wait in yellow Rings of golden Hair,
The vanquiſh'd *Rhine* ſhew'd *Caſar* none ſo fair:
Others were ſeen with ſwarthy Woolly Heads,
Black as eternal Night's unchanging Shades.
Here ſqueaking Eunuchs, a diſmember'd Train,
Lament the Loſs of genial Joys in vain:
There Nature's nobleſt Work, a youthful Band,
In the full Pride of blooming Manhood ſtand.
All duteous on the *Pharian* Princes wait,
The Princes round the Board recline in State,
With mighty *Caſar*, more than Princes great.
On Iv'ry Feet the Citron Board was wrought,
Richer than thoſe with Captive *Juba* brought.
With ev'ry Wile Ambitious Beauty tries
To fix the daring *Roman*'s Heart her Prize.

Ver. 201. *With Captive* Juba.] It ſhould rather be *from vanquiſh'd* Juba: The Original is

——————*quales ad Caſaris ora,*
Nec capto venére Jubâ.

Tho' it is certain, that after *Juba* was vanquiſh'd he kill'd himſelf, and ſo was never *Caſar*'s Priſoner.

Her

Her Brother's meaner Bed and Crown ſhe ſcorns,
And with fierce Hopes for nobler Empire burns;
Collects the Miſchiefs of her wanton Eyes,
And her faint Cheeks with deeper Roſes dies;
Amidſt the Braidings of her flowing Hair,
The Spoils of orient Rocks and Shells appear;
Like midnight Stars, ten thouſand Diamonds deck
The comely Riſing of her graceful Neck:
Of wondrous Work, a thin tranſparent Lawn
O'er each ſoft Breaſt in Decency was drawn;
Where ſtill by turns the parting Threads withdrew,
And all the panting Boſom roſe to view.
Her Robe, her ev'ry Part, her Air, confeſs
The Pow'r of Female Skill exhauſted in her Dreſs.
Fantaſtick Madneſs of unthinking Pride,
To boaſt that Wealth, which Prudence ſtrives to hide!
In Civil Wars ſuch Treaſures to diſplay,
And tempt a Soldier with the Hopes of Prey!
Had *Caſar* not been *Caſar*, impious, bold,
And ready to lay waſte the World for Gold,
But juſt as all our frugal Names of old;
This Wealth cou'd *Curius* or *Fabricius* know,
Or ruder *Cincinnatus* from the Plow,

Ver. 226. *Ruder* Cincinnatus.] *Quinctius Cincinnatus* was ſaluted Dictator as he was following the Plow in his own Field.

As *Caſar*, they had ſeiz'd the mighty Spoil,
And to inrich their *Tiber* robb'd the *Nile*.
Now, by a Train of Slaves, the various Feaſt
In maſſy Gold magnificent was plac'd:
Whatever Earth, or Air, or Seas afford,
In vaſt Profuſion crowns the lab'ring Board.
For Dainties, *Ægypt* ev'ry Land explores,
Nor ſpares thoſe very Gods her Zeal adores.
The *Nile*'s ſweet Wave capacious Cryſtals pour,
And Gems of Price the Grapes delicious Store;
No Growth of *Mareotis*' marſhy Fields,
But ſuch as *Meroë* maturer yields;
Where the warm Sun the racy Juice refines,
And mellows into Age the Infant Wines.
With Wreaths of *Nard* the Gueſts their Temples bind,
And blooming Roſes of immortal Kind;
Their dropping Locks with Oily Odours flow,
Recent from near *Arabia*, where they grow:

Ver. 234. *Nor ſpares thoſe very Gods.*] The *Ægyptians* worſhipp'd not only ſeveral Sorts of Beaſts and Birds, but even Plants, as Leeks and Onyons.

Ver. 236. *And Gems of Price.*] Drinking Veſſels made of Precious Stones. The *Spaniſh* Tranſlator renders *Gemma Capaces* in this Place *Perlas*, Pearls; but that is ſtretching the *Ægyptian* Magnificence a little too far.

Ver. 241. *Nard.*] *Nardum* is an odoriferous Shrub bearing Leaves, and a kind of Ear call'd *Spica Nardi*. Hence comes our Word *Spikenard*.

Ver. 242. *Roſes of immortal.*] Roſes that were in Bloom all the Year.

The

The vig'rous Spices breathe their ſtrong Perfume,
And the rich Vapour fills the ſpacious Room.
Here *Caſar*, *Pompey*'s Poverty diſdain'd,
And learn'd to waſte that World his Arms had gain'd.
He ſaw th' *Egyptian* Wealth with greedy Eyes,
And wiſh'd ſome fair Pretence to ſeize the Prize.
Sated at length with the prodigious Feaſt,
Their weary Appetites from Riot ceas'd;
When *Caſar*, curious of ſome new Delight,
In Converſation ſought to wear the Night:
Then gently thus addreſt the good old Prieſt,
Reclining decent in his Linnen Veſt.
O wiſe *Achoreus*! venerable Seer!
Whoſe Age beſpeaks thee Heav'n's peculiar Care,
Say from what Origin thy Nation ſprung,
What Boundaries to *Ægypt*'s Land belong?
What are thy Peoples Cuſtoms, and their Modes,
What Rites they teach, what Forms they give their Gods?
Each antient ſacred Myſtery explain,
Which monumental Sculptures yet retain.
Divinity diſdains to be confin'd,
Fain wou'd be known, and rev'renc'd by Mankind.
'Tis ſaid, thy holy Predeceſſors thought
Cecropian Plato worthy to be taught.

Ver. 264. *Monumental Sculptures.*] Hieroglyphicks carv'd upon Pillars.

Ver. 268. *Cecropian.*] *Athenian*, from *Cecrops* King of *Athens*.

Plato.]

And ſure the Sages of your Schools have known
No Soul more form'd for Science than my own.
Fame of my Potent Rival's Flight, 'tis true,
To this your *Pharian* Shore my Journey drew;
Yet know, the Love of Learning led me too.
In all the Hurries of tumultuous War,
The Stars, the Gods, and Heav'ns were ſtill my Care.
Nor ſhall my Skill to fix the rowling Year
Inferior to *Eudoxus'* Art appear.
Long has my curious Soul, from early Youth,
Toil'd in the noble Search of ſacred Truth:
Yet ſtill no Views have urg'd my Ardor more,
Than *Nile*'s remoteſt Fountain to explore.
Then ſay what Source the famous Stream ſupplies,
And bids it at revolving Periods riſe;
Shew me that Head from whence, ſince Time begun,
The long Succeſſion of his Waves has run;
This let me know, and all my Toils ſhall ceaſe,
The Sword be ſheath'd, and Earth be bleſt with Peace.

Plato.] This Philoſopher was, according to *Strabo*, a conſiderable time in *Ægypt*, where he was inſtructed by the Prieſts in their moſt ſacred Myſteries.

Ver. 276. *Nor ſhall my Skill.*] *Cæſar*'s Regulation of the Calendar, which we now call the *Julian* Period, is well known.

Ver. 277. *Eudoxus.*] A Mathematician of *Cnidos* in *Caria*. He was the firſt who regulated the Year according to the Revolutions of the Moon in *Greece*. He had been with *Plato* in *Ægypt*.

The

The Warrior ſpoke; and thus the Seer reply'd:
Nor ſhalt thou, mighty *Caſar*, be deny'd.
Our Sires forbad all, but themſelves, to know,
And kept with Care profaner Laymen low:
My Soul, I own, more gen'rouſly inclin'd,
Wou'd let in Daylight to inform the Blind.
Nor would I Truth in Myſteries reſtrain,
But make the Gods, their Pow'r, and Precepts, plain;
Wou'd teach their Miracles, wou'd ſpread their Praiſe,
And well-taught Minds to juſt Devotion raiſe.
Know then, to all thoſe Stars, by Nature driv'n
In Oppoſition to revolving Heav'n,
Some one peculiar Influence was giv'n.
The Sun the Seaſons of the Year ſupplies,
And bids the Ev'ning and the Morning riſe;
Commands the Planets with ſuperior Force,
And keeps each wand'ring Light to his appointed Courſe.
The ſilver Moon o'er briny Seas preſides,
And heaves huge Ocean with alternate Tides.

Ver. 298. *To all thoſe Stars.*] The Planets, which according to the Aſtronomy of the *Romans* at that Time, were carried round in every 24 Hours by the Eighth Sphere, or *Primum Mobile*.

Ver. 304. *And keeps each wand'ring Light.*] That is, drives them back, and makes 'em become Retrograde when they come to their neareſt Diſtance to the Sun. The other Offices which he gives to the reſt of the Planets, were according to their Aſtronomy at that Time.

Saturn's

Saturn's cold Rays in Icy Climes prevail;
Mars rules the Winds, the Storm, and rattling Hail:
Where *Jove* aſcends, the Skies are ſtill ſerene;
And fruitful *Venus* is the genial Queen:
While ev'ry limpid Spring, and falling Stream,
Submits to radiant *Hermes*' reigning Beam.
When in the *Crab* the humid Ruler ſhines,
And to the ſultry *Lion* near inclines,
There fix'd immediate o'er *Nile*'s latent Source,
He ſtrikes the watry Stores with ponderous Force;
Nor can the Flood bright *Maia*'s Son withſtand,
But heaves, like Ocean at the Moon's Command;
His Waves aſcend, obedient as the Seas,
And reach their deſtin'd Height by juſt Degrees.
Nor to its Bank returns th' Enormous Tide,
Till *Libra*'s equal Scales the Days and Nights divide.
Antiquity, unknowing and deceiv'd,
In Dreams of *Ethiopian* Snows believ'd:
From Hills they taught, how melting Currents ran,
When the firſt ſwelling of the Flood began.

Ver. 313. *When in the Crab.*] Upon this Occaſion *Lucan* enumerates the ſeveral different Opinions that were then held concerning the Increaſe and Decreaſe of the *Nile*.

The firſt he gives is the Preſſure of the Planet *Mercury* upon the Fountains of *Nile*, which he ſuppoſes to lye under the Sign of *Cancer*. The Fact is, that the River begins to ſwell after *Midſummer*, comes to its Height in *Auguſt*, and falls again about the Autumnal Equinox in *September*.

But

But ah how vain the Thought! No *Boreas* there
In icy Bonds conſtrains the wintry Year,
But ſultry Southern Winds eternal reign,
And ſcorching Suns the ſwarthy Natives ſtain.
Yet more, whatever Flood the Froſt congeals,
Melts as the genial Spring's Return he feels;
While *Nile*'s redundant Waters never riſe,
'Till the hot *Dog* inflames the Summer Skies;
Nor to his Banks his ſhrinking Stream confines,
'Till high in Heav'n th' Autumnal Ballance ſhines.
Unlike his watry Brethren he preſides,
And by new Laws his liquid Empire guides.
From dropping Seaſons no Increaſe he knows,
Nor feels the fleecy Show'rs of melting Snows.
His River ſwells not idly, e'er the Land
The timely Office of his Waves demand;
But knows his Lot, by Providence aſſign'd,
To cool the Seaſon, and refreſh Mankind.
When-e'er the *Lion* ſheds his Fires around,
And *Cancer* burns *Syene*'s parching Ground;
Then, at the Pray'r of Nations, comes the *Nile*,
And kindly tempers up the mouldring Soil.
Nor from the Plains the cov'ring God retreats,
'Till the rude Fervour of the Skies abates;

Ver. 334. *'Till the hot Dog.*] In *July*.
Ver. 346. *Syene's.*] See Notes on *Book* 2. *Ver.* 903.

'Till

'Till *Phœbus* into milder Autumn fades,
And *Meroë* projects her length'ning Shades.
Nor let inquiring Scepticks ask the Cauſe,
'Tis *Jove*'s Command, and theſe are Nature's Laws.
Others of old, as vainly too, have thought
By Weſtern Winds the ſpreading Deluge brought;
While at fix'd Times, for many a Day, they laſt,
Poſſeſs the Skies, and drive a conſtant Blaſt:
Collected Clouds united *Zephyrs* bring,
And ſhed huge Rains from many a dropping Wing,
To heave the Flood, and ſwell th' abounding Spring.
Or when the airy Brethren's ſtedfaſt Force
Reſiſts the ruſhing Current's downward Courſe,
Backward he rolls indignant, to his Head:
While o'er the Plains his heapy Waves are ſpread.
Some have believ'd, that ſpacious Channels go
Thro' the dark Entrails of the Earth below;
Thro' theſe, by turns, revolving Rivers paſs,
And ſecretly pervade the mighty Maſs;

Ver. 352. Meroë *projects.*] When the Sun is no longer Vertical over *Meroë*.

Ver. 355. *Others, of old.*] This Opinion arttibutes the Cauſe to the Weſtern Winds two Ways; either by their blowing conſtantly againſt the Stream for many Days together, and keeping it from running into the Sea as uſual; or elſe by bringing a great Quantity of Rain from other Parts of the World towards the Source of the *Nile*, and ſo cauſing it to overflow.

Thro'

Thro' theſe the Sun, when from the North he flies,
And cuts the glowing *Æthiopick* Skies,
From diſtant Streams attracts their Liquid Stores,
And thro' *Nile*'s Spring th' aſſembled Waters pours:
'Till *Nile*, o'er-burthen'd, diſembogues the Load,
And ſpews the foamy Deluge all abroad.

Sages there have been too, who long maintain'd,
That Ocean's Waves thro' porous Earth are drain'd;
'Tis thence their Saltneſs they no longer keep,
By ſlow degrees ſtill freſhning as they creep:
'Till, at a Period, *Nile* receives 'em all,
And pours 'em looſly ſpreading, as they fall.

The Stars, and Sun himſelf, as ſome have ſaid,
By Exhalations from the Deep are fed;
And when the golden Ruler of the Day
Thro' *Cancer*'s fiery Sign purſues his Way,
His Beams attract too largely from the Sea;
The Refuſe of his Draughts the Nights return,
And more than fill the *Nile*'s capacious Urn.

Were I the Dictates of my Soul to tell,
And ſpeak the Reaſons of the wat'ry Swell,
To Providence the Task I ſhould aſſign,
And find the Cauſe in Workmanſhip Divine.
Leſs Streams we trace, unerring, to their Birth,
And know the Parent Earth which brought 'em forth:

While

While this, as early as the World began,
Ran thus, and muſt continue thus to run;
And ſtill, unſhaken'd by our Search, ſhall own
No Cauſe, but *Jove*'s commanding Will alone.

Nor, *Cæſar*, is thy Search of Knowledge ſtrange;
Well may thy boundleſs Soul deſire to Range,
Well may ſhe ſtrive *Nile*'s Fountain to explore;
Since mighty Kings have fought the ſame before.
Each for the firſt Diſcov'rer would be known,
And hand, to future Times, the Secret down.
But ſtill their Pow'rs were exercis'd in vain,
While latent Nature mock'd their fruitleſs Pain.
Philip's great Son, whom *Memphis* ſtill records,
The Chief of her Illuſtrious ſcepter'd Lords,
Sent, of his own, a choſen Number forth,
To trace the wondrous Stream's myſterious Birth.
Thro' *Æthiopia*'s Plains they journey'd on,
'Till the hot Sun oppos'd the burning Zone:
There, by the God's reſiſtleſs Beams repell'd,
An unbeginning Stream they ſtill beheld.
Fierce came *Seſoſtris* from the Eaſtern Dawn,
On his proud Car by Captive Monarchs drawn;

Ver. 415. *Fierce came* Seſoſtris.] This Prince is ſaid by *Tzetzes*, and other ancient Hiſtorians, to have been King of *Aſſyria*, as well as *Ægypt*. He had his Chariot drawn by

His lawleſs Will, impatient of a Bound,
Commanded *Nile's* hid Fountain to be found:
But ſooner much the Tyrant might have known
Thy fam'd *Heſperian Po*, or *Gallick Rhone*.
Cambyſes too, his daring *Perſians* led,
Where hoary Age makes white the *Ethiop's* Head;
'Till ſore diſtreſs'd and deſtitute of Food,
He ſtain'd his hungry Jaws with human Blood;
'Till half his Hoſt the other half devour'd,
And left the *Nile* behind 'em unexplor'd.
Of thy forbidden Head, Thou ſacred Stream,
Nor Fiction dares to ſpeak, nor Poets dream.
Thro' various Nations roll thy Waters down,
By many ſeen, tho' ſtill by all unknown;
No Land preſumes to claim thee for her own.
For me, my humble Tale no more ſhall tell,
Than what our juſt Records demonſtrate well;

by Kings whom he had conquer'd. He likewiſe ſent to diſcover the Head of *Nile*, but in vain.

Ver. 420. *Thy fam'd.*] Speaking to *Caſar*.

Ver. 421. *Cambyſes*] The Story of his Conqueſt of *Egypt*, his Invaſion of *Ethiopia*, and the Miſeries that he and his Army underwent in that Expedition by Famine, may be found at large in *Herodotus*. The *Ethiopians*, into whoſe Country he penetrated, were call'd Μακρόβιοι, or long-liv'd.

Than God, who bad thee thus mysterious flow,
Permits the narrow Mind of Man to know.
Far in the South the daring Waters rise,
As in Disdain of *Cancer*'s burning Skies;
Thence, with a downward Course, they seek the Main,
Direct against the lasie Northern Wain;
Unless when, partially, thy winding Tide
Turns to the *Libyan* or *Arabian* Side.
The distant *Seres* first behold thee flow;
Nor yet thy Spring the distant *Seres* know.
'Midst sooty *Ethiops*, next, thy Current roams;
The sooty *Ethiops* wonder whence it comes:
Nature conceals thy infant Stream with Care,
Nor lets thee, but in Majesty, appear.
Upon thy Banks astonish'd Nations stand,
Nor dare assign thy Rise, to one peculiar Land.
Exempt from vulgar Laws thy Waters run,
Nor take their various Seasons from the Sun:
Tho' high in Heav'n the fiery Solstice stand,
Obedient Winter comes, at thy Command.

Ver. 436. *Far in the South.*] After giving the Reasons that were then assign'd for the Swell of the *Nile*, the Poet goes on to give an Account of its Course, as far as was then known. The *Seres*, whom he mentions as the farthest People from whence this River can be traced, may be supposed to have been a Nation of *Ethiopia* Inferior, tho' I do not find them in *Cellarius*.

From

From Pole to Pole thy boundleſs Waves extend;
One never knows thy Riſe, nor one thy End.
By *Meroë* thy Stream divided roves,
And winds encircling round her Ebon Groves;
Of ſable Hue the coſtly Timbers ſtand,
Dark as the ſwarthy Natives of the Land:
Yet, tho' tall Woods in wide abundance ſpread,
Their leafy Tops afford no friendly Shade;
So vertically ſhine the ſolar Rays,
And from the *Lyon* dart the downward Blaze.
From thence, thro' Deſarts dry, thou journey'ſt on,
Nor ſhrink'ſt, diminiſh'd by the torrid Zone,
Strong in thy ſelf, collected, full, and one.
Anon, thy Streams are parcell'd o'er the Plain,
Anon the ſcatter'd Currents meet again;
Jointly they flow, where *Phile*'s Gates divide
Our fertile *Egypt* from *Arabia*'s Side;

Ver. 455. *One never knows.*] That is, the Northern Part of the World knows not from whence it comes, nor the Southern whither it goes.

Ver. 469. *Where* Phile's *Gates.*] The Original is thus,

Quâ dirimunt, Arabum populis, Ægyptia rura,
Regni claustra Phile.

And I have tranſlated it literally: Tho' *Phile*, which is an Iſland in the *Nile*, and at a good Diſtance from the *Red-*

Thence, with a peaceful, soft Descent, they creep,
And seek, insensibly, the Distant deep;
Till thro' sev'n Mouths the famous Flood is lost,
On the last Limits of our *Pharian* Coast;
Where *Gaza*'s Isthmus rises, to restrain
The *Erythræan* from the Midland Main.
Who that beholds thee, *Nile*! thus gently flow,
With scarce a Wrinkle on thy glassy Brow,
Can gues thy Rage, when Rocks resist thy Force,
And hurl thee headlong in thy downward Course;
When spouting Cataracts thy Torrent pour,
And Nations tremble at the deaf'ning Roar;
When thy proud Waves with Indignation rise,
And dash their foamy Fury to the Skies?
These Wonders reedy *Abatos* can tell,
And the tall Cliffs that first declare thy Swell;
The Cliffs, with Ignorance of old believ'd
Thy Parent Veins, and for thy Spring receiv'd.

Sea, or Gulf of *Arabia*, is much rather to be look'd upon as a Boundary between *Ægypt* and *Ethiopia*, than between *Ægypt* and *Arabia*. It lyes a little above the lesser Cataracts.

Ver. 485. *Abatos*.] This is a Rock, or little inaccessible Island, in the *Nile*, over-grown with Reeds and Rushes. It lyes between *Philæ* and *Elephantine*, very near to the before-mention'd Cataracts.

From thence huge Mountains Nature's Hand provides,
To bank thy too luxurious River's Sides;
As in a Vale thy Current she restrains,
Nor suffers thee to spread the *Libyan* Plains:
At *Memphis*, first, free Liberty she yields,
And lets thee loose to float the thirsty Fields.
In unsuspected Peace securely laid,
Thus waste they silent Night's declining Shade.
Mean while accustom'd Furies still infest,
With usual Rage, *Pothinus*' horrid Breast;
Nor can the Ruffian's Hand from Slaughter rest.
Well may the Wretch, distain'd with *Pompey's* Blood,
Think ev'ry other dreadful Action good.
Within him still the snaky Sisters dwell,
And urge his Soul with all the Pow'rs of Hell.
Can Fortune to such Hands such Mischief doom,
And let a Slave revenge the Wrongs of *Rome!*
Prevent th' Example, pre-ordain'd to stand
The great Renown of *Brutus'* righteous Hand!
Forbid it, Gods! that *Cæsar's* hallow'd Blood,
To Liberty by Fate a Victim vow'd,
Shou'd on a less Occasion e'er be spilt,
And prove a vile *Egyptian* Eunuch's Guilt.
Harden'd by Crimes, the bolder Villain, now,
Avows his Purpose with a daring Brow;

Scorns the mean Aids of Falshood and Surprize,
And openly the Victor Chief defies.
Vain in his Hopes, nor doubting to succeed,
He trusts that *Cæsar* must, like *Pompey*, bleed.
The feeble Boy to curse *Achillas'* Hand
Had, with his Army, giv'n his Crown's Command;
To him, by wicked Sympathy of Mind,
By Leagues and Brotherhood of Murder join'd,
To him, the first and fittest of his Friends,
Thus, by a trusty Slave, *Pothinus* sends.
While stretch'd at Ease the great *Achillas* lyes,
And Sleep sits heavy on his slothful Eyes,
The Bargain for our Native Land is made,
And the dishoneſt Price already paid.
The former Rule no longer now we own,
Usurping *Cleopatra* wears the Crown.
Dost thou alone withdraw thee from her State,
Nor on the Bridals of thy Mistress wait?
To Night at large she lavishes her Charms,
And riots in luxurious *Cæsar's* Arms.
E'er long her Brother may the Wanton wed,
And reap the Refuse of the *Roman's* Bed;

Ver. 528. *The former Rule.*] The King's Authority.

Ver. 530. *Dost thou alone.*] This is meant scornfully and ironically.

Doubly

Doubly a Bride, thrice doubly shall he Reign
While *Rome* and *Egypt* wear thy Turns, her Chains.
Nor trust thou to thy Credit with the Boy,
When Arts and Eyes, like hers, their Pow'r employ.
Mark with what Ease her fatal Charms can mould
The Heart of *Cæsar*, ruthless, hard, and old?
Were the soft King his thoughtless Head to rest,
But for a Night, on her incestuous Breast;
His Crown and Friends he'd barter for the Bliss,
And give thy Head and mine for one lewd Kiss;
On Crosses, or in Flames, we shou'd deplore
Her Beauty's terrible resistless Pow'r.
On both, her Sentence is already pass'd,
She dooms us Dead, because we kept her Chast.
What potent Hand shall then Assistance bring?
Cæsar's her Lover, and her Husband King.
Haste, I adjure thee by our common Guilt,
By that great Blood which we in vain have spilt,
Haste, and let War, let Death with thee return,
And the Funereal Torch for *Hymen*'s burn.
Whate'er Embrace the Hostile Charmer hold,
Find, and transfix her in the lascious Fold:
Nor let the Fortune of this *Latian* Lord
Abash thy Courage, or restrain thy Sword;
In the same glorious guilty Paths we tread,
That rais'd him up, the World's imperious Head.

Like him, we seek Dominion for our Prize,
And hope, like him, by *Pompey*'s Fall to rise.
Witness the Stains of yonder blushing Wave,
Yon bloody Shore, and yon inglorious Grave.
Why fear we then to bring our Wish to pass?
This *Cæsar* is not more than *Pompey* was.
What tho' we boast nor Birth, nor noble Name,
Nor Kindred with some purple Monarch claim?
Conscious of Fate's Decree, such Aid we scorn,
And know we were for mighty Mischief born.
See, how kind Fortune, by this offer'd Prey,
Finds Means to purge all past Offence away:
With grateful Thanks *Rome* shall the Deed approve,
And this last Merit the first Crime remove.
Strip'd of his Titles, and the Pomp of Pow'r,
Cæsar's a single Soldier, and no more.
Think then how easily the Task were done,
How soon we may an injur'd World atone;
Finish all Wars, appease each *Roman* Shade,
By Sacrificing one devoted Head.
Fearless, ye dread united Legions, go;
Rush all, undaunted, on your common Foe:
This Right, ye *Romans!* to your Country owe;
Ye *Pharians!* this your King expects from you.

Ver. 584. *This Right, ye Romans!*] The Army under the

But chief, *Achillas!* may the Praise be thine;
Haste thou, and find him on his Bed supine,
Weary with toiling Lust, and gorg'd with Wine.
Then strike, and what their *Cato's* Pray'rs demand,
The Gods shall give to thy more favour'd Hand.
Nor fail'd the Message, fitted to persuade;
But, prone to Blood, the willing Chief obey'd.
No noisie Trumpets sound the loud Alarm,
But silently the moving Legions arm;
All unperceiv'd, for Battle they prepare,
And bustle thro' the Night with busie Care.
The mingled Bands, who form'd this mungrel Host,
To the Disgrace of *Rome*, were *Romans* most;
A Herd, who, had they not been lost to Shame,
And long forgetful of their Country's Name,
Had blush'd to own ev'n *Ptolemy* their Head;
Yet now were by his meaner Vassal led.
Oh! Mercenary War, thou Slave of Gold!
How is thy faithless Courage bought and sold!
For base Reward thy hireling Hands obey;
Unknowing Right or Wrong, they fight for Pay,
And give their Country's great Revenge away.

the Command of *Achillas* was compos'd, as appears a little further, the greatest Part, of Renegado *Romans*, and the rest of *Egyptians*.

Ver. 607. *And give their Country's.*] That is, they do

the

Ah wretched *Rome!* for whom thy Fate prepares,
In ev'ry Nation, new Domestick Wars;
The Fury, that from pale *Thessalia* fled,
Rears on the Banks of *Nile* her baleful Head.
What cou'd protecting *Egypt* more have done,
Had she receiv'd the haughty Victor's Son?
But thus the Gods our sinking State confound,
Thus tear our mangled Empire all around;
In ev'ry Land fit Instruments employ,
And suffer ruthless Slaughter to destroy.
Thus ev'n *Egyptian* Parricides presume
To meddle in the sacred Cause of *Rome*;
Thus, had not Fate those Hands of Murder tyd,
Success had crown'd the vile *Achillas'* Side.
Nor wanted fit Occasion for the Deed;
Timely the Traytors to the Place succeed,
While in Security the careless Guest,
Lingring as yet, his Couch supinely prest:
No Gates, no Guards forbad their open Way,
But All dissolv'd in Sleep and Surfeits lay;
With Ease the Victor at the Board had bled,
And lost in Riot his defenceless Head.

not kill *Cæsar* for the Wrongs he had done *Rome*, but at the Command of that *Ægyptian* Master whom they obey and serve for Hire.

But

But pious Caution now their Rage withſtands,
And Care for *Ptolemy* with-holds their Hands:
With Rev'rence and Remorſe, unknown before,
They dread to ſpill their Royal Maſter's Gore;
Left in the Tumult of the murd'rous Night,
Some erring Miſchief on his Youth may light.
Sway'd by this Thought, not doubting to ſucceed,
They hold it fitting to defer the Deed.
Gods! that ſuch Wretches ſtrow'd ſo proudly dare!
Can ſuch a Life be theirs to take, or ſpare?
'Till Dawn of Day the Warriot flood repriev'd,
And *Cæſar* at *Achillas'* Bidding liv'd.
Now o'er aſpiring *Caſſius*'s Eaſtern Head
The roſie Light by *Lucifer* was led;
Swift thro' the Land the piercing Beams were born,
And glowing *Egypt* felt the kindling Morn:
When from proud *Alexandria*'s Walls, afar,
The Citizens behold the coming War.
The dreadful Legions ſhine in juſt Array,
And firm, as to the Battle, hold their Way.
Conſcious, mean-while, of his unequal Force,
Strait to the Palace *Cæſar* bends his Courſe;
Nor in the lofty Bulwarks dares confide,
Their ample Circuit ſtretching far too wide:

Ver. 639. *Can ſuch a Life,*] As *Cæſar*'s,

Tho'

To one fix'd Part his little Band retreats;
There mann's the Walls and Tow'rs, and bars the Gates.
There Fear, there Wrath, by turns, his Bosom tears;
He fears, but still with Indignation fears.
His daring Soul restrain'd, more fiercely burns,
And proudly the ignoble Refuge scorns.
The Captive Lion thus, with gen'rous Rage,
Reluctant foams, and roars, and bites his Gage.
Thus, if some Pow'r cou'd *Mulciber* enslave,
And bind him down in *Ætna's* smoaky Cave,
With Fires more fierce th' imprison'd God would glow,
And bellow in the dreadful Deeps below.
He who so lately, with undaunted Pride,
The Pow'r of mighty *Pompey's* Arms defy'd,
With Justice and the Senate on his Side;
Who with a Cause, which Gods and Men must hate,
Stood up, and struggled for Success with Fate;
Now abject Foes and Slaves insulting fears,
And shrinks beneath a Show'r of *Pharian* Spears.
The Warrior who disdain'd to be confin'd
By *Tyrian Gades*, or the Eastern *Inde*,

Ver. 674. *Eastern* Inde.] The River *Indus*.
Tyrian Gades.] The present Island and City of *Cadiz*.
This is said to have been a Colony of the *Tyrians*.

Now

Now in a narrow House conceals that Head,
From which the fiercest *Scythians* once had fled,
And horrid *Moors* beheld with awful Dread.
From Room to Room irresolute he flies,
And on some Guardian Bar, or Door relies.
So Boys and helpless Maids, when Towns are won,
To secret Corners for Protection run.
Still by his Side the beardless King he bears,
Ordain'd to share in ev'ry Ill he fears:
If he must die, he dooms the Boy to go,
Alike devoted to the Shades below;
Resolves his Head a Victim first shall fall,
Hurl'd at his Slaves from off the lofty Wall.
So from *Æëtas* fierce *Medea* fled,
Her Sword still aim'd at young *Absyrtos'* Head;

Ver. 677. *And hurtid* Moors.] The Original is,

Non Scytha, non fixo qui ludit in hospite Maurus;

Alluding to a Piece of Cruelty practised among those Barbarians, to take Strangers and set 'em up for Marks to dart their Javelins at. I can't think the Omission of this Circumstance in the Translation of any great Consequence.

Ver. 688. *So from* Æëtas.] When *Medea*, after betraying the Golden Fleece to her Lover *Jason*, fled away with him, she is said to have carry'd her young Brother *Absyrtos* with her, and killing him to have scatter'd his Limbs up and down, to retard the Pursuit and Revenge of her Father *Æëtas*.

When-

Whene'er she sees her vengeful Sire draw nigh,
Ruthless she dooms the wretched Boy should die:
Yet e'er these cruel last Extreams he proves,
By gentler Steps of Peace the *Roman* moves:
He sends an Envoy, in the Royal Name,
To chide their Fury, and the War disclaim,
But impious they, nor Gods nor Kings regard,
Nor universal Laws, by all rever'd;
No Right of sacred Characters they know,
But tear the Olive from the hallow'd Brow;
To Death the Messenger of Peace pursue,
And in his Blood their horrid Hands embrew.
Such are the Palms which curs'd *Egyptians* claim,
Such Prodigies exalt their Nation's Name.
Nor purple *Thessaly's* destructive Shore,
Nor dire *Pharnaces*, nor the *Libyan Moor*,
Nor ev'ry barb'rous Land, in ev'ry Age,
Equal a soft *Egyptian* Eunuch's Rage.
Incessant still the Roar of War prevails,
While the wild Host the Royal Pile assails.

Ver. 703. *Such Prodigies,*] As the Murder of Ambassadors; whose Persons and Characters are sacred amongst the most barbarous Nations.

Ver. 705. *Nor dire* Pharnaces.] Alluding to the Wars which *Cæsar* waged, after the Death of *Pompey*, with *Juba* in *Africk*, and with *Pharnaces*, the Son of *Mithridates*, in *Asia*.

Void

Void of Device, no thund'ring Rams they bring,
Nor kindling Flames with spreading Mischief sling;
Bell'wing, around they run with fruitless Pain,
Heave at the Doors, and thrust and strive in vain:
More than a Wall, great *Cæsar*'s Fortune stands,
And mocks the Madness of their feeble Hands.

On one proud Side, the lofty Fabrick stood
Projected bold into th' adjoining Flood;
There, fill'd with armed Bands, their Barks draw near,
But find the same defending *Cæsar* there:
To ev'ry Part the ready Warrior flies,
And with new Rage the fainting Fight supplies;
Headlong he drives 'em with his deadly Blade,
Nor seems to be invaded, but t' invade.
Against the Ships *Phalaric* Darts he aims;
Each Dart with Pitch and livid Sulphur flames.
The spreading Fire o'er-runs their unctuous Sides,
And, nimbly mounting, on the Top-mast rides:
Planks, Yards, and Cordage feed the dreadful Blaze;
The drowning Vessel hisses in the Seas;
While floating Arms and Men, promiscuous strow'd,
Hide the whole Surface of the Azure Flood.
Nor dwells Destruction on their Fleet alone,
But, driv'n by Winds, invades the neighb'ring Town:
On rapid Wings the sheety Flames they bear,
In wavy Lengths, along the red'ning Air;

Nor

Not much unlike, the shooting Meteors fire
In gleamy Trails adverse the midnight Sky.

Soon as the Crowd behold their City burning,
Thither, all headlong, from the Siege they turn,
But *Cæsar*, prone to Vigilance and Haste,
To snatch the just Occasion e'er it past,
Hid in the friendly Night's involving Shade,
A safe Retreat to *Pharos* timely made.
In elder Times of holy *Proteus* Reign,
An Isle it stood, encompass'd by the Main;
Now by a mighty Mole the Town it joins,
And from wide Seas the safer Port confines.
Of high Importance to the Chief it lyes,
To him brings Aid, and to the Foe denies:
In Close Restraint the Captive Troops he holds,
While free behind he views the watry Fields.
There safe, with cutt'd *Pothinus* in his Power,
Cæsar defers the Villain's Doom no more.

Ver. 738. *Their City burns.*] In this Fire was burnt the famous Library of *Ptolemy Philadelphus*.

Ver. 744. *Holy* Proteus.] This Prophetical Prince reign'd in *Egypt* in the Time of the *Trojan* War.

Ver. 753. *Cæsar defers.*] *Cæsar*, as is observ'd before, kept not only the King, but *Pothinus* in his Power, and transported them into the Island of *Pharos*; where finding, by intercepting some Messengers of *Pothinus*, that he held Correspondence with *Achillas*, and press'd him still to attack *Cæsar*, he put him to Death.

Yet

Yet ah! by Mens too gentle is expires;
No gashing Knives he feels, no scorching Fires;
Nor were his Limbs by grinning Tygers torn;
Nor pendent on the hoofd Cross are born:
Beneath the Sword the Wretch resigns his Breath,
And dies too gloriously by *Pompey's* Death.

Meanwhile, by wily *Ganymede* convey'd,
Arsinoë, the younger Royal Maid,
Fled to the Camp; and with a daring Hand
Assumes the Scepter of supreme Command:
And, for her feeble Brother was not there,
She calls her self the sole *Lagean* Heir.
Then, since he dares dispute her Right to reign,
She dooms the fierce *Achillas* to be slain.
With just Remorse, repenting Fortune paid
This second Victim to her *Pompey's* Shade.
But oh! nor this, nor *Ptolemy*, nor All
The Race of *Lagos* doom'd at once to fall,
Not Hecatombs of Tyrants shall suffice,
'Till *Brutus* strikes, and haughty *Cæsar* dies.

Ver. 760. *By wily* Ganymede.] This was likewise an Eunuch, and Tutor to *Arsinoë*, *Ptolemy's* younger Sister, whom, in the Absence of *Ptolemy* and *Cleopatra*, he set up for Queen of *Ægypt*; and after he had kill'd *Achillas*, made himself General, and continued the Siege against *Cæsar*.

Nor

Nor yet the Rage of War was hush'd in Peace,
Nor wou'd that Storm, with him who rais'd it, cease.
A second Eunuch to the Throne succeeds,
And *Ganymede* the Pow'r of *Egypt* leads;
He chears the drooping *Ptolemy* with Success,
And urg'd the *Roman* Chief with new Distress.
Such Dangers did one dreadful Day afford,
As Annals might to latest Times record,
And Consecrate to Fame the Warrior's Sword.
While to their Barks his faithful Band defends,
Cæsar the Mole's contracted Space defends.
Part from the crowded Key aboard were past,
The careful Chief remain'd among the last;
When sudden, *Egypt*'s furious Pow'rs unite,
And fix on him alone th'unequal Fight.
By Land the numerous Foot, by Sea the Fleet,
At once surround him, and prevent Retreat.

Ver. 775. *With him who rais'd it.*] *Achillas.*

Ver. 783. *While to their Barks.*] This famous Action of *Cæsar*'s is not very clearly related. To me the Fact seems to have been thus; that while *Cæsar* was imbarking those few Forces that were with him, in order probably to quit *Pharos*, and rejoin his own Fleet, the *Egyptians*, under the Command of *Ganymede*, sally'd by the way of the *Mole*, and attack'd him with the Fury here mention'd.

No

No means for Safety, or Escape, remain.
To Fight, or Fly, were equally in vain.
A vulgar Period on his Wars attends,
And his ambitious Life obscurely ends.
No Seas of Gore, no Mountains of the Slain,
Renown the Fight on some distinguish'd Plain;
But meanly in a Tumult must he die,
And over-born by Crowds, inglorious lye:
No Room was left to fall as *Cæsar* shou'd,
So little were the Hopes, his Feet and Fate allow'd.
At once the Place and Danger he surveys,
The rising Mound, and the near neighb'ring Seas:
Some fainting struggling Doubts as yet remain:
Can he, perhaps, his Navy still regain?
Or shall he die, and end th' uncertain Pain?
At length, while madly thus perplex'd he burns,
His own brave *Scæva* to his Thought returns:
Scæva, who in the Breach undaunted stood,
And singly made the dreadful Battle good:
Whose Arm advancing *Pompey*'s Host repell'd,
And, coop'd within a Wall, the Captive Leader held.

Ver. 807. *His own brave* Scæva.] See this Story in the Sixth Book.

Ver. 811. *And coop'd within a Wall.*] This is the last Line of the Translation; the Death of *Lucan* having left his Work thus abrupt and imperfect here. What follows to the End of this Book is a Supplement of my own, in which

Strong in his Soul the glorious Image rose,
And taught him, ſudden, to diſdain his Foes;
The Force oppos'd in equal Scales to weigh,
Himſelf was *Ceſar*, and *Egyptians* they;
To truſt that Fortune, and thoſe Gods, once more,
That never fail'd his daring Hopes before.
Threat'ning, aloft his flaming Blade he ſhook,
And thro' the Throng his Courſe reſiſtleſs took:
Hands, Arms, and helmed Heads before him fly,
While mingling Screams and Groans aſcend the Sky.
So Winds, impriſon'd, force their furious Way,
Tear up the Earth, and drive the foamy Sea.
Juſt on the Margin of the Mound he ſtay'd,
And for a Moment, thence, the Flood ſurvey'd;
Fortune divine! be preſent now, he cry'd;
And plung'd, undaunted, in the foamy Tide.
Th' Obedient deep, at Fortune's high Command,
Receiv'd the mighty Maſter of the Land;
Her ſervile Waves officious *Tethys* ſpread,
To raiſe with proud Support, his awful Head.
And, for he ſcorn'd th' inglorious Race of *Nile*,
Shou'd pride themſelves in ought of *Ceſar*'s Spoil.

which I have only endeavour'd to finiſh the Relation of this very remarkable Action, with bringing *Ceſar* in ſafety to his own Fleet, with the Circumſtances in which all Authors who have writ on this Subject agree.

In

In his left Hand, above the Water's Pow'r,
Papers and Scrols of high Import he bore;
Where his own Labours faithfully record
The Battles of Ambition's ruthless Sword:
Safe, in his Right, the deadly Steel he held,
And plow'd, with many a Stroke, the liquid Field;
While his fix'd Teeth tenaciously retain
His ample *Tyrian* Robe's Imperial Train:
Th' incumber'd Folds the curling Surface sweep,
Come flow behind, and drag along the Deep.
From the high Mole, from ev'ry *Pharian* Prow,
A thousand Hands a thousand Jav'lins throw;
The thrilling Points dip bloodless in the Waves;
While he their Idle Wrath securely braves.
So when some mighty Serpent of the Main
Rolls his huge Length athwart the liquid Plain,
Whether he range voracious for the Prey,
Or to the sunny Shore directs his Way,
Him if by Chance the Fishers view from far,
With flying Darts they wage a distant War;
But the fell Monster, unappall'd with Dread,
Above the Seas exerts his pois'nous Head;
He rears his livid Crest, and kindling Eyes,
His swelling Breast, a foamy Path divides,
And, careless, o'er the murm'ring Flood he glides.

Some

Some loofer Muse, perhaps, who lightly treads
The devious Paths where wanton Fancy leads,
In Heav'n's high Court, wou'd feign the Queen of Love,
Kneeling in Tears, before the Throne of *Jove*,
Imploring, sad, th' Almighty Father's Grace,
For the dear Offspring of her *Julian* Race.
While to the Just recording *Romans* Eyes,
Far other Forms, and other Gods arise;
The Guardian Furies round him rear their Heads;
And *Nemesis* the Shield of Safety spreads;
Justice and Fate the floating Chief convey,
And *Rome*'s glad Genius wafts him on his Way;
Freedom and Laws the *Pharian* Darts withstand,
And save him for avenging *Brutus*' Hand.
His Friends, unknowing what the Gods decree,
With Joy receive him from the swelling Sea;
In Peals on Peals their Shouts triumphant rise,
Roll o'er the distant Flood, and thunder to the Skies.

FINIS.

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